

# MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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## Au Courant.

THE decision of Sir George Grove to retire from the Directorship of the Royal College of Music has come as a surprise. Sir George, it is true, has been for some time past in ill-health, and he has suffered from fainting fits; but latterly he has been stronger, and a week or two ago he seemed to be all right again. No actual decision has been arrived at with regard to the Directorship, but at the moment of writing Dr. Parry is performing the duties of the post, and if he cared to take it, he would no doubt have it in his offer. Dr. Parry is, without exception, the most popular of all the College staff, but his health has latterly not been good, and it is somewhat unlikely that he would be willing to undertake the responsibility of Director. Sir George Grove is now seventy-four years old; and it may well be, that now he has seen his pet institution set on a sound basis, he is anxious to have a period of rest.

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In a supplementary volume of Liszt's letters, the great pianist relates an anecdote which, while omitted in all the Mozart biographies, was told him on the highest authority at Prague. At the first performance there of *Titus*, the Emperor, in whose honour the opera had been composed, left the house after the first act. The director, in great consternation, hastened to inform Mozart, who replied calmly: "So much the better; then we shall have one donkey less in the theatre." What would Mozart have said about the donkey Emperor who has recently been trying to pose as a composer?

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SONZOGNO, the famous music publisher, whose name has become so thoroughly identified with opera and music in Italy—and for that matter, all over the globe—has been interviewed by the *Musical Courier*. Sonzogno employs 800 men in his various departments, which means that he is very nearly the most important secular personality in the country. He is the manager of the great La Scala opera house of Milan, the scene of the greatest operatic triumphs, with which the names of every opera composer of the past half-century is associated. He is the publisher of the most successful short operas of modern times; and everybody knows him as the discoverer of Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and a host of others of the younger school. Sonzogno is described as a man with "half-shut eyes, lazy of gesture, and spare of words"; yet he has the reputation of possessing a unique insight into the wants of the moment, and an unerring intuition, which enables him to realize his intentions without a preliminary groping about in the dark. He has devoted his life and a princely income to the discovery and patronage of young talent, and although he has had nothing but success since the day of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, it is said that his first investments in native talent cost

him something like £120,000. When shall we hear of an English Sonzogno?

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MR. ALBERT VISETTI does not think that the success of Italian singers is due either to their climate, or their language, or the fact that they have specially good voices. It is founded generally on the daily lesson. The pupil goes to his master every day; thus he is kept at work on right lines; bad habits are checked, and wrong practice is rendered impossible. Of course, Mr. Visetti sees that this custom could not be introduced into England without a considerable upsetting of our system, but all the same he firmly believes that it is the only way to make great singers. Apart from the circumstances thus referred to, Mr. Visetti thinks that English vocalists have as good a chance as any. What disadvantages they have are of their own making. The English girl, to begin with, is too diffident and irresolute; this is where the American girl, for example, surpasses her. Get an agent to make an appointment to hear an English girl, and, likely as not, she will not keep it, or perhaps her parents will raise an objection. Whereas the American girl, with her self-possession, push, and "cheek," is always "on time," will take an appointment in any country, and look after herself to any extent. So that, according to Mr. Visetti, the "advanced woman" is in a fair way of capturing the situation.

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THERE was every reason to believe that the late Von Bülow had what Oliver Wendell Holmes has called a "squinting brain." He seems to have had some idea of this kind himself. He frequently expressed the wish that his brain might be examined after his death; and this having now been done, the world will be glad to learn that "peculiarities" have been discovered which amply account for the eccentricities of his later years. All the same, the world would have missed a great deal of genuine amusement in the absence of the alleged "peculiarities."

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THE suggestion has already been made that Mr. Prout should be appointed to the Professorship of Music at Dublin, and there is every reason to suppose that the suggestion will now be carried out. There is, it is true, a strong party desirous of securing a resident professor, and, if possible, an Irishman; but Dublin has no endowment, and it is thought more advisable to secure a man of eminence who would give the examinations a rank in the musical world. The Council of the University, at any rate, have just unanimously nominated Mr. Prout for the vacancy, and as they were expressly appointed to advise the Senate in such matters, their advice will doubtless be accepted. Mr. Prout is just touching the sixties, and is perhaps the most eminent musical theorist we have. Quite lately he has been telling an interviewer that he never wrote a

"pot boiler" in his life, and never will. Happy man!

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THE prodigy craze has surely reached the limits of absurdity at Leipzig, where Raoul Kocalski—who has not yet reached his teens—has been appearing as a conductor. One of the local critics says: "The little man was quite grotesque as conductor of his own composition, a legend for full orchestra. As he wielded the baton with more than usual movement, and marked the various entries with an amount of energy strangely contrasting with his small stature, it appeared all the more comic when he became more earnest." The little man's friends would be much better advised if they would keep him in his proper place—the study—for some years to come. Unfortunately there is no money in the suggestion!

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IT now seems pretty certain that the rumours which credited Verdi with being engaged upon an opera on the subject of *King Lear* are inaccurate. On the other hand, it is authoritatively announced that the veteran composer has resolved to write an opera upon the subject of Ugolino, the Count of Gheradesca, who figures in Dante's "Inferno." It seems that Vincenzo Galilei, father of the astronomer, wrote in the second half of the sixteenth century an opera upon this weird subject, and Verdi has requested the eminent Italian musicographer, Prof. Fedeli, to discover the manuscript and send him a copy. Verdi writes to Fedeli that he is convinced the professor will not regret his trouble or spare his experience, and he also begs that he will likewise not spare money to gain all details upon a subject in which he is so greatly interested. Verdi, however, doubts whether at his advanced age he will be able to finish such a work. The story of Ugolino would certainly be rather a peculiar subject for an opera, and just a trifle gruesome after the comparatively fresh gaiety of *Falstaff*.

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MR. J. MORE SMIETON, of Dundee, has been the victim of a very curious coincidence. It will be remembered that quite recently the announcement was made that Mr. Hamish MacCunn and the Marquis of Lorne were in collaboration on a work founded on the story of Diarmid and Ghraine. When Mr. Smieton saw this announcement he had already written about fifty pages of music for a completed libretto by his brother on exactly the same subject! In the circumstances he would have been perfectly justified in going on with the work, but in deference to Mr. MacCunn he has abandoned his original intention, and is now setting an Irish story of date A.D. 100. The new cantata will be called *Connla*. Mr. Smieton's *King Arthur* and *Ariadne* cantatas maintain a steady popularity. A fine part-song of his, "O may I join the Choir Invisible," is not so well known as it should be. It has been given several

times, with wonderful effect, by the Glasgow Select Choir.

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THE works for next year's musical festivals are practically settled. Gloucester's novelties will be a Biblical Cantata by Mr. Lee Williams, the present organist of the cathedral; a new organ concerto by Dr. Harford Lloyd, a former organist; a half-programme oratorio by Mr. Cowen; new orchestral works by Miss Rosalind Ellicott, a daughter of the Bishop, and by Edward German; and a new orchestral service by Mr. A. H. Brewer. This is a pretty full list: whether it will realize expectations remains to be seen. For Leeds, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Dr. Parry have promised new choral works; M. Massenet will write an orchestral piece, which it is hoped he will himself conduct; and Mr. Edward German will produce a Suite for orchestra in five movements. At Cardiff the novelties will be from the pens of Dr. Dvorak and Sir Joseph Barnby.

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THOSE interested in the subject of Sunday music will be glad to learn that General Pitt Rivers has just published a "Short Guide to the Larmer Grounds and the Museum at Farnham, Dorset," illustrated with eighteen plates. A full account of the music at these grounds was given in a couple of articles contributed to those columns by Mr. Harold St. George Gray.

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STORIES about Patti are always cropping up. The latest comes from a somewhat unlikely quarter, to wit, the recently published memoirs of Dr. Hanslich, the Vienna musical critic. Hanslich went to Craig-y-nos on one occasion, and of course he was being entertained royally. After dinner, Nicolini, who plays at being the husband of Patti, brought him a list of pieces from which he was to choose one. The eminent critic naturally expected to hear Patti sing, and so he "chose one." Then Nicolini called the servant, to whom he said laconically, "John, No. 26." A moment later and No. 26 was being rendered by—an orchestrion, "an excellent, very expensive instrument which we imported from Germany," said Nicolini. Therein is a deep meditation, as Coleridge would have put it. Dr. Hanslich, by the way, is retiring after 45 years' service to the State.

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LAST Christmas Brahms only gave us some small piano-pieces; this year we are to expect a much more valuable gift—two sonatas for clarinet and piano—the fruits of the composer's summer holidays at Ischl. They have been played by the composer and Herr Mühlfeld in the presence of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and a correspondent of the *Allg. Musik-Zeitung* says they are wonderfully beautiful, and will attract great attention. No doubt!

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APROPOS of the violin collectors—the vandals who hoard up rare instruments which they cannot play—Mr. Du Maurier has some sentimental gush in his recently published "Trilby." One man, he says, loves his fiddle—or, alas! his neighbour's sometimes—for all the melodies he can make from it. This is called "a selfish love!" Then we read: "Another, who is no fiddler, may love a fiddle, too; for its symmetry, its neatness, its colour, its delicate grainings, the lovely lines and curves of its back and front, for its own sake, so to speak. He may have a whole gallery full of fiddles, to love in his innocent way—a harem!—and yet not know a single note of music, or even care to hear one. He will dust them and stroke them, and take

them down and try to put them in tune—pizzicato—and put them back again and call them ever such sweet little pet names—viol, viola, viola d'amore, viol di gamba, violino mio! and breathe his little troubles into them, and they will give him back in audible little murmurs in sympathetic response, like a damp Aeolian harp; but he will never draw a bow across their strings, or wake a single cord, or discord."

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I HAVE been getting some amusement from my "exchanges" this month. Read this from the *Boston Folio*: "The learned Dr. Chrysander, of London, is about to issue a series of volumes, entitled, 'Sources of Handel's Works.' It will be interesting to all to learn the true source of these incomparable creations of the immortal composer." Interesting, indeed; only no such work is forthcoming, and as to Dr. Chrysander, "of London," we don't know him. My esteemed contemporary has got befogged with the recent announcement about Chrysander's edition of Handel's works. The plates and copyrights of this edition, which numbers over 100 volumes, have been bought by an English amateur, who intends to present complete sets of the collection to our great schools and libraries. That is all. Then the *Minstrel*, in noticing the death of Mr. Willert Beale, tells its readers that the deceased gentleman was the author of a now forgotten novel, "The Light of other Days." Well, we haven't had time to forget it yet; and it wasn't a novel at all; it was a very interesting book of recollections of great artists and musicians!

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THE much-vaunted circumstance that England is a free country seems to tell finely in favour of the street musician. Mr. Abdy Williams has just been making a note of the number of times his work has been interrupted by the street organ, and the tabulated statement of his two days' annoyances fills me with a compassionate pity for him. Each performance lasted, as a rule, about twenty minutes, unless the performer was "sent away"—a proceeding accompanied by a scene, and in some cases requiring the aid of a policeman—and the thing went on from 11 in the forenoon till 8 at night. Of course one is told that he ought to put up with the hand organ, as it "amuses the children." One quite sees that the amusement of the street children by machinery is a far more important matter than that a musician should be allowed to work in peace and should be relieved from daily torture; but for all that, the law against noise and nuisances might well be amended, and a "close time" might be allowed for brain workers at some period in the year.

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ONE is at times obliged to listen to a singer of whom the most that he can say is that he ought to have borrowed a voice for the occasion. For all such singers there is now to be a remedy, if they will only apply it. A certain Vittoria Carpi, described as director of the vocal department of the Chicago Conservatory, has just patented "a device for correcting defective voices." The Signor explained the use of his patent to a number of musicians the other week. Several of the gentlemen present tried it, and although nature had not given them singing voices, they were able, under the guidance of the inventor, to "properly sing a scale." After this, one is glad to learn that the Signor means to place his invention on the market at once. At the same time one regrets to know that the musicians of Chicago require a "device" to enable them to "properly sing a scale." They must be musical critics!

THE budding composers are in luck. Madame Fanny Moody, it is said, intends to offer a prize of one hundred guineas for the best one-act opera by an English composer. Then Messrs. Curwen offer a prize of £50 for "the best sacred cantata for mixed voices, suited to ordinary choral societies"; a prize of £25 for the best cantata for Sunday Schools; and a prize of £15 for the best part-song or chorus-glee for mixed voices. Let us hope that these tempting offers will meet with substantial reward.

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MR. W. H. CUMMINGS has been lecturing in an interesting way about that oldest composition of ours, "Sumer is i-cumen in." This people's song was perpetuated simply by oral transmission until about the year 1226, certainly not later than 1228, when a monk, John Fornsete, of Reading Abbey, noted it down in a parchment volume, and in order permanently to annex it for church use, placed beneath the old Northumbrian lines of poetry, which are purely pastoral, a Christian hymn in Latin. The composition is a canon or round in four parts, with two other parts below in the nature of a drone-bass, and is eminently melodious, rhythmic, and agreeable to listen to; in these respects it stands alone, a solitary monument of harmonic tunefulness for centuries after the Reading monk was happily moved to write it down from the mouth of some wandering minstrel. Mr. Cummings produced a set of old Northumbrian bagpipes, and pointed out the important fact that the melody pipe was in the key of F, and had the exact compass of notes necessary for the performance of "Sumer is i-cumen in," and, in addition, there were two drone-pipes which would adequately supply the necessary bass notes F and C.

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A WRITER in the *English Illustrated* gives a pleasant sketch of Mr. A. P. Graves, the author of the well-known song, "Father O'Flynn." The well-known song was written in the year 1873 or 1874, and was composed while the author was walking one morning across the three parks to the Home Office, where he was then acting as Private Secretary to the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Winterbotham. "The Top of Cork Road," a living tune to which he had often danced a jig as a boy, was filling his ear and mind, when suddenly the words of "Father O'Flynn" glided into being. When he arrived at his office, being fortunately somewhat early, he was able to write the words down at once, and as they were then written, so they have remained, and been recited and sung in countless Irish and English-speaking homes all over the world.

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HAVE you seen a book called "Celebrated Pianists of the Past and Present Time"? I had a look at it in the music-seller's the other day, and decided to save my money. The illustrations are poor, and so is the letterpress. There are 116 biographies and 114 portraits, and the author is A. Ehrlich, presumably some relative of Heinrich Ehrlich, the German musical critic, since he figures as one of the notable pianists. The book is full of mistakes, particularly as to dates and proper names. Adolf Henselt's death is set down as October 10th, 1885, when he really died in 1889. Then, too, as the *Musical Courier* asks, who is Louis Moritz Gottschalk? Gottschalk's middle name was Moreau; a family name by the way, for the celebrated pianist was related to General Moreau, of Bonaparte fame.



## Musical Life in London.

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Up to the moment of writing Siegfried Wagner's Wagner-and-Liszt-concert has been the event of the month, and the question asked by every one of every one else is, Can he conduct? The very prevalence of the question, not to say the safe vagueness of the answers, proves, in the first place, that Siegfried Wagner is not a downright failure, and, in the second, that he has not made the success anticipated and only too openly predicted in certain quarters. For my own part, I say at once that he can conduct, and that he is not a great conductor. This was his programme :—

Les Preludes	... ... ...	Liszt
Mephisto Walzer	... ... ...	"
Siegfried Idyll	... ... ...	Wagner
Overture to <i>The Flying Dutchman</i>	... "	
Vorspiel and Liebestod from <i>Tristan</i>	... "	
Closing Scene from <i>The Götterdämmerung</i>	... "	

Of these the *Flying Dutchman* overture got by far the best rendering. It was vigorous, and obviously inspired in every bar by Mottl. Indeed, it may be said that Mottl rather than Richter has been young Wagner's master. Of course the direct influence of Wagner himself is entirely out of the question, as may be realised by any one who reflects on the age of the young man when his father died. Mottl, and not Richter nor another, is responsible for those splendid rallentandos whenever the haunting passage from the theme occurs. Mottl, too, is responsible for the rapid pace rather inclining to mad, undignified hurry-skurry. If the *Dutchman* overture was best played, the *Tristan* music was the worst. The prelude was a complete *fiasco*. The passionate portions—that magnificent building up of phrase on overlapping phrase—were taken with the deliberate dignity that would have been in place in the *Dutchman* overture; the orchestra was held back too long before the tremendous crescendo was begun; the climax came dragging weakly in, and, in a word, the whole thing missed fire. The Death-song was more effective, but cannot be regarded as even approaching a great rendering; indeed, it was just a passable one. The Siegfried Idyll, too, lingered miserably towards the end, and thus the good impression made earlier in the piece was spoilt. This sounds like damning with faint praise indeed, but let me declare that this is not my intention. I have already expressed the opinion that Siegfried Wagner can conduct, and this fact was proved even in the pieces that fell flattest.

Such a splendid, high-spirited, wilful orchestra as Mr. Schulz Curteus had got together would have altogether run away with a man who could not conduct. Siegfried Wagner has a certain grip of the orchestra. It is not a strong one; it is easily loosened; but it is a grip, and as he develops it will grow strong enough. Again, he makes errors of judgment that doubtless in time to come he will not make. And now I appear to be going to the other extreme, and saying that he may become a great conductor. That, again, I must repudiate. I believe that he possesses, more or less in embryo, all the qualities of a great conductor save one, and that the chief—what may be called the purely musical, the poetic-musical, faculty. It seems to me the spirit of music is not in him to any unusual extent. He understands that this *crescendo* or that *rallentando* should be

made, and he knows how to make it; but his musical instinct appears so weak that I am afraid that he will never, by *rallentando* or *crescendo* and other devices, unconsciously or at least involuntarily made, put the essence of himself, his personality, into his readings. But the truth is that the whole of this criticism must be regarded, like railway companies' time-tables, as subject to alteration. Siegfried Wagner was so exceeding previously eulogised that most musical people must have gone prepared to hear something either very good or very bad, which is a bad state of mind to receive a definite impression; he played under the disadvantage of nervousness, and with the combined advantage and disadvantage of an exceptionally fine orchestra, which made it hard to tell whether the good points and faults were due to orchestra or to him; and finally, he conducts with the left hand. And this peculiarity is of much greater importance than may be readily imagined. It perplexes the orchestra, and annoys the listener who does not close his eyes. And, on the whole, considering all these things, my final opinion of Siegfried Wagner's conducting must be deferred until his next visit.

On one point connected with this concert it is luckily possible to be definite, and that is the singing of Miss Marie Brema. She was truly magnificent. I do not say that singers whom I have never heard did not sing the *Götterdämmerung* finale better; I can say that I have not heard it sung nearly so finely before.

A few days before the Wagner concert Mr. Henschel gave his first Symphony concert. This was his programme :—

Prelude to "Hansel and Gretel."	E. Humperdinck.
Claerchen's Songs from Goethe's	
"Egmont"	Beethoven.
Symphony in D, No. II.	Brahms.
Concerto for Pianoforte in B flat minor,	
Op. 23	Tschaiikowsky.
Overture to "The Mastersingers of	
Nuremberg	Wagner.

It cannot with fairness be termed an interesting one. Humperdinck is chiefly known to fame as the teacher of Siegfried Wagner, which, after all, does not prove a great deal. But his prelude is genial stuff, rather inclining to prettiness—using the word in a depreciatory sense. The Beethoven songs have no special value, and it need only be said that Mrs. Henschel's rendering was innocuous. Mr. Frederick Dawson played the concerto, and in some respects satisfactorily. Nevertheless it must be said that he has nothing to learn save how to play the piano. I daresay he can manage the most difficult scale, arpeggio, or chord passage, and not miss a single note; but that is not playing the piano, but rather playing with it. Where he especially falls short is in the art of *nuance*. He has two tones—one very harsh, strident and loud, the other very soft and sweet; he rarely gives us anything between the two. His octaves were thundered, and his slow expressive themes sung sympathetically; and yet, in consequence of this pervading fault, the whole performance was monotonous and wearisome. Of course the music itself is not stimulating. It is not an organic whole, but a string of more or less beautiful fragments, and it wearies by virtue of its inconsequence. Mr. Henschel's orchestra was astonishingly rough at times, but was at its best in the Brahms Symphony.

At the second concert of the series (November 1st) Mr. Henschel showed off his Scottish orchestra, and I wish him joy of it. The string section is excellent, but the wind players are inferior, and the brass blare and shout incessantly as though they did not know the meaning of *piano* or *mezzo-forte*. The programme—

Overture	... ...	"Sappho"	... ...	Goldmark.
Coucerto,	"Violin and Orchestra, No. 3	<i>Saint-Saëns.</i>		
Scottish Symphony	... ...	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>		
Aria, Walther's "Werbegesang," (Die				
Meistersinger)	... ...	<i>Wagner.</i>		
Violin Solo	... "Romance"	... <i>Swendsen.</i>		
Procession of the Gods into Walhalla	...	<i>Wagner.</i>		

was not specially attractive, though I felt some curiosity with regard to Mr. Achille Rivarde, who was to play the concerto and Svendsen's Romance. Goldmark's *Sappho* overture, let me firstsay, is a work as pretentious as it is empty and vulgar. Its nakedness is hidden by the profuse use of harp and solo violin; but, nevertheless, even at a first hearing, one is impressed by the fact that its melodies are devoid of character, its noisy passages of real strength. Mr. Maurice Sous, the leader of the orchestra, who appears to be a fine player, did his best to save the work, and in fact did to an extent save it; and I take it that the applause at the end was meant rather for him than for the composition. Mr. Achille Rivarde showed himself a fair average orchestral player. I venture to assert that at least half a dozen of the orchestral violins, or of the audience—where a goodly portion of the symphony band sat—could have given every whit as good account of themselves in the concerto. That Mr. Rivarde was much out of tune at times is nothing; the greatest of violinists will err in that way occasionally. His main fault is the monotony of his tone, the lack of character in it, and the blurred weakness of his rapid scale or arpeggio passages. I was unfortunately unable to hear him in the Romance, and it is quite possible that he may be more successful in music of a broader, more expressive kind. The best and the worst parts of the band came out in the Scotch symphony, but Mr. Henschel should be thanked for the delightful rendering he secured of that scherzo-like, fairy-tale kind of allegro in the middle.

The British Chamber Music Concerts recently instituted, and now directed by Mr. West Fowles, are fully equal in significance, if not in intrinsic artistic value, to any of the orchestral concerts of the month. Mr. Fowles' object is, I believe, elsewhere described, so I may go straight away to say what has been already achieved. Here is the first programme :—

Quartet in A minor, for two Violins, Viola  
and Violoncello, Op. 45 ... Charles Villiers  
Stanford.

Songs { "Absence" ... Frédéric Hymen Coven.  
"The tears that night ... Maude Valerie  
and morning" ... White.  
(a) Allegretto Giocoso } Charles Hubert  
(b) "Vergiss-mein-nicht" ... Hastings Parry.  
(c) Toccata in F ... Arthur O'Leary.

For Pianoforte alone.

Duo in E minor, for two Pianofortes ... Charles  
Hubert Hastings Parry.

Songs { (a) "Heart's Fancies" Arthur Goring  
Thomas,  
(b) "Who is Sylvia?" Richard Leveridge.

Quintet in E minor, No. 2, for Pianoforte,  
two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello Algernon  
Ashton.

I must admit that to me it was anything rather than stimulating. The three big works which formed the backbone of the concert are, of course, Stanford's quartet, Parry's duet for two pianos, and Ashton's quintet. Now, without prejudice, I ask, Is one of these a work that one would ask one's friends to play in one's drawing-room for the sake of the pleasure it would afford? For my own poor part, I must answer that question in the negative. Stanford and Parry are too hopelessly dry-as-dust and academic; Ashton is too damp, not to say watery. The best thing of the lot is the Stanford quartet, which is not without ideas—though of no very high poetical value—and is written

with a certain grip that is grateful. Parry's duet I do not hesitate to pronounce an absolutely worthless thing. Considered as a serious piece of art, it is merely laughable. But it is sorrowful to think of numbers of growing young men and women who are taught to regard such stuff as their ideal. Not a bar of it but might have been written a century since, excepting, of course, that the fugual passages—oh, those incessant, wearisome fugual passages!—would not have been quite so puerile in technique. How one longed for a genuine melody—a phrase that might recall Beethoven, or Wagner, or Weber, or even Schubert; but Dr. Parry was inexorable—he continued his tumpty-te-tum rhythmical figures, and he worked out his idle, frivolous fugues until he was tired, and then the cadence, before anything had really been said. One other point may be noted. Why should a work of this class be written for two pianos? Why cannot one be made to serve? The two instruments cannot be individualized, and, as a matter of fact, Dr. Parry has not tried to individualize them. A thought strikes me—Was the work originally written as a study in time for two hopeful students? As for Mr. Ashton, I am in the unfortunate position of being unable to distinguish any one of his compositions from the rest. He seems, like the busy little Chaumiade, to compose by the yard, and cut up the product into quartets, trios, quintets, etc., making such alterations as the particular case necessitates.

The date of this first concert was October 29; that of the second, of which the following is the programme, November 13.

Trio in E, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello, Op. 9 ... John Carlowitz Ames.  
 Songs { (a) "Hope" } Alexander Campbell Mackenzie.  
 { (b) "Summer at last" }  
 { (c) "Spring is not dead" }  
 Sonata in D, for Pianoforte and Viola,  
 Op. 1 ... Leonard Nowell Fowles.  
 Trio in D, for three Pianofortes ... Samuel Wesley.  
 Songs { (a) "Jeune et vieux" } Arthur Goring Thomas.  
 { (b) "S'il est un charmant gazon" }  
 Quintet in F, for Pianoforte, two Violins,  
 Viola and Violoncello, Op. 33 ... Bertram Luard Selby.

Here again we have the academical trail. We all know Mr. Selby's powers very well; those of Samuel Wesley, too, are sufficiently known; so that Mr. Ames and Mr. L. N. Fowles are the two unknowns. Mr. Ames' trio I unfortunately missed, but was informed that it occupied three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Fowles's sonata has too much the air of having been written with the late excellent Ouseley's book on "Form" lying open before the composer. Samuel Wesley's trio is a perfectly delightful piece of unconscious humour, but rather lengthy, considered as a joke. And Mr. Selby's music is as pretty as usual.

A word may be said about the executants. All the performances have suggested the need for further rehearsal; though I doubt whether rehearsal will do what is wanted: and that is unanimity—the sensitive feeling amongst the players of being in touch with each other—a thing that will only come with time and frequent public performances. At the first concert Miss Hilda Wilson sang charmingly; and at the second, Miss Mary Davies chirruped in her usual fascinating way. At the first, again, Miss Agnes Zimmermann was a religiously correct pianist, and Mr. Alfred Izard was sufficiently behind the singers to justify me in saying that he (literally) followed them closely. And at the second concert Mr. Leonard Fowles played his own sonata on the viola better than it deserved.

Now, all that I have said does not sound like

the highest praise of Mr. Fowles's scheme. Let me say emphatically, then, that with that scheme I am in complete sympathy. I agree with Mr. Fowles that there is small chance of British Chamber music getting an adequate performance at the present day—at least in Britain. I think that his concerts are wanted. And it is because I think so that it appears to me unpardonable to use the concerts chiefly for works that are not performed elsewhere only because they are not worth performing. Amongst the piles of music sent in to Mr. Fowles there must be at least half a dozen compositions that possess the saving merit of cheerfulness and geniality. Let us have some of these in place of pedantic studies. And if there are none, why then of course, Mr. Fowles will be satisfied that his concerts are not needed.

Of the many miscellaneous smaller concerts of the month, I can only give space to one—that given at the Salle Erard on October 25th. Madame Augarde played the piano, Mr. Whitney Mockbridge sang, and Mr. G. Lemmire performed, as they say of acrobats, on the flute. About the first I will only remark that Beethoven seems to be to her a glorified five-finger exercise. Mr. Mockbridge I will notice when I have heard him under more auspicious circumstances. But Mr. J. Lemmire I have no hesitation in pronouncing to be the very finest flautist I have ever heard. His tone is marvellously rich, sympathetic, humanly expressive; and his technique is simply amazing.

To the names of the eminent pianists who have visited this country we must add that of Herr Emil Sauer. This undoubtedly great artist made his debut at St. James' Hall on Tuesday, November 13th, and he is certainly to be placed in the front rank of modern pianists. For rare display of executive ability, combined with tenderness of expression, he is almost unsurpassable, and his style, too, is essentially of the kind that attracts.

Mainly residing at Dresden as a teacher at the Conservatoire, Herr Sauer has already acquired a continental reputation. He is now thirty-two years of age, and has been a student of both Rubinstein and Liszt.

His programme at the first recital was:—

I.  
 "Praeludium and Fugue in D" ... Bach—D'Albert.  
 II.  
 "Sonata," Op. 53 ... Beethoven.  
 III.  
 a. "Nachstück," Op. 23, 4 ... Schumann.  
 b. Scherzo from "Sommernachtstraum" Mendelssohn.  
 IV.  
 a. "Bolero," Op. 19 ... Chopin.  
 b. "Nocturne" ...  
 c. "Ballade," Op. 47 ... Chopin.  
 V.  
 a. "Liesbetraum," No. 3 ... Liszt.  
 b. "Pavanne" ... Saint-Saëns.  
 c. "Deuxième Romance" ... Emil Sauer.  
 d. "Etude-Galop" ...

VI.  
 "Rhapsodie," No. 9 (Carnaval de Pesth) ... Liszt.

In executive ability he ranks with Paderewski. Next month I will speak of his further recitals at greater length.

The commencement of the Popular Concerts is always anticipated with keen interest by a large section of the London musical public, and on the opening night, Monday, October 29th, notwithstanding the inclement weather, an enthusiastic audience assembled in St. James's Hall.

The quartet, Beethoven in E flat, given by Mdlle. Wietrowetz and Messrs. Ries, Gibson

and Whitehouse, was much enjoyed. Mrs. Helen Trust sang in a refined manner Max Strange's "Cradle Song" and "Damon." Leonard Borwick's rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, though delicate and expressive in the opening movement, failed to impress me in the *adagio*.

The following Saturday, November 3rd, the same quartet party gave a spirited performance of Mendelssohn's quartet in D major. November 4th being the anniversary of the composer's death, several of his compositions were heard. Mr. Josef Llivinski as pianist gave a beautiful and thoughtful rendering of Mendelssohn's variations *Lérienses* in D minor. The other instrumental items being Joachim's Romance in C major, for violin and piano, and Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello.

The attendance on the 5th November showed that fireworks effect even a Popular Concert audience. Here is the programme:—

PART I.  
 Quartet in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two  
 Violins, Viola, and Violoncello ... Beethoven.  
 Mdlle. Wietrowetz, Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and  
 Whitehouse.  
 Song, "L'été" ... ... ... Chamade.  
 Miss Margaret Hoare.  
 Fantaisie Polonaise in A flat, Op. 61, for  
 Pianoforte alone ... ... ... Chopin.  
 (First time).  
 Miss Fanny Davies.

PART II.  
 Waldesruhe ... ... ... Dvorak.  
 Allegro Appassionato, for Violoncello,  
 with Pianoforte accompaniment ... St. Saëns.  
 (First time).  
 Mr. Whitehouse.  
 Song, "Das Meer hat seine Perlen" ... Tiesen.  
 Miss Margaret Hoare.  
 Quintet in F major, for Pianoforte, two  
 Violins, Viola, and Violoncello Moir Clark.  
 (First time).  
 Miss Fanny Davies, Mdlle. Weitrowetz, Messrs.  
 Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse.

On Monday, November 12th, the concerted works were Schumann's beautiful quartet in A minor, Op. 41, and Rubinstein's Pianoforte Trio, the latter superbly played by MM. Arbos, Becker, and Slivinski. The Polish pianist then gave a brilliant performance of Schumann's Papillons, Op. 2, and Chopin's Nocturne in G as encore. Herr Becker introduced a set of piquante and delightful pieces of his own for the violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment. Miss Esther Palliser, whose voice is gaining in volume, sang with great charm and style songs by Pergolese, Holmes, and Gounod. I give the programme for Monday, November 19th:—

PART I.  
 Quartet in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, for  
 two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello Beethoven.  
 Lady Hallé, MM. Ries, Gibson, and Popper.  
 Song ... "Orpheus with his Lute" ... Sullivan.  
 Miss Kate Cove.  
 Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, for  
 Pianoforte alone ... ... ... Beddoe.  
 M. Schönberger.

PART II.  
 Irish Pieces, "A Lament," "Hush  
 Song," and "Jig" for Violin, with  
 Pianoforte Accompaniment ... Stanford.  
 Lady Hallé.  
 Song, "Wind in the Trees," ... Goring Thomas.  
 Miss Kate Cove.  
 Trio in C minor, Op. 101, for Pianoforte,  
 Violin, and Violoncello ... Brahms.  
 M. Schönberger, Lady Hallé, and Herr Popper.

SINCE our paragraph regarding the Dublin professorship was in type, Mr. Prout's election to the post has been announced.

## Our Glee Society.

IX.

**H**ARRINGTON (Henry), M.D., born in 1727, at Kelston, in Somersetshire, originally intended for the Church, but in 1748 he took his B.A. degree and took to the study of medicine. On leaving Oxford, after taking his M.A. and M.D. degrees, he took up his residence in Bath, and founded the Harmonic Society there.

In 1797 he published a volume of glees, catches, etc., from which work this glee, "O thou whose notes," is taken, and afterwards joined Edmund Broderip, organist of Wells, and William Leeves, composer of "Auld Robin Gray," in the publication of a like volume. In 1800 he published *Eloï! Eloï, or The Death of Christ*, a sacred dirge for Passion Week. Dr. Harrington was Mayor of Bath, and it is said that he served the office with becoming dignity. He died January 15th, 1816, and was buried in Bath Abbey. His compositions are distinguished for originality, correct harmony and tenderness, and he was remarkably successful in some humorous productions ("Harmonicon," and "W.H.H.," Grove's Dictionary).

I promised last month that in my next chronicle of our doings I would give a few particulars of the concert which was given on behalf of the Cottage Hospital. I am pleased to say that financially and artistically it was a great success. Our Glee Society never sang better, and worthy Louis was highly elated.

It may possibly be of interest to some conductors, and indeed others who enjoy old part music, to state that the programme was arranged in two parts, Ancient and Modern, and I can strongly recommend the following first part to all who are giving concerts and have a good glee society of mixed voices.

## PART I.

## ANCIENT.

Madrigal, "Come again, sweet love." *John Dowland.* (1562-1626.) Chorus, "In those delightful, pleasant groves."

*Henry Purcell.* (1659-1695.)

Madrigal, "Welcome, sweet pleasure"

*Thomas Weelkes.* (1570.)

Madrigal, "The Silver Swan" ... *Orlando Gibbons.* (1583-1625.)

Madrigal, "Matona, little sweetheart"

*Orlandus Lassus.* (1520-1594.)

Lullaby ... ... ... *William Byrd.* (1538-1623.)

Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed"

*Richard Edwards.* (1533-1566.)

These (which have appeared in the Musical Supplements to THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC) gave great satisfaction and delight to the audience, who would have encored every number; but Tittletop was immovable, except in the last-named madrigal, when he absolutely had to give way, and so 'Our Glee Society' "obliged again."

I cannot refrain from quoting word for word a report in one of the local papers concerning the singing of our members:

"The army of singers, under the experienced generalship of Professor Tittletop, X.T.M.P.O. R.E., acquitted itself in a most soldierly manner.

"Led on by its experienced head,\* they dashed through difficult passes and passages with consummate skill: in and out, through a labyrinth of crotchets, dots, and quavers, *forties* (?) and

\* This is somewhat vague. Does the reporter mean that Our Glee Society possesses but one head among them, or is it an allusion to Tittletop's "caput"?—G.F.G.

fortyissimos (?), lingering here for a moment, and then dashing on once more with renewed vigour, finally arriving at the end with a good finish."

*Arriving at the end with a finish* is particularly fine, but let us pass on.

Our next meeting was held at Miss Sstam's residence.

The neat and trim little stuttering maid was no longer there.

Native Worth insisted that it was our friend Billows' name that settled her.

Miss Sstam said she never seemed to be the same girl after our practice there, and was heard to remark "below stairs," "Who on earth ever heard of such names as Bib-bib-bib-bib-bib-bib Billows and Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit-tit Tittletop?"

We were not long in settling down to work. After saying some very nice things, very nicely, about our singing at the concert, Tittletop remarked:—

"The 'new thing' to-night is a glee in three parts, *O thou whose notes*, by Dr. Harrington.

"It is not a very well known one, and I have selected it for that very reason. It is, however, a very sweet composition, displaying a great amount of smooth and careful writing and artistic instinct; but for *depth*, it cannot compare with many of the old things we have done.

"In submitting it to you, I regret we shall have to forego the pleasure of a tenor part, so while we are trying it over, I hope you, Worth, and your confrères will give us the benefit of your severest criticism."

"Don't spare us, Worth," said Roaring Billows.

"No fear of that," said Worth, who always liked to have a dig at Billows, if possible, and his disappointment at not taking part in the glee was to a large extent compensated for by Tittletop offering him the position of critic. And so, putting a lozenge in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, he seemed to say, as he looked somewhat jealously over to the basses: "Now, you fellows, look out for yourselves."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Louis, "you will notice that the glee is divided into three distinct movements, and it seems strange that in a short thing like this the time signature is changed in each case; but this, of course, is all the better practice for us."

"Now just for the first time we will run it over with the piano." And Tittletop, seating himself at the instrument, took them through it, without attempting any marks of expression.

They were all loud in their praises of the glee, and the ladies especially thought it "most delightful." While Horace Slim was of opinion that the middle movement was "simply superb, don't-cher-know."

"If you please, we will go through it this time without accompaniment," said Louis, "and kindly look out for and observe the matter of expression."

They tried it over; but gentle Tittletop was not quite pleased, I could easily see.

"I am sorry to have to begin my grumbles with the ladies, but I really must. Where you see those little quavers before the crotchets, you must not treat them as *appoggiaturas*, but as two quavers. Thus, in the third bar on the second half of the word 'remove,' it should be



and the same on the word 'love,' and also on the words 'gav'st before,' and so on, when like instances occur"; and to illustrate his meaning, Louis sang them over. "It is most important that these passages should be rendered smoothly."

"Now, with regard to the second movement

at the fifth and sixth bars, the dotted crotchets require a little stress or *leaning upon*: not much, but it must be noticeable. The last movement is simplicity itself; it only requires plenty of accent. With regard to the basses, there seemed to be no mistake whatever."

(Billows gave a little chuckle, and looked over at Worth.)

"But," said Louis, "I should indeed have been surprised if there had been any slips, considering it would be almost impossible to find more simple phrases."

(Native Worth chuckled back, and looked over to Billows.)

"I noticed one thing, sir," said Mr. Tombowlin, one of the "silent tenors."

"Oh, indeed, what was that?" said Tittletop.

"I distinctly heard Mr. Billows breathe in the middle of the word 'peaceful,' at the end of the second part," said Tombowlin, stroking his larynx, as was his wont when on particularly good terms with himself.

This quite delighted Worth, and Louis could not suppress a smile, but Billows owned up like a man.

"That's quite right, sir, I did," said our esteemed R.B.

"Well, as you have owned up, I most freely forgive you," said Louis. "But never you mind, Billows; perhaps you will presently be able to take your revenge, when we have something without a bass part, and you act the rôle of critic."

Louis was a good peacemaker.

"We will now try it all through again," remarked Tittletop, resuming.

At its conclusion "Our Conductor" congratulated them all, and said it was "capital, first-rate, very good," and all that sort of thing. But Miss Lily Little and Miss Sstam were having a little argument all to themselves.

"What is it, ladies?" said the gentle Tittletop. "Can I help you at all?"

"I was saying to Miss Sstam," said Miss Little, "that I thought the contraltos were a little bit behind us in bars six and seven on the words 'here' and 'cares.' Don't you think they were, Mr. Tittletop?"

"You certainly were not quite together," said Louis; "but my former congratulations were not meant as final—it was only good 'considering'; of course we shall have to do it much better."

So they went over it again, and after trying other things, all went peacefully home—Miss Lily Little embracing Miss Sstam, Roaring Billows and Native Worth arm-in-arm.

GEO. F. GROVER.

FOREIGN journals state that the German Emperor wishes to erect a monument in Berlin to Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The position has been selected, and several sculptors have been invited to offer designs.

AT the Hoftheater in Dresden a new opera, entitled *Ghismonda*, by Eugene D'Albert, is in rehearsal. The libretto is taken from a poem by Karl Zimmermann.

THE special Wagner performances at Munich next summer will include two series of twelve works, as nearly as possible in chronological order, and including for the first time the early opera "The Novice of Palermo."

A MUSICAL critic of Vienna is said by the German papers to have discovered in the archives of Prince Esterhazy at Eisenstadt, in Hungary, a hitherto unpublished one-act opera by Joseph Haydn. The same critic has undertaken to arrange the opera for publication.

## How to Play Mozart's Sonatas.

(Continued from page 250.)

—o:—

In the Fantasia and Sonata in C minor, with which I now propose to deal, we have Mozart's tip-top achievement in piano-forte music—an achievement which has rarely been equalled since, and only surpassed once or twice at most, if at all, by Beethoven. It is, indeed, idle to compare splendid works of art as though they were horses, or dogs, or parliamentary leaders; and at the present moment, owing to two causes, any comparison is absolutely certain to leave a wrong result. The first cause is the nineteenth-century hurry, fret, and general desire to tear our souls into fiddle-strings, which has got into our blood; the second is the nineteenth-century love of mere noise, mere crash and volume of tone. Beethoven satisfies us because he makes extensive use of noise, crash and tone-volume, and because he stirs up our emotions to the fever-point. I sometimes entertain a half-wish that the Theosophical doctrine is true, and that I may be born again, say, five hundred years hence, and know who was the most perfect artist—Mozart or Beethoven. As things are, and constituted as I am, as you, also, reader, like the rest of nineteenth-century mankind, Beethoven satisfies me more completely than any other composer save old Bach. But Mozart has moods that never came to Beethoven. He was a mystic, and his emotions are mystical. His spiritual battles are fought out, not like Beethoven's—within this shell of flesh and blood and bone, but in a far-away world—the world of Edgar Allan Poe, with a considerable difference, the world that even our prosaic, bourgeois, well-intentioned Wordsworth had accidentally touched on when he wrote,—

" Hence the seasons of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither—  
In a moment can go thither  
And see the children playing on the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

It is over the dark waves of these mighty waters that Mozart's spirit perpetually hovers. Hence to most of us his music is the faint echo of a pageant that goes forward in a region far removed "out of space, out of time"; and even the few whose spiritual harp is completely strung, whose emotional nature responds to every shade and degree of human feeling, find it hard to live and breathe long in a place where all things human seem excluded. Yet, paradoxical though it appears, there never was a more human musician than Mozart. We feel the changes in his music, and the conflict seems like the conflict of perfumes when first the rose and then the woodbine is strongest; or rather, it is like the conflict of colours in the western sky at sunset, and now the fiery red triumphs, and now the cold purple of coming twilight; and then, to our surprise, we have an intensely human interest in those changes of colour. What is it—why should we care whether the mood expressed here prevails:—



or this other—



We don't know—I believe that even Mozart hardly knew; but there is the fact—we are interested; as actors we experience the changing emotions, as spectators we follow them closely, and we sway responsive to ourselves. For as the late Wendell Holmes said somewhere, each unit of humanity is not a car accommodating one person, but an omnibus. Each of us is many, and when we are stirred by the master-hand, there is drama within drama. And this was thought of long ere *I Pagliacci*: Mozart knew it and worked it.

I have gone thus fully into this aspect of Mozart's music, because your ordinary musician, taking up such a work as this Fantasia and Sonata, after filling himself with meat and drink at dinner, plays a few phrases and says, "Pooh! there's nothing in it: it's flat, tame, and childless." Mozart may have had something to say, but he never learnt to say it; he never put his personality into his work, and then off he goes to a Richter concert, and thoroughly appreciates the screaming passion of Beethoven, the enormous energy of Wagner.

Now, no one admires Beethoven and Wagner more than I do; no one has studied them more carefully; and yet after all, I repeat, Mozart was something finer, rarer, than these men. Do not let us forget that on occasion he too "could strike like a thunderbolt." Who that has heard the Rex Tremendae or Sanctus from the *Requiem* will deny it? Nay, I need not go so far; the work now before us is full of passages of dazzling brilliancy and power. Let us go right through the work, and see how these passages, rightly rendered, seem to evolve naturally from the "puerile phrases" of the ordinary musicians, and how these "puerile phrases," not puerile at all, but manly, virile, and expressive, when played in a manly, virile, and expressive way, are exactly in place beside the brilliant passages.

The opening two-bar theme is the key, so to speak, of the Fantasia. It must be played without a trace of sentimentality, but resolutely, calmly. The first note must be loud and solid; and the remaining notes are piano, and without the slightest crescendo or diminuendo, with the exception of the last little phrase of the second bar. The expression necessary may be more readily understood if we imagine the theme played in the orchestra thus:—



The tremendous effect of that strange inflection at the end of the first bar, the drop from A flat to C, and then to B, makes any diminuendo unnecessary: after the forte C the tone should be absolutely even. Care must be taken to put down each of the next phrases *clean*, without break or arpeggio; and the last of them, like a faint sigh, should be softer than the first. The next two bars are the same, and the only additional difficulty is the turn in the F.

At the eighth and ninth bars a slightly different phrasing is required. The first note is given forte and then the smallest accentuation possible placed on the highest note of the descending phrase—just enough to mark that it is a new phrase without disturbing the general rhythm. At bar 10 the opening phrase goes into the bass. The expression must be the same as at first, except that a slight pause in the first of the pulsing semiquavers in the treble to mark the progress of the changing harmonies helps the effect. The greatest care again must be taken not to hurry. At bar 16 begins a passage which is difficult to carry into the new theme, as it may almost be called, that commences at bar 18. The mood throughout has been one of utter weariness—weariness and ache so great that these *forte* chords at each change of harmony seem a series of pangs racking one's whole frame. One pictures the composer endeavouring at each pang to throw off the weariness, to cast away the nameless something that is eating the heart out of life, and ever sinking back, despondent and hopeless as before. But at this bar 16 there is a fluttering of the will; a loosening, as it were, of the iron grip in which he has been held. If he cannot, like the ancient mariner when the albatross fell from his neck, pray at once, he at least begins to have an active wish to be free from the power that thralls. There is a slight vague longing that must be brought out in this passage:—

*Simile.*

And rendered thus it leads right into the struggle for freedom from despair, the endeavour to cast off the weariness of weariness that follows. Note how it begins—gently, almost in a whisper, and rises almost, but never quite, to a scream at this:—



—and this is carried by one part after another entering with this same figure, until the climax is reached in the despairing passage:—



—after which the passion subsides, leaving a mood sad indeed, but tranquil, bearable, unlike the unalterable, unendurable ache of the opening.





Isabel Wyatt



Ching Sargent





Lucie Johnson



Beatrice Stanley

I have occupied so much of my space with this portion that the remainder of the work must be left until January. Let no reader think that too much space has been so occupied, or that too great attention and study can be given to this music. No music ever written surpasses it in point of beauty, and if Beethoven is more passionate, yet even he could not give us what Mozart has set down for us here. "Man, know thyself," was said of old; and he who studies Mozart with love and reverence will find within himself "rivers and seas and hills of human thought" that he did not dream of.

(To be continued.)

## The Queen Vocal Quartette.

:o:

It was during a visit to Bournemouth that I first listened to the perfect singing of "The Queen Quartette." Seldom have I heard anything more beautiful than the rendering by these ladies of Brahms' "Fischerlied" and an arrangement of the old song, "The Banks of Allan Water," in each of which all the requisites of dainty part-singing were displayed to a remarkable degree.

"You must be very proud of your success," I remarked, when the concert was over, to Miss Lucie Johnstone, "the bass of the party," as she laughingly, but not inaptly, described herself. "How long has the Quartette been established?"

"About three years," was the answer. "During that time we have been very busy, appearing at the Crystal Palace, St. James' Hall, and in most of the chief provincial towns. Our brother and sister artists have done much for us, and to Madame Belle Cole, who, as is her wont, lent us a helping hand just when we most needed it, we owe our real start in life."

I asked Miss Johnstone to tell me something about the early days of the Quartette.

"The idea of organizing a company of ladies' voices was first mooted by Miss Mary Hutton, one of our original members, and myself," said Miss Johnstone. "We made known our scheme through the columns of the *Queen* newspaper, to the editor of which we are indebted for much valuable encouragement, as well as for the title we now bear. When the Quartette was actually formed, we rehearsed privately for three months under the able conductorship of Mr. Howard Talbot, and at once entered upon a really busy season. We had not appeared at more than a dozen concerts, when we were engaged for a provincial tour extending through England, Ireland, and Scotland. Our success in all the chief towns then visited was so real that there are few of them to which we have not returned again and again."

In reply to my inquiries, Miss Johnstone kindly gave me some information concerning herself and her colleagues.

Miss Amy Sargent, the first soprano of the Quartette, was originally a pupil of Mr. Isidore de Solla, and afterwards entered the London Academy of Music, where she remained two years, gaining during that time a certificate, a medal, and a scholarship. She next took private lessons of Mr. Arthur Thompson, and on his appointment as professor at the Guildhall School of Music, she joined that institution in order to retain the advantage of his teaching. Here she again distinguished herself, carrying off the Chairman's prize for the best soprano vocalist two years in succession. Miss Sargent fulfilled her first public engagement at one of

Mr. Kuhe's concerts at the Dome, Brighton; and soon afterwards Mr. August Manns heard her sing, and secured her services for his Crystal Palace Saturday concerts, and for the Glasgow Choral Union. Her voice is a pure soprano, of good compass and quality, and both in ballads and in oratorio Miss Sargent's reputation is already well assured.

The second soprano is Miss Beatrice Stanley Lucas, daughter of Mr. Stanley Lucas, the well-known Secretary of the Royal Society of Musicians, and granddaughter of Mr. Charles Lucas, for many years Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. This young lady began to study singing under Mr. Frank Moir, and in 1891 entered the Royal Academy as a pupil of Mr. Frederick Walker. During her first year at Tenterden Street, Miss Lucas carried off the bronze medal of the Academy, and in December last succeeded, amongst twenty-three competitors, in winning the Sainton-Dolby prize. About twelve months ago Miss Lucas joined the Queen Quartette, to which by her artistic abilities and undoubted musical influence she has proved a valuable acquisition.

The same may be said of Miss Isabel Wyatt, whose charming singing is a special feature of the Quartette concerts. Miss Wyatt, the first contralto of the party, like her colleague Miss Sargent, studied for some time at the London Academy of Music, her teachers being Signors Vizetti and Lablache. More recently she became a pupil of Miss Hilda Wilson, and to that lady's instruction Miss Wyatt attributes a great measure of her success as an artist. Miss Wyatt is a Scotch woman, a native of Glasgow.

About herself Miss Lucie Johnstone naturally speaks with some reserve. She is a native of Ulster, and a matriculated member of the Royal University of Ireland. She began to study singing, upon the advice of Mr. Barton McGuckin, at the Royal College of Music, under the late Mr. H. C. Deacon, and afterwards became a pupil of Mr. J. B. Welch, Miss Bessie Cox, and Miss Anna Williams. Miss Johnstone's voice is a powerful contralto, of great compass and rich quality, and whether in solo or in quartette, she sings like a true artist. In her capacity of secretary she has had until recently to contend with the business affairs of the Quartette, which are now in the hands of Mr. Stanley Lucas, who has undertaken the duties of manager.

"Your admirable singing must be the result of much combined effort and study, Miss Johnstone," I remarked.

"Yes. We work very hard at rehearsal, each of us suggesting all she feels when a new piece is being prepared for the conductor, who, by the way, is now Mr. Alfred Caldicott. We have, as you may imagine, some warm discussions on the right and most effective way of rendering certain passages, but we never quarrel. We are all such good friends, you know, that we can criticise each other's work most severely without fear of giving offence."

"Unaccompanied part-singing," continued Miss Johnstone, "is very nervous work; but when once we are on the platform and have started, we seem to forget everything but what we owe to our lovely quartettes, and to our always kind and enthusiastic public."

"Your repertoire—is that a large one?"

"Fairly so, I think. We have our favourites, of course, and so have our audiences. We have sung, for instance, 'The Banks of Allan Water,' 'The Old Folks at Home,' and Brahms' Romances, over three hundred times in public, and they appear to be as popular as ever; instead of, as one could easily imagine, losing their freshness from so much repetition. We

are now hard at work upon some new compositions and arrangements of Mr. Caldicott, which will, I think, be as attractive as anything we have yet sung. His settings of 'The Sands of Dee,' 'Comin' through the Rye,' and 'The Violet and the Bee,' are particularly good."

"What are your arrangements for the coming season, Miss Johnstone?" I asked.

"Well, we have booked a large number of engagements already in places where we have not yet appeared, as well as in those we have previously visited. We have just declined an African tour, because we do not like to leave dear old England just now, when so many are kind enough to wish to hear us. Some day, perhaps, we may venture further afield than we have yet gone, and I hope we shall find as good friends abroad as we have always had at home."

I expressed at the outset of this article my estimate of the singing of the Queen Quartette, and I cannot do better than conclude with the testimony of one of the most eminent musicians of the day, which, as it was given in a private communication to myself and never intended for the public eye, may be taken as spontaneous and sincere. "A few days ago," says my correspondent, "I heard four ladies, who style themselves 'The Queen Quartette,' sing some part-songs by Brahms, Kjerulf, Caldicott, and others, and some clever arrangements of old English melodies, and was delighted. Their singing was *ideal*—I cannot say more than that—and they came upon the platform and commenced each piece without any note being given them, or any assistance of the kind whatever. The performance was altogether a revelation to me and if you are giving any concerts in your neighbourhood and want a real attraction, let me recommend you to secure, if possible, the services of 'The Queen Quartette.'"

WALTER BARNETT.

## Music in Wandsworth.

:o:

A VERY successful evening concert took place on Monday, November 5, at the Town Hall. A rather long and varied programme had been provided, which was well executed under the direction of Mr. Fred Bamford. During the evening Mr. George Hampshire gave fine renderings of "The Bedouin Love-Song" and "Out on the Deep"; and a pretty little song by Miss Marie Brooke, "The Lady of the May," was daintily sung by Mr. Scott Dalgleish. Another song by the same composer, "A Lover's Dream," was given full justice by Madame Joyce Maas. It is not often we have the pleasure of hearing the cornet so well played as on this occasion, when Miss Beatrice Pettit delighted the audience with "For all Eternity" and "Il Bacio." I must not forget to mention the two songs given by Madame Edwards, both of which more than merited the applause she received. Miss Marie Brooke, besides accompanying the songs of her own composition, gave two pianoforte solos—Chopin's Nocturne in G minor, and a Romance in E flat by Rubinstein, both showing that she is a pianist of no mean order. Mr. Fred Bamford is to be congratulated on organising a concert out of the ordinary run here.

The concert of the Wandsworth Choral Society, and that announced by Mr. Higgs' South London Orchestral Society, occur too late for notice this month.

F. C.

*First Mrs. Parvenue.*—"And how does your daughter like the new music teacher?"

*Second Mrs. Parvenue.*—"Oh! he is splendid! He has just given her a 'Beethoven Snorter' to study."

*First Mrs. Parvenue.*—"Indeed! and he has given my daughter a 'Chopping Nocturnoon'!!!"

## The Experiences of a Musical Critic.

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### CHAPTER IX.

THESE reminiscences of a not unusual career are now drawing to a close. After one more dramatic scene my connection with Mr. Montgomery terminated, and since then my critical course has been smooth enough. Of the details of that dramatic scene I must tell in the light of knowledge acquired at a later date.

We published our American number, and very widely it was noticed. The New York *M-s-c-l C-r-r* led off to the following tune:

#### SHODDY.

The darn impertinence of the Britisher was never better exemplified than in the recent attempt of a so-called contemporary to imitate our own dignified, we claim, imitable style. That the attempt was foredoomed to inglorious failure the veriest jackass might know. Who but one born in the glorious country of rings and trusts could hope to vie with us? The ignorant young aâs who hope to snatch our circulation and advertisements in this style may rest assured that not until they have been fed, as it were, on the stars and stripes for many a long year may they hope to do anything in our way.

The other papers followed in their various manners, but I could not, for the life of me, see what was to come of it. However, on the third day after publication, Mr. Montgomery came in with an American gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr. Phineas P. Begg, of Boston, the States. I began to see light. Mr. Montgomery explained that Mr. Phineas P. Begg wished to buy an old-established paper of some description in England as a means of effecting an entry into society; but, of course, he put the thing more delicately. I winced rather at "old-established," but Mr. Montgomery looked surprisingly stern, and I said nothing. Mr. Begg, of course, was delighted to find that we ran on American lines.

"It's in my blood, I suppose," said Mr. Montgomery. "I am of American descent; my father was born there; and I'm not sure that I wasn't myself."

Mr. Begg was more delighted than ever. I wasn't. I had now heard of Mr. Montgomery being born in at least a score of places, and had set it down, like his idea of an American paper, to lunacy. Now it began to be obvious that "business" was the word I should use. The thing was soon concluded. Mr. Begg was not particular to a thousand or two, for he had untold wealth and an equally untold desire, like many other American millionaires, to occupy the proud position of proprietor of an English paper. A new agreement was drawn up between him and me, by which my salary was nearly doubled. I signed it, not knowing how to act, for I could not, with any degree of ease, "peach" upon Mr. Montgomery; and yet I had a feeling it would all come to nothing. It did. After leaving the office I went home and sat down to think. In a few minutes it became evident to me that my only course was to resign at once. A cab quickly took me to Mr. Begg's hotel, and in less time than it takes to tell I had informed him that I had done a foolish thing in signing the agreement, and that I wished to break it, for I could not be his editor.

Mr. Begg was anxious to know why, but that I refused point-blank to do. But I insisted that my conscience would not allow me to edit the paper for him, "nor," I added, "for Mr. Mont-

gomery either, and I intend at once to write to say so."

On reaching home once more I found a note from Mr. Montgomery: here it is:

Dear S.,—Meet me at the Pig and Whistle, Queen Street, to-night, and fetch your weapons with you. Tom, Dick, and Harry will be there with theirs, and we'll have a jolly blow-up. F. R.

It was from Mr. Montgomery; the handwriting proclaimed it. The meaning was obvious enough—"weapon" was Mr. M.'s favourite word for "instrument," and all he meant was, "Fetch yours and your music, and the others will do the same." But why in creation "F. R."? They were not his initials at all. A queer feeling came over me, but I determined to go, and after the function tell him of my coming resignation. First, I crossed to the nearest barber's shop to get shaven, and, so far as I afterward remembered, the note was in my hand as I went out, thinking deeply.

When I came back it was gone, and I could not with certainty remember the address. But I knew the Pig and Whistle, Queen Street, was Mr. M.'s favourite place, and went there on chance. I went, and we made an evening of it, though curious feelings ran through me at intervals. Now comes what I learnt afterwards.

Police-constable X 1000 had recently come from the country. He was a burly young fellow, as big a blackguard as nature makes, and he had no difficulty in getting into "the force." So far he had not distinguished himself. He had a street-row with a set of as great ruffians as himself, had endeavoured to run in a bystander, a small frail young man, and when another bystander, a white-bearded old man, interfered, he dropped his first prisoner and went for the second, as being more notable game. The old man was taken to the police-station, and of course promptly robbed of his watch and his loose cash, and then charged with being drunk and disorderly. The next day he was fined something and costs, although a number of respectable people came forward and gave a unanimous account of the real affair. But, as the magistrate sagely observed, the word of a dozen ordinary citizens weighed little against that of a constable. Still, these are the ordinary achievements of the ordinary policeman. X 1000 had as yet done nothing to show any great and special abilities there might dwell at the back of his head. Now came his chance.

He was strolling disconsolately along the pavement, dreaming of the love of cooks, of a big hit, of promotion, and so forth, when he saw a piece of paper in the mud. In a general way he would not have dreamed of picking it up. But on this occasion his good angel prompted him; he stooped his noble form, raised the missive, went with it into the light of a shop window; and after quarter of an hour's study its meaning permeated to his brain.

Quickly he hurried to the station. The inspector unfortunately was drunk, or rather it was fortunate for X 1000; for the man in charge told him to take half a dozen men with him, reconnoitre, and if possible arrest the lot.

The inspector would have sent two detectives. They would wait until the affair was over, endeavour their two selves to track a dozen of the conspirators, succeed in missing them all, then two or three days later meet one of them, follow him to America or the South Pole, be compelled to give him up because of the absence of an extradition treaty, and then come home and write the experiences of a detective for *Tit-Bits*.

X 1000 did nothing of the sort. He came straight to where we were and burst in. Had we been genuine conspirators, we would, being

six stronger than they, assuredly have smashed the lot and got clean away. As we were not conspirators, we laughed and asked what they wanted, and as I looked round I saw Mr. Montgomery's face—a ghastly white. Perhaps I looked confused, and X 1000 had got his eagle eye on me, and evidently thought himself in for a good thing. He demanded that we should submit to be handcuffed and go with him to the police-station. I said that we didn't mind going to the police-station, but handcuffs were out of the question.

"None of your impudence, young feller!" says he, and coming nearer, tried to catch me by the collar. That was his sole piece of bad luck. To be grabbed in that fashion was too much for me, and I hit out with one hand and then the other, and X 1000 went under the table. Then the row began. There was a general shindy, and in the midst of it Mr. Montgomery, nearly felling a man who stood in the doorway with a chair, got, it seemed, clean away, and off after him went the whole half-dozen.

"Now for it!" said I, and the rest of us skedaddled.

Policeman X 1000 got up from under the table, felt his bones, and joined in the chase. Had Mr. Montgomery only taken the first turning on the right, or on the left, he might have escaped. But he seemed under some mortal terror, and ran straight into a main road congested with traffic, collided with some one, fell half stunned, was collared by X 1000's men, and taken in triumph to the station. The rest of us, amazed though we were at the suddenness of the descent, got off, and I was cautiously making for home when I saw the procession and Mr. Montgomery, hat gone, clothes torn and covered with mud, being dragged to the station.

To have gone in after him would have been madness, nor was it possible to consult a solicitor that night. There was nothing for it. I must possess my soul in patience until the morning.

In the morning I straight repaired to the solicitor who had, with the help of the white-haired old gentleman of venerable aspect, delivered me from trouble. I told him all my grief, and at first he was much amused; but as he learnt of the capture of Mr. Montgomery he looked anxious, and when I had finished he said, more to himself than to me, "What can he have been up to?"

"Up to?" I repeated.

There was no answer; the lawyer mused.

"I wish we had some white-wigged old rascal to rescue him," I said at last at a venture.

Now the lawyer laughed—laughed loud and long, as he had on a previous occasion. At length he gasped out,—

"Why, Montgomery is your white-haired deliverer!"

The shock fairly stunned me for a moment. Then the scales fell from my eyes. Events fell into place, incidents explained themselves. I even thought I could trace the features, which was possible when one had the key.

My reflections were interrupted by the solicitor proposing that we should go to the court to hear what the secret of the raid really was. This startled me. I suggested that he should go alone, although I had nothing to fear, even if I were arrested, yet I thought I could help Mr. Montgomery if I were free, which would be impossible in a police-cell. But the lawyer said I had nothing to fear. It was a rainy morning, and, with my coat buttoned well up, no one would recognise me, "the police least of all," he said, "and anyhow, if necessary, I know how to square them."

We went. Mr. Montgomery was brought into

the dock and charged with nothing in particular. Or, to be accurate, Policeman X 1000 told the story of the piece of paper, the attempted arrest, the fight, and the escape of all but Mr. Montgomery. The latter, on hearing this, seemed intensely amused, and laughed loud and long. He then proceeded to explain. The magistrate looked suspicious, and asked to see the note.

"How's this?" he presently asked ; "your name is Montgomery, but this communication is initialled 'F. R.'"

"My Christian initials," Montgomery quietly replied, "which I habitually use in writing to friends."

"Oh!" said the magistrate, looking more suspicious than ever. "The best thing you can do," he presently said, "is to send for the gentleman to whom you addressed the note. Until he arrives we'll go on with other cases."

Mr. Montgomery then complained that, although he had sent some hours ago, his solicitor had not yet arrived. The solicitor then went forward, declaring he had received no message. The magistrate said it was very strange ; X 1000 winked at a colleague ; and we may depend upon it that so long as magistrates merely declare that such affairs are strange, the police will go on perpetrating them.

The solicitor and the prisoner consulted ; then the former went away, saying nothing to me. Other cases were tried and settled in the usual brutally unjust fashion which will make the name of the London stipendiary magistrates a disgrace in the eyes of later generations. Presently the lawyer came back with a young man, who, when the time came, swore that he had promised to meet the rest of us at the little festive gathering ; and as a proof of the innocent character of the thing, fragments of broken musical instruments were shown.

They began a mutual congratulation and complimentary duet between magistrate and prisoner. The former said X 1000 had made a curious mistake ; the latter declared that X 1000 was a brave fellow and had done exactly the right thing. The former said that the latter must be discharged at once ; the latter thanked the former for the courtesy he had displayed under trying circumstances. All seemed well. Mr. Montgomery and the solicitor walked out of court. I followed them slowly at some little distance, saw a detective start on catching sight of the former, look after them for a moment, then run after them ; and just as I came up Mr. Montgomery was arrested on a charge of infinite burglaries and swindles. And I saw why. Owing to being in a cell all night, his beard and whiskers, usually blue-black, were a brilliant reddish brown where the newly grown portions were seen.

An Old Bailey burglary case is hardly in place in a musical magazine ; and this was one of the most ordinary sort. It was comparatively soon settled, and Mr. Montgomery is now at Portland. X 1000 got a good deal of the credit. He is now an inspector, and tells of every case he was in and a good many he was never in ; and he shows the watch he stole from his first arrest. And young constables from the country look on enviously, and determine to do likewise on the first opportunity. And we are proud of our police force.

As soon as Mr. Montgomery was captured I went to Mr. Begg and told him my whole history, and especially how, not wishing to tell tales on my late chief, I yet could not bring myself to be concerned in a swindle. And Mr. Phineas P. Begg turned up trumps. He did not attempt to publish the long-established musical paper run on American lines ; but he introduced me to another American millionaire who was buying a section of the English press.

This was more genuine than Mr. Montgomery's paper. It flourishes, and I occupy the proud position and draw the salary of musical critic to it.

## In the Back Office.

**T**HE CYNIC.—If I may without profanity, and disrespect to you, Mr. Republican, say so, what the deuce did you mean by talking about "your empty Robert Browning" in our last conversation?

**R**EPUBLICAN.—Did you feel the term abusive? I didn't know you were a Browningite!

**C**YNIC.—I'm not any sort of -ite. But to call a man empty is to call him a fool, which is, after all, a trifle abusive, and also—though of course it's not important—rather untrue.

**R**EPUBLICAN.—Well, I suppose I must apologise, and say it was not meant in the abusive sense—I used the word in the *Pickwickian* sense! What I did mean was that Robert Browning was not filled with the spirit of poetry, and therefore never wrote poetry well. Even his angriest defenders used to admit that he was unmusical—poetry should surely be musical ; that many of his rhymes were ugly and grotesque, which is hardly my notion of poetry ; that he compressed until he was hard to understand, whereas the poet uses the poetic form because it makes him easier to understand.

**C**YNIC.—Don't agree!

**R**EPUBLICAN.—Don't agree? Of course you agree! Why does the poet write in verse?

**C**YNIC.—All poets don't write in verse.

**R**EPUBLICAN.—Come, don't trot out the old quibble about prose-poets. A man may have something of the poetic faculty and yet write in prose ; but if he has enough of it, he writes in verse. Even Carlyle—who is often spoken of as a prose-poet—admits it. Look at his lecture on Dante and Shakespeare. Anyhow, by poet I mean a man who writes in one of the poetic forms. Why does he use that form ? because it makes him harder to understand ?

**C**YNIC.—Because he can express himself.

**R**EPUBLICAN.—Exactly ; he can express himself more easily in that form than in any other. Now, what do you mean by "express himself"? You mean, say what he has to say so that it may be understood.

**C**YNIC.—A poet may write for himself?

**R**EPUBLICAN.—Of course he may, oftenest he does ! And why? That he may understand himself! Believe me, a poet knows only the direction in which he is driving, he knows very little of the goal. Poetry-making, like every other ennobling kind of human activity, is simply a mode of self-realization. A poet who knows the goal has realized himself. I don't mean that he never realizes himself to an extent before he sits down to his desk, though that doesn't in the least matter. He generally has realized himself—again, to an extent—before he begins to write his poem. He writes sometimes, it is true, for cash ; sometimes for glory ; sometimes because of the human sympathetic desire to have others think and feel as we do, to broaden, as it were, the stream of our thought and emotion ; but oftenest of all, because of the pleasure of living through a spiritual experience again. Some of the original heat remains, and more is generated as he goes once more over the ground. Why, all of us know the pleasure of recollecting, dreaming over, idealizing, any experience of our lives. That, I take it, is largely what the poet does—he dreams and idealizes. Then, finally, there is the pleasure of *doing something*. A healthy

man loves a walk ; he would rather walk than sit still. In like manner the mere mental exercise of putting thought and feeling into a definite concrete shape must be delightful.

**C**YNIC.—Is that "finally"?

**R**EPUBLICAN.—Yes, why?

**C**YNIC.—Because, seeing you started to prove that Robert Browning was no poet, you have strayed rather far from home.

**R**EPUBLICAN.—By Jupiter, I have. It's a leaf out of your book, Idealist.

**I**DEALIST.—Hm! (*much disgusted with the long harangue*).

**R**EPUBLICAN.—Well, all I had to say was that Browning's work being unmusical, often grotesque, oftener hard to understand, proved him to be no poet, whatever else he might be. A thinker?—yes ; a logician?—yes ; but a poet—no thank you! He was empty of the poetic spirit, and it was in this sense I used the term empty. Had he been full of it, he would soon have learnt to express it. He was not wanting in power of expression.

**C**YNIC.—I don't know that I disagree with you. I only objected to the contemptuous phrases.

**R**EPUBLICAN.—You never use contemptuous phrases.

**C**YNIC.—Oh!—well, I admit that I'm often another, if that's what you mean.

\* \* \*

**C**YNIC (*to Our Critic*).—Would you call Siegfried Wagner "empty"?

**C**RICIT.—Now you've asked me a conundrum. When a man has written and published fifteen volumes, it's possible to tell what there's in him. But after hearing Siegfried once—!

**C**YNIC.—Did he strike you favourably?

**C**RICIT.—Can't say he did. You see he is under many disadvantages. In the first place, he is his father's son ; in the second, he is his grandfather's grandson ; in the third, he uses the left hand. I'm speaking simply about his relation to the audience, without considering the orchestra. Now that left hand has much to answer for. It was unimaginably awkward—indeed, the only way I could listen in comfort was by closing my eyes, or resting them on the broad shoulders of the critic of the — who sat in front of me. Siegfried cannot alter the first or second disadvantages ; but it seems to me he should have altered the third at the start. When a man has Wagner to father, and Liszt to grandfather, one expects something of him, which is not his fault. But it is distinctly his fault to let foolish persons interview him in the *Pall Mall*. He should never have said, "conductors are born, not made." I think they are both born and made, and conducting is playing on the orchestra, and the technique has to be acquired. If Siegfried Wagner knew that, his appearance would seem a paradoxical proof of the fact that they cannot be made. If he doesn't know that, the sooner he goes back to Humperdinck and begs to be taught, the better. He may become a good conductor some day.

**C**YNIC.—Then your opinion is rather adverse?

**C**RICIT.—I daresay it is, though I hardly know yet. When I've talked for five or six hours, and written a few articles on the subject, I shall begin to know clearly what I mean.

THE report that MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke have definitely arranged to appear in the revival of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* at Bayreuth in 1896 needs confirmation. It is in the highest degree unlikely that the Polish artists will take part in Wagner's tetralogy in the Franconian art centre.

## British Chamber Music Concerts.

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### AN INTERVIEW.

**I**T was not too clear to me why these concerts had been organized, and in search of light I met Mr. Ernest Fowles, the organizer, in Queen's Hall, one evening, and heard what he had to say—which was not a very great deal, for Mr. Fowles prefers to speak in deeds, not words. Still, he said something, and it was of the highest importance, even if not lengthy; and I will presently tell you what he said. But first, let me remind readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC that Mr. Ernest Fowles, though still a young musician, is a very well-known one. He has for many years given concerts in Princes Hall and elsewhere, one of the most interesting and notable being "Brahms'" evening last year. He is an esteemed teacher of "pianoforte and of theoretical subjects"; and he has done a good deal of lecturing. And as British music has been a pet topic of his for some years we may take it that he, if anyone, knows where to lay hands on the best British works. That, however, remains to be seen.

By way of a start, I asked, "What would you describe as your main object in commencing these concerts?"

"I have," replied Mr. Fowles, "what may be called two main purposes. The first is to explode the common notion that there is no worthy chamber-music by British composers by performing what I consider fair specimens, and thus, by whetting the general appetite, create a demand for more music of the same class; the second, by playing compositions that have lain for years on the shelf, and making them appreciated, to stimulate composers to further effort."

"You really think, then, that there is such a thing as good British chamber-music?"

"Yes; but you mustn't misunderstand me: I don't say we have any to equal that of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, or Brahms. That may or may not come in time! All I claim is that much of our music is really very fine and beautiful, and that by performing it we prepare the way for much that will be finer and more beautiful. What composer will write if he knows that his work will get at best an imperfect hearing, and then be laid aside for ever? Some of the great Germans didn't hear their works rendered. But they wrote in the full consciousness that some day they would be worthily interpreted, and the very thought warmed their imaginations. But a thought the very reverse freezes the invention of our best Englishmen."

"Will your efforts, then," I continued, "be confined to the production of new works?"

"Certainly not," Mr. Fowles made answer. "Most of the music on our first set of four programmes has been written some time—some of it a very long time. For instance, this trio in D for three pianos, which we intend to perform at the sacred concerts, was written by Samuel Wesley in 1811. These extracts from letters by him to Vincent Novello may interest your readers." Here they are:—

FRIDAY MORNING,

"30th of April, 1813.

"I find that it would be very inconvenient to perform the Piano Forte Trio. The Orchestra at the Argyle Rooms cannot contain three of these instruments without extreme inconvenience

—especially since the Organ will occupy so much of the space—there will be plenty of P.F. without that piece, as you may perceive by perusing the enclosed."

1st July, 1814.

"I have not been yet successful in discovering the whereabouts of the Original Score of the Trio, but shall not give over search in hope of getting at it by Sunday—meanwhile there can be no violent Immorality in your just enquiring for me of Webbe, whether he may not possibly have it among his MSS. I am pretty sure he wished for a copy, which it was not likely that I would refuse. Put the worst to the worst there is no impossibility of making a third copy from either yours or Stokes', and tho' this cannot be accomplished by Sunday (unless one of us could afford time to do nothing else), yet we may make something of a shift to get a sort of practice of it, by peeping over each other's Books. At all events let us meet as intended."

20th July, 1814.

"I have completed the Transcript of the Trio, and therefore, now, the only remaining point is the settlement of a time for performing it in 'Worshipful Society.' Sunday, I think, all matters considered, not the most eligible day, especially as we are to assemble in rather a public-looking place: added to this, two or three people whom I mean to invite, and who are worthy guests, are more punctilious about the Ceremony of Sunday than you and I. What say you to Monday next? I shall be disengaged from One o'clock on that day, and will attend at any hour from that, till 12 at night, which perhaps might be considered *rather late*. Pray turn all this over in your cogitating sconce, and let me know without unnecessary delay how you can cut and contrive."

"Salomon is much agog to be among us; I would strain a point to accommodate him as to time—Clementi has promised to come, the Cramers I shall invite; although of J.B. have no hope, *especially* as I think it probable that he has heard (by some side wind), how well Wilson can play his Musick."

13th May, 1816.

"As you did not call according with your intention on Friday, I take the first opportunity of informing you that we mean to have our Trio on Saturday next, at noon, in Kirkman's Room. Stokes cannot be one, as he pleads particular on the score of some score, which he is to get a little money by—but Joey Major is studying his part, and I think will be able to do it justice. Clementi tells me he shall strain a point to come, saying (handsomely enough), that whenever he had heard a good thing once, he likes to hear it twice, and that three times are better, and so on in proportion. I have invited Kalkbrenner—Cramer, of course, is too grand for us, we must be contented with the attention of Clementi—*his master*."

After reading the above I remarked, flippantly enough, "What did the old boy mean by writing for three pianos, of all things?"

"Hear it," said Mr. Fowles, "and you'll see what he meant; for it's a fine work." Then he continued: "This duet for two pianos by Parry—"

"I suppose then," I said, "you are glad to see works by any English composer with a view to performance?"

"Yes," said Mr. Ernest Fowles, "but the work of selection is difficult. I have a pile of compositions about four feet high to go through during the next few weeks; and as many which are good cannot possibly be got into this season's programmes, I am liable to be the unwitting cause of some ill-feeling. I hope, how-

ever, that those composers whose works cannot be put on immediately will have patience, and remember that the reason a quartet, for instance, is not played, may be that we have already a number of quartets, and so forth. My programmes, like any other, must have variety, or the audience will be bored, no matter how fine the music is."

## Meiningen.

### ITS ORCHESTRA AND ITS CONDUCTOR.

BY MARIE WURM.

**F**OR some time after Von Bülow had left Meiningen, where he had raised the standard of the orchestra to the highest pitch, the musical world did not take much notice of the little town. Most musicians expected to find a lull in art after the grand conductor had left, for it had been rumoured in the newspapers that the orchestra would be considerably reduced in number.

Now this was a total misrepresentation of facts, for the orchestra remained exactly the same, and has ever since Bülow resigned his post as musical director during the winter 1885–1886, after his journey through Holland. During the end of the musical season Richard Strauss stepped into Bülow's place, but only temporarily. In 1886 the position was offered to Fritz Steinbach, who accepted the post of conductor on the 1st of July of that year.

As the successor of Von Bülow Fritz Steinbach is worthy of the very highest recognition, not only in his own country, but all over the musical world.

Fritz Steinbach was born on the 17th June, 1855, at Grünsfeld (in Baden) where his father still holds the position of organist. When he was 13 years old, Vincenz Lacher found out the boy's genius and persuaded him to give up his intended career as a schoolmaster, in order to devote his whole time to music. The boy thereupon left the college and went to Mannheim, where his brother Emil (who is now the musical director at Mayence) held the post of musical director at the Royal Opera House.

At the age of 19 Franz Steinbach won the Mozart prize at Frankfort am Main, which is worth £90 for four years in succession, and remained at Leipsic.

When 22 years old, he went to see Brahms, who was then living in Ziegelhausen near Heidelberg. Brahms, however, sent the young musician to Vienna to study under the celebrated contrapuntist, Nottebohm, and the piano under Professor Auton Dorn.

After two years' study, in Vienna, Steinbach went to Karlsruhe to prepare for becoming a conductor. A year after he accepted the post of second musical director at Mayence. Von Bülow had already interested himself in the young musician, and suggested his accepting at the same time the post of Professor of Composition and Counterpoint at the Raff-Conservatoire in Frankfort am Main.

He was so successful everywhere that when Von Bülow resigned his post in Meiningen it was offered to young Steinbach. One can imagine that although the post was one of great honour, it was also full of thorns for so young a conductor. The Meiningers had, under Von Bülow, already made triumphal concert-tours throughout Germany, Austria and Holland; then there were the Royal Patrons also whose interest in the orchestra had to

be kept up. However, after one year's trial, Steinbach was engaged permanently by the Duke. That the musical life in Meiningen has in no way diminished, will be seen by the following notes which I have been fortunate enough to get hold of. It still has its enthusiastic ducal patron, its highly gifted conductor, and an orchestra which can take it up with any other orchestra in the musical world, because the members have time to study all the works thoroughly; there is now no opera-season here to take away the strength and time of those who so entirely devote themselves to the performances of the very highest of classical works.

When one thinks that Meiningen has only 12,035 inhabitants, is it not marvellous that so much time and interest is devoted to the very best music only?

Where is there a town in England like it? They say "union is strength," and indeed here is a living example. There are no "amateurs" here who play and sing everywhere, and no "professionals" who, armed with a certificate obtained from one examination, set themselves up as musicians; no, here all are true artists, who all help together to create the very highest and best and noble in art.

Nearly all the members of the orchestra play some other instrument than only one, and they all teach also. One member of the orchestra is Herr Richard Mühlfeld, whom you Londoners have had an opportunity of hearing at the Monday and Saturday popular concerts a short while ago. He is considered one of the very finest clarinetists Germany possesses.

Brahms has just written two sonatas for the pianoforte and clarinet specially for Herr Mühlfeld; they will, however, not be published until after Christmas. The first performance of them took place this summer at Tschl (Tyrol), in presence of the Duke of Meiningen. It is the Duke whose ever ready help and interest in all musical matters tends to encourage and inspire all musicians who are brought under his notice and kind and generous sympathy.

Last year, 18th December, 1893, Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" was performed in Meiningen, and the critics came all the way from Berlin. The sternest of all (Otto Lessmann) wrote that he had never heard such an excellent rendering of the grand work anywhere else. "Union is strength," so the Meiningers think; and, like at our English Festivals, from all the neighbouring towns the choral societies came, after having previously studied the work in their own place.

In my article (vide October number) I mentioned the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen as amongst the most musical members of Royalty. I must add the name of Her Highness the Princess Marie of Saxe-Meiningen, who lives here permanently, and to whose influence a great deal of the Brahms appreciation here is due. A large Choral Society has been founded by Herr Steinbach, aided by the Princess's patronage. Chamber-music evenings take place regularly at Her Highness's palace, the Princess herself very often taking the pianoforte part.

That the members of Royalty here have ever a ready purse and heart for those in trouble and sorrow, I can prove by stating that a grand Wagner-Concert will shortly take place here, got up entirely by Her Royal Highness the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, in aid of the sufferers of a burnt village near here, where over forty families have lost their all but a few days ago.

On November 10th, the second Abonnements-Concert took place, in presence of the ducal family.

## PROGRAMM:

Chr. W. v. Gluck: Ouverture zur Oper: "Iphigenie in Aulis!"  
(mit Schluss von Richard Wagner).

Mary Wurm: Konzert H-moll, Op. 21, für Klavier und Orchester. (Manuskript.)

Allegro. Adagio. Rondo. (Dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen).

W. A. Mozart: Nachtmusik für Streichorchester.

L. van Beethoven: Konzert für Violine mit Orchester, Op. 61, D-dur.

Allegro ma non troppo—Larghetto e Rondo.

Fr. Chopin: (a) Polonaise, Cis-moll, } für Klavier.

R. Schumann: (b) Romanze, } für Klavier.

A. Rubinstein: (c) Komenoi-Ostrow, } für Klavier.

Seb. Bach: Sarabande und Gavotte } für Violine.

F. Ries: Moto perpetuo } für Violine.

Mary Wurm: (a) Impromptu, } für Klavier.

{ (b) Barcarole, } für Klavier.

{ (c) Valse-Caprice, } für Klavier.

Richard Wagner: Vorspiel zu: "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."

Next year a musical festival will take place, at which we are to have Brahms' Requiem, and several others of his works. He himself will conduct, and Joachim and D'Albert will be the soloists.

## Music in Cape Town.

— :o: —

**T**HE second of Miss Macintyre's farewell performances came off at the Opera House on the 11th October, the Opera being Gounod's *Faust*. The house was a "record" one, in spite of pouring rain and abysmal mud, extra chairs having to be introduced in the stalls and dress circle, so greatly had the fame of the prima donna in grand opera, preceded her. With tolerable punctuality the opening strains of the orchestra were heard, and the curtain rose on the first scene. Owing to an attack of influenza, the tenor, Mr. Vernon Reid, was absent, and the title rôle of the piece was taken by Mr. Greig, who has a fair tenor voice, but whose acting left a good deal to be desired, being far too jerky, and lacking ease of movement.

Mr. G. Vendi, as Mephistopheles, was a most stalwart demon, and acted the part well, and with much spirit, though his voice, powerful in itself, was hardly deep enough; and his singing, partly in English and partly in Italian, was sometimes flat, especially in the English rendering. The rejuvenating of *Faust* was rather burlesqued by Mr. Greig, as, instead of its being done in a flash, he retired into one corner of his apartment, and deliberately took off his dusky robe and beard; his white mantle, beneath hanging down remarkably like a night-gown.

In the street scene, which was well staged, the chorus was rather weak, and not always in time. Mr. H. T. Davies took the part of Valentine fairly well, though I have seen and heard him to better advantage in light opera bouffe. The entrance of Miss Macintyre, as Marguerite, was the signal for an ovation from the audience. And truly, such a voice and such acting has never before been heard and seen in Cape Town. In the garden scene, in the canzone, "del Re di Thule," her voice was simply perfect in its trained power and absolute control; and, later on, the passion and pathos in her acting with *Faust* was deep and striking, and made one wish she had a better imper-

sonator of the lover's part with whom to act. Miss Leonora Braham made a capital "Martha," and the little by-play between her and Mephistopheles was well done. Miss Beatrice Gilfillan, as Siebel, made a charming youth, and was well up to her part throughout. Valentine, in the dying scene, was exceedingly tragic in his unnatural curse upon his sister. In the prison scene again, Miss Macintyre was wonderful in the expression of her tender love for her betrayer, from whom she finally tears herself away, and then rises to the grand climax in "Signor, soccorra me," which brought tears to the eyes of some of the audience.

The opera, though it was to a great extent a one-sided representation, there being so few in the company capable of playing with Miss Macintyre, was on the whole well put on, and the staging reflected much credit on Mr. Duncan Young; also the orchestration on Mr. James Hyde, the conductor.

A couple of days later, the opera of *Il Trovatore* was produced, the house being again crowded for the two nights' performance. In this opera there was perhaps more scope for the other actors and actresses; Miss Macintyre, it is needless to say, amply fulfilling all expectations in her representation of the character of Leonora. Her great histrionic talents were conspicuous, and the fire and animation shown by her were wonderful, as also was her perfect vocalization throughout the opera. Two or three strangers, evidently Italians, were sitting just behind me, and were enthusiastic with their "Brava! Bravissimi!" after the delivery of "Tacca la Nothe," for instance, or "Infida," and in the prison scene, "Varre la Sciami." The audience, generally, gave the prima donna a well-deserved ovation after each act. Mr. Verdi, as the Count di Luna, showed to the best advantage, and displayed much dramatic force and spirit in the character he represented. His voice was a trifle hoarse at the commencement, but this disappeared later on, and he sang with all his usual power. Miss Braham sustained the part of the gipsy, Azucena, and did it ample justice, both with voice and acting. Mr. Greig, in the part of Maurico, appeared to somewhat better advantage than in the opera of *Faust*, but still his acting was lacking in proper fire and passion, though his singing was good. As on the previous occasion, the chorus was weak, and inadequate to many parts of the opera. The scenery, though in itself good, was rather clumsily managed, which tended to mar some points in the opera.

The orchestra did well, though here and there they were rather too loud for the voices of the singers.

Just before the fall of the curtain, notices were handed round, announcing that as Miss Macintyre had agreed to stay here till the end of the present month, two more operas, *I Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, would be produced, and these will, no doubt, be as numerously attended as the last ones by all lovers of opera who desire to see Miss Macintyre again before she leaves these shores.

THE Stock Exchange Orchestral Society announces three subscription concerts at the Queen's Hall on December 19th, February 19th and April 29th. The programmes as at present arranged include an excellent selection of works by Haydn, Raff, Dr. Mackenzie, Wagner, Gluck, Schumann, Brahms, Gade, Bizet, and others. I am desired to correct a prevalent, but erroneous, idea that the subscription list is confined to those connected with the Stock Exchange, the desire being to attract the support of the musical public generally.

## → The Organ World. ←

### THE "VICAR'S" CHOIRMASTER. (Concluded.)

**T**O the musically inclined, however, his continued presence among us is not likely to hasten any material advancement in church music.

I once, out of curiosity on the subject, answered some half-dozen advertisements for choirmen, the salaries ranging from £12 to £20 per annum, and my experiences and the memory thereof will certainly abide with me for aye. I found the choirmasters with one exception (and he a professional man) as innocent of the rudiments of their art as was possible. Still, with paid singers who could all read well, they managed to "worry along" somehow. At one of these churches I was invited to remain for a rehearsal of Mr. Gaul's hardy annual, "The Holy City," and I certainly thought great credit was due to the amateur "conductor" for the energetic manner in which he waved his stick (I couldn't libel him by suggesting that he beat time) and howled the air (presumably to help the trebles) unceasingly, but beyond that the whole affair was a gruesome farce.

Holding a fairly lucrative appointment then myself, I was not anxious to obtain any of the above, and so did not scruple to try and sound the depths of that musical knowledge which the uninitiated ordinarily imagine lies buried in the "choir director's" bosom.

By exhibiting a certain degree of ignorance, and assuming the rôle of an "anxious inquirer" after musical truth, I was able to elicit, by judicious questions, some highly interesting pieces of information, which are still wasting their sweet ness on the desert air outside, either "Grove" or "Stainer and Barrett." Here are some:—

(1) *Alargando.* "You quicken up till you get a big crescendo."

(2) *Con moto.* "Very softly and sweetly."

(3) *Maestoso.* "Vary the time to suit the sense of the words."

(4) The difference between a *>>* and a *sf.* over a note is that "in the first case you get soft, and in the second you *keep it loud all the time!*"

(5) *Tempo* means "common time."

(6) Pointing to one of the capitals which are usually placed over convenient starting places in the score or band parts of a cantata, I inquired its meaning; as it happened to be F, although over a soft passage, I was promptly told that it meant "*forte*, of course," with a smile of pity for my ignorance. In like manner I also learned that K stood for "*kalando*" (*sic!*), which being interpreted meaneth "*calmly*!"

These new readings of musical terms frequently raise a smile from the stalls of the paid singers; but it is not their busines, they will tell you, to take any notice. Twelve or fifteen pounds a year is a welcome addition to their income and outweighs the trifling inconvenience of an ignorant choirmaster.

Such experiences as the above must be quite familiar to any who have had much to do with average church choirs. The question of Nicodemus then not unnaturally presents itself,

### GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

*Patron:* The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.  
*President:* E. J. HOPKINS, Esq., MUS. D., Cantuar.  
*Warden:* J. T. FIELD.

The NEXT EXAMINATION for Certificate of practical Musicianship, and Fellowship of the Guild (F. Gld. O.) will be held January 17th, 1895. Registers of vacancies and Candidates for Organ Appointments kept. Hon. Sec.: FRED. B. TOWNSEND, Org. and Choirm., Brentwood, and 4, Huggin Lane, Queen Victoria Street, London.

"How can these things be?" I think the two main reasons for the continuance of this state of affairs to be—(1) The unwillingness of the average parish to pay a fair price for a good article. Conventionality demands that at least a figure-head organist and choirmaster they must have, but a great deal more depends on how far he can make himself useful in other (parish) ways than on the extent of his musical knowledge.

(2) That from the constant habit of playing the part of an authority and an instructor many of the clergy cannot imagine themselves in any other character, whatever be the subject, or the extent of their acquaintance with it. A musical reputation especially, being most in request and the easiest to acquire among their body, they are naturally averse to a competent musical man, whose superior knowledge is a standing rebuke to their pretensions, and prefer the gentleman who forms the subject of this paper.

It is obvious that no system of "trades-union" among musicians would prove any remedy for this state of things, as there are always enough amateurs to fill any number of vacancies twice over. But one thing at least can be done, a pillory system, for drawing public attention to some of the wretched advertisements which disgrace the columns of the Church papers. Until this is done, or the College or Guild of Organists make use of their position to create a strong public feeling in the matter (either at Congress or elsewhere), we shall have to endure the abiding presence of "The Vicar's Choirmaster."

— o —

Two of our musical contemporaries are much exercised at present in their correspondence columns on the subject of organ recital programmes. One gentleman has so far taken compassion on his helpless (!) brother organists as to publish a list of "suitable voluntaries" for each Sunday in the month. We are all very grateful to him. His laudable example has been followed by a writer in the *Musical Standard*, who is also anxious to help his musical brethren in like manner. Here is his programme of "suitable voluntaries" for a recital:—

- (1) Indian air in F major ("There is a Happy Land") ... ... *Traditional.*
- (2) Grand chant in C (he might play six verses) ... ... *Pelham Humphry.*
- (3) Grand chorus in D ("Hold the Fort")... ... ... *Ira D. Sankey.*
- (4) Verset in G ... ... ... *Alex. Guilman.*
- (5) Grand march in F ("Onward, Christian Soldiers") ... ... *A. Sullivan.*
- (6) Reverie in E flat ("When I Survey the Wondrous Cross") *Cr. Miller.*
- (7) Finale in C ... ... ... *Impromptu.*

I see that the Hope Jones Organ Company have finished the first instrument which has been made by them in its entirety. It is placed in Wilton Street Chapel, Denton. Doubtless Mr. Hope Jones' extensive couplings go a long way in tone production, but I am a little sceptical about the effect of such a swell as this one, even though it extends to sixty-one notes:—Lieblich, 8 ft.; viol d'amour, 8 ft.; vox celestes, 8 ft.; gemshorn, 4 ft.; tuba sonora, 8 ft. This "coupling" question is very sensibly handled by Mr. Cassor in an article in last month's *Organist and Choirmaster*.

St. Alban's, Holborn, intends having its new organ built on the Hope Jones system. I shall be curious to hear the effect of such a weighty instrument (four manuals, pedal, and forty-one speaking stops) in so small a church. True, the solo organ, of seven stops, and three pedal stops are to be bracketed on the west wall, but I should imagine the tone of the

full organ would be considerably smothered in its east end position.

Messrs. Hill have completed their overhauling of Westminster Abbey organ. The recent improvements include:—(1) A new swell sound-board, and horizontal shutters opening downward, thus throwing the sound up to the roof with fine effect; (2) three new stops to the swell (the gift of Mr. Clarke, the well-known yachtsman, owner of the *Satanita*); (3) additional reservoir for the solo organ and "intermediates" to the swell and great, which make response instantaneous; (4) rearrangement of the 32 ft. open, some of the pipes being now placed on the screen; (5) a new pedal board and four pistons to choir organ. The console is placed in the middle of the screen, an admirable situation, both as regards seeing the choir and hearing the effect of one's playing—two considerations hitherto persistently ignored by builders. I append the complete specification:—

		GREAT. CC to A.
Double Open Diapason	16 ft.	Twelfth . . . . . 3 ft.
Open Diapason (1)	8 "	Fifteenth . . . . . 2 "
Open Diapason (2)	8 "	Mixture, 3 ranks . . . . .
Open Diapason (3)	8 "	(Heavier Pressure of wind.)
Hohlföte	8 "	Double Trumpet . . . . . 16 ft.
Principal	4 "	Posaune . . . . . 8 "
Harmonic Flute	4 "	Clarion . . . . . 4 "

		CHOIR. CC to A.
Gedacht	16 ft.	Nason Flute . . . . . 4 ft.
Open Diapason	8 "	Suabe Flute . . . . . 4 "
Dulciana	8 "	Harmon. Gemshorn . . . . . 2 "
Keraulophon	8 "	Contra Fagotto . . . . . 16 "
Liedlich Gedacht.	8 "	Cor Anglais (free reed) . . . . . 8 "
Principal	4 "	

		SWELL. CC to A.
Double Diapason (bass).		Dulcet . . . . . 4 ft.
(Forms a soft bass for Salicional or Vox Céleste)	16 ft.	Principal . . . . . 4 "
Double Diapason (treble)	16 "	Lieblich Flute . . . . . 4 "
Open Diapason (small)	8 "	Fifteenth . . . . . 2 "
Open Diapason (large)	8 "	Mixture, 3 ranks . . . . .
Dulciana	8 "	Oboe . . . . . 8 "
Salicional	8 "	(Heavier pressure of wind.)
Vox Céleste	8 "	Double Trumpet . . . . . 16 ft.
Hohlföte	8 "	Cornopean . . . . . 8 "
		Clarion . . . . . 4 "

		SOLO. CC to A.
Gamba	8 ft.	Orchestral Oboe . . . . . 8 ft.
Rohrföte	8 "	Clarinet . . . . . 8 "
Lieblich Flute	4 "	Vox Humana . . . . . 8 "
Harmonic Flute	4 "	Tuba Mirabilis . . . . . 8 "
		(In a swell box.)

		COUPLERS.
Great to Pedal.		Swell to Choir.
Swell to Pedal.		Solo to Great.
Choir to Pedal.		Swell Octave.
Solo to Pedal.		Great to Pedal duplicate.
Octave Solo to Pedal.		Swell Tremulant.
Swell to Great.		Solo Tremulant.
Four Combination Pistons to Choir Organ.		
Four Combination Pistons to Solo Organ.		
Four Combination Pedals to Great, four to Swell, two to Pedal.		
Two Pedals to act upon Great to Pedals and Swell to Choir.		
Speaking Stops, 58; Couplers, etc., 20.		
Total Draw-stops, 78.		

		PEDAL. CCC to F.
Double Open Diapason		Violoncello . . . . . 8 ft.
(Wood)	32 ft.	Bass Flute . . . . . 8 "
Open Diapason (Wood)	16 "	(Heavier Wind.)
Open Diapason (Metal)	16 "	Contra Posaune (Metal) 32 "
Bourdon	16 "	Posaune . . . . . 16 "
Principal	8 "	Trumpet . . . . . 8 "

The above-mentioned firm do not appear to have been so successful with their Peterborough Cathedral instrument. A correspondent of the *Peterborough Gazette* points out certain defects of position (for which I should hardly imagine the builders were responsible), chiefly the height at which it is "boxed up," so as to have its tones "stifled within its wooden walls." It also appears on the occasion of his visit to have "given out during the psalms," through a mechanical accident. All this does not sound well, but as I have not yet seen the new instrument, I cannot say how far the above strictures are warranted by the circumstances.

The same correspondent draws attention to the meagre material which forms the choir, attributing this miserable state of affairs to failure of funds. I can corroborate his first statement from personal observation, and can heartily sympathise with Dr. Keeton, who has to work under such disheartening conditions.

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Michael Brown

Yours sincerely  
Marie Anna.

Ernest Bailey 14 St James Sq Edin'

Thus the *Standard*:

A strange story of a battle in which the "kist o' whistles," the organist, his stool, and the parson played the chief parts, comes from a country church. The parson, it would seem, had a prejudice against the organist "playing the organ during service," a natural enough prejudice if the organist had a fancy for playing during, let us say, the sermon or the lessons. But we are not told at what part of the service the organist offended. What is clear, however, is that on a recent Sunday the organ gave out its music at the wrong time, whereupon an attacking party was hastily got together, and the organist and his stool, to which he clung with much tenacity, were carried bodily out of the church and there set down. How the choir got to the end of the service we are not told, but the parson made good a charge of brawling, and the organist failed to persuade the magistrate that he had sustained an assault. We must conclude, therefore, that "in choirs and places where they sing" with an organ, the parson is in law the supreme authority as to the limits of the performance.

This little diversion took place at "Rayton Church near Shrewsbury," a place which I fail to find in "Crockford," either under the heading of Rayton, Shrewsbury, or Baschurch. Can it be that the numerous press accounts are the work of a wag, and the incident itself a myth?

\* \* \*

A more authenticated story comes from Hathern, Leicestershire. This time it is the choir and vicar who are the belligerents. The vicar wished them to sing the "Te Deum" to a setting which they disliked: with the result that the rev. gentleman forbade two members of the choir to again occupy their stalls. Disregard of this injunction by the offending brethren; fruitless appeals by enraged vicar to the congregation to assist in their ejection; abandonment of the service; threats of legal proceedings by the vicar, who eventually thought better of it, and preached next Sunday (the choir having now seated themselves in the body of the church) a pathetic sermon from the text, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" he assuming the rôle of the lachrymose prophet, with the choir for his Israel. Israel, as of yore, proved themselves a stiff-necked people. They remain to this day unregenerate and obdurate, and the vicar still weepeth o'er empty choir benches.

Now my "Crockford" tells me two things: (1) That the Rev. Mr. Lawrence has not long been vicar of Hathern; (2) That the rev. gentleman who figures in the Rayton affair appears in my issue as vicar of Ketley; ergo, his advent at Rayton (wherever it is) must have been recent. These two facts only corroborate the old proverb about new brooms. The clerical new broom generally stirs up a musical "dust" first, more's the pity.

\* \* \*

We all know a correspondent of the *Church Times*—Peter Lombard, of that ilk (sorely afflicted, poor man, with *garrulitas senilis*)—who is always calling our attention to some "beautiful old custom," apropos of nothing. He is a harmless old man, and is good-naturedly tolerated, but "a northern correspondent" of the *Organist and Choirmaster* has not been so fortunate. He has roused the sleeping lion of the "Clarion" (the organ of the Independent Labour Party). Let the annexed trumpet blast from that militant organ tell its own tale:—

"Soft you, now! What have we here?"

"The 'harvest bell' is now rung morning and evening at All Saints' Church, Great Driffield, Yorks. The summons to work is sounded at five o'clock, and the signal to cease labour at seven. The custom has been observed from time immemorial."

"Can any of our readers inform us whether this singularly beautiful custom is observed in any other part of the country? *Laborare est orare* has always been the teaching of the Church concerning daily toil, and the above sanctification of labour—trifling as it may seem nowadays—is nevertheless a practical illustration of the well-known lines—

"Whene'er the sweet church bell  
Peals over hill and dell,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
O hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!"

"The lack of Church teaching with respect to labour is sadly evidenced in these latter days by the many strikes which cripple the industry and trade of our country."

"Thus the *Organist and Choirmaster*, a journal which evidently deserves to be better known. If the "singularly beautiful custom" were generally adopted of ringing the people to work at five in the morning by the 'sweet church bell,' and ringing them out again at seven in the evening, the industry and trade of our country would no longer be crippled, but only the people—and people are cheap."

\* \* \*

Our "northern correspondent" should be cautious.

\* \* \*

Dr. Bridge's "Cradle of Christ" appears to be in great demand this Advent, chiefly, I imagine, because, in addition to flowing character of the voice-parts, its accompaniments can be quite effectively given on the organ alone. I hear of its rehearsals at a number of churches, as well as by choral societies at Putney, Lowestoft and Windsor; I also hear from Leatherhead School that it is to be given in the chapel every Thursday during Advent.

\* \* \*

When I spoke of Church Congress utterances last month I had not seen either Dr. Stainer's paper or a correct report of the Hon. R. Strutt's address. A sight of them would have modified some of my remarks. Mr. Strutt's paper is too long for insertion here, but a good report of it appears in the *Musical Standard* of October 20th.

The writer concludes by suggesting—

(1) That the plain-song or melody of the responses remain unchanged, both in note and accent, from year's end to year's end.

(2) That the number of hymns in ordinary use be greatly reduced, and that the same hymns be more often used.

(3) That every hymn should have its own "proper" tune, the evil practice of "hacking" tunes being strictly *anathema*.

(4) That all chanting (congregational and otherwise) be *obviously* antiphonal, and, where the structure of the text demands, by *half-verses*.

(5) That wherever refrains or choruses occur, e.g. in the *Benedicite*, or the Easter Hymn, the people should be encouraged to sing the refrain only.

This, he says, would ensure at least *concentration* as opposed to dissipation in congregational song, and greatly enhance the force and dignity of common worship.

#### JUBAL (JUNIOR).

### Miss Marie Brema.

—o:—

F, gentle reader, you happen to live near me, and, like me, are directed to interview Miss Marie Brema, you will at once make arrangements with that lady, and then take train to Gloucester Road, W. You will then set off in a certain direction, and turn to the left, and then to the right; and if that doesn't take you to the cosy little home in the quiet street where Miss Brema dwells, I cannot help you further. I found it easily enough, following these same directions, and was at once invited into the drawing-room, where my "victim" sat, surrounded by flowers, pictures, photographs, books, music, and other et ceteras too numerous to describe, though pretty in their effect. After preliminary greetings, we plunged into the midst of things, thus:—

"Will you begin by telling me how you first went into 'singing'?"

"Well, when I was a little girl of six I used to sit on a stool and sing to my father's friends. They used to laugh, not necessarily because the singing was 'bad' but because I used to do it exactly like a 'grown up' person. Then, when I was a 'grown-up' person I used to sing at small concerts, but only as an amateur, for I never had any lessons. But in 1890 I was at the

Norwich Festival and Mr. Henschel heard me sing, and suggested that I should study seriously, with a view of going into music as a profession. I was delighted; and as he was willing to teach me, I studied with him until the spring of the following year. He then said I must make my professional *début*—"

"After six months?" I asked.

"That's precisely what I said—'after six months?' But Mr. Henschel said 'yes,' so it was arranged that I should appear at one of Mr. Chappell's Monday Popular Concerts. Well, don't you know, when the time came I was frightfully ill—in fact, I don't know what was wrong, but everyone in the house was ill—and I should never have got out of bed, but I was determined not to miss my chance; so I got up, took a cab, and when I got to St. James's Hall, didn't know where I was—everything seemed to swim around me, but I went on, and made a little success—"

Here my thoughts ran off for a moment, for I remembered that success—one of the biggest achieved by any singer in my time,

"Went home again and to bed, and didn't leave it for some time. Well, then, I thought engagements would come in. So they did, but not all at once. Now, I had never thought a great deal of my own voice, don't you know; but I was fond of the stage, and made up my mind that the very best thing I could do would be to go upon the stage. So I went to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and begged him to hear me recite.

He didn't want to, but I *made him!* And after he had heard me he at once secured me an engagement with his *Judah* company. I appeared at Newcastle and other places, and Mr. Jones wrote most enthusiastically about me. But while that was going on singing engagements were coming in, and all my friends said it was a shame for me to waste my voice, and so I got back into singing again, don't you know!"

"Had you studied with Mr. Henschel all this time, then?"

"No; he went to Germany in the spring of 1891, and as I didn't wish to do nothing while he was away, I first took some lessons from a very excellent teacher, Miss Bessie Cox; and afterwards from Mr. Blume, to whom I owe more than I can say. I have a lesson from him every day—"

There was no help for it; I was compelled to be rude and again interrupt—this time with "What! every day?"

"Every day," said Miss Brema, "Mr. Blume scales here, and we do scales and the usual vocal exercises, and it is wonderful the way in which he can always show you how to improve this, that, and the other. Do you know, I sent for him at 5 o'clock on the day I was to sing the *Götterdämmerung* scene at Siegfried Wagner's concert. He came round in a great hurry, thinking something must have gone wrong with my voice; but when he came, I told him there was nothing wrong, only I felt that a thoroughly good practice of technical exercises would put me in good form for the evening's work."

"Then your lesson from Mr. Blume is really a daily practice?"

"Oh, no! I practise a lot in addition to that. In fact, I frequently sing scales and exercises for half an hour before getting up in the morning. The truth is, I began so late—only four years ago—to train my voice, that I have really had to work very hard to make any progress."

"The next thing was Mr. Lago offered me an engagement during his season at the Shaftesbury; and besides singing in *Cavalleria* there, I took the part of Orfeo no less than eight times in the last fortnight. I insisted upon missing out that air, by the way, that is usually inserted,

and was pleased to see that *The Times* praised me for ending up the act with the recitative, as Glück wrote it."

"And after that?" I somewhat ungraciously persisted.

"After that I went on a few tours, short and long, with Gerard, Macintyre, Plunket Greene and Ben Davies; in '92 sang at Covent Garden; and the next year at Covent Garden again, five times. It was then that the idea of going to Germany was put into my head. In the *Walküre* I took the part of one of the maidens, and some of the German singers recommended me to go there. Then in 1893 Mr. Blume insisted upon my going to Munich to sing to Levy. I did, and began the 'big' Ortruda scene from *Lohengrin*; and hadn't got through many bars before he stopped me, insisted upon going into the theatre, and interrupted a rehearsal of the *Rheingold* that I might act the scene. When I was done, he said he would write to Mrs. Wagner about me, and offered me an engagement at Bayreuth. Well, I went there in October of 1893. Mrs. Wagner was away, and, pending her arrival, Kapellmeister Kneise coached me in the Bayreuth mode of doing Ortruda. When Mrs. Wagner came home, I had, of course, to sing for her at once. I asked to be allowed to sing something which I had taught myself, and which therefore I didn't sing in the Bayreuth fashion. Now, you must know, Levy had told me to get up the part of Kneedy, and I had learnt it—in a fortnight! I thought of it all hours of the day, and dreamed of it at night, as you can well imagine! Well, I sang that; and at once my path was made easy! Kneise and Mrs. Wagner studied various parts with me every day. First every bar, then every word, every note; and only after that dramatically, as it were. You have no idea of the pains they both take with pronunciation. For instance, above 'Gotter' Mrs. Wagner wrote five 'l's, to make me remember that I had to mark it well. I stayed there until the middle of December; and I consider that, owing to the kind help of my teachers, I made enormous progress in my art. The whole of the Wagner family were most kind to me, and I count the months that I lived at Bayreuth as amongst the happiest of my life."

The rest of Miss Brema's career, although it only happened this last autumn, is already ancient history. Her unprecedented success at Bayreuth is well known, and also the fact that she is absolutely certain to be asked to take some of the principal parts there in 1896. Mrs. Wagner particularly wished her to sing the *Götterdämmerung* scene at Siegfried Wagner's recent concert; and, between ourselves, reader, that is why the scene is to be done twice. Miss Brema is engaged by Mr. Damrosch to sing at the New York opera next season, her principal parts being Ortruda, Brangaena, Erda, Fricka, and Brünnhilde, though as she finds the part of Erda very tiring through being so low, she intends to ask to be relieved from it. Mr. Damrosch has also asked her to take the principal part, that of Hester Prynne, in his opera founded on Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; and Mrs. Wagner has offered to coach in all the Wagner parts. Needless to say Miss Brema has accepted, and in December goes to Bayreuth. She sings Brünnhilde at Mayence in going, and at Brussels in coming back, and at the latter town sings at a miscellaneous concert in addition.

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Herr Steinbach also introduced a symphonic poem—"Die Erscheinung der Venus"—of his own composition, a clever, well-written reflex of Wagner with modulation sauce *à la* Liszt, but, like all such imitations, supremely uninteresting on that same account. Mr. Lamond's solos were Liszt's "Liebesträume," and the Schubert's-Tausig "Marche Militaire," but they were not so well played as the concerto; the prodigious crescendo which is practically the *raison d'être* of the Tausig transcription was scarcely indicated. He was, however, recalled five times, and then played Rubinstein's little G minor "Barcarolle." The singer was Mrs. Lilian Sanderson. The orchestral works were Liszt's lovely "Les Préludes" and the "Festklänge," both scamped.

The Gewandhaus Concerts pursue their usual placid course, the same works and same readings each winter, one new soloist, Fraulein Jakimowski, a Russian pupil of Rubinstein, with whom she has studied some seven years, a beautiful artist, whom you will probably hear in London before long. (They all go there.) I had hoped to hear the Rubinstein G major concerto, which she plays beautifully, but the Schumann was warmed up instead.

The Ben Davies concert, given in conjunction with Messrs. Nachez and Ashton, may be regarded as almost a complete failure on account of the absurdly high prices. Imagine a hall with a seating capacity of some 2,000 dotted about with an audience of 150 or so, two marks for standing room, and extra charges for cloak-room and programme! and the Saxons think as much of such a sum as the English do of 3s. 6d. or 4s. Imagine that price for standing room at Boosey's Ballad Concerts, which possess a regular audience of ballad-lovers such as does not exist here. The prices of some seats were as much as four times that of the Liszt Society concerts. Whoever advised Messrs. Davis & Co. were grossly ignorant of the conditions of musical life in Leipzig. The complaints were loud and deep.

Nordica has been singing both in concert and opera (*Lohengrin* and *Rigoletto*), and has had a prodigious success. The critics unstintedly praise both her and Ben Davies, as well they may after the sorry specimens

of bawling humanity which are occasionally exploited here. Ysaye has paid us a visit, and Sarasate comes next week.

H. O.

## Festival at Westminster Abbey.

— :o: —

**A**T Westminster Abbey on Wednesday, Nov. 7th, a festival performance took place in aid of the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians. The north transept was free to the public, and every seat there was taken a few minutes after the doors were opened; but the rest of the building was allotted to subscribers to the charity and their friends; and the Abbey was quite full, even the places high aloft in the triforium being occupied. The accidental dropping of a book of words from the triforium, indeed, formed rather an unexpected incident, for the book fell on one of the drums, to the intense amazement of the drummer, who happened to be looking the other way, and also, apparently, to the astonishment of Madame Albani, to whom a drum note immediately after the first phrase of "Angels ever bright and fair" must have been a novel experience. Although the transepts, aisles, and choir were crowded, the performance really took place in the nave, the band, with Mr. Carrodus as leader, being stationed immediately in front of the organ screen, and the choristers dividing the orchestra from the congregation, amongst whom were observable the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and many prominent musicians. The first portion of the evening service was followed by Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," conducted by Professor Bridge, the leading parts being sung by Madame Albani, Mrs. Helen Trust, and Mr. Iver McKay, the tenor replacing Mr. Harper Kearton, who was unable to be present. Madame Albani, who took the air somewhat slower than usual, then gave a very fine delivery of "Angels ever bright and fair," a melody which, beautiful as it undoubtedly is on its own account, nevertheless gains greatly by performance amid such venerable surroundings; and the programme ended with Professor Bridge's "Cradle of Christ."

IT is stated that all the original documents, books, and plates concerning Dr. Chrysander's edition of Handel's works have been secured by an English amateur, and that he purposes to offer printed copies of the collection to the most important academic institutions in this country.

AT the recent meeting of the guarantors for the Leeds Festival next year it was announced that a sum of £21,000 had already been promised, which is £1,000 more than that on the corresponding date on the last occasion. In all probability new works will be presented by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Hubert Parry, Mr. Edward German, and M. Massenet, so that an interesting festival may be confidently anticipated.

THE death is announced of Frau Johanna Jachmann-Wagner, a niece of Richard Wagner, who obtained fame as a dramatic vocalist many years before her uncle's masterworks gained general recognition, and after her marriage was equally successful as an actress, thanks in part to her fine presence and impressive manner. Frau Jachmann-Wagner sang at Her Majesty's Theatre during the last years of Lumley's management in 1856, and her final appearances as a public singer were at the inauguration of the Bayreuth Theatre in 1876, when she appeared as a Walküre, and as a Norn in *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

## Berlin.

THERE have been two most interesting performances of Oratorio given in Berlin since my last letter, viz. *Elijah* and *Creation*. The former was given in the Sing Academy, on October 26, by Dr. Blumner's choir of well-trained voices. This was the fifteenth performance that has been given in the Sing Academy of the *Elijah*, the first performance of which was under the direction of Mendelssohn himself. Herr Betz, from the Royal Opera, sang magnificently the part of Elijah, and the other parts were taken by Fr. Helene Oberbeck (soprano), Fr. Anna Stephan (contralto), and Herr Dierich (tenor).

The *Creation*, that ever-popular, although somewhat old-fashioned work of Haydn, received a fine performance at the hands of the Philharmonic Choir on November 5, under the energetic direction of Siegfried Ochs, a young conductor, who is rapidly making his name. The soloists on the occasion were Frau Nicklas-Kempner (soprano), Herr Zur-Mühlen (tenor), and Herr Messchaert (bass). The latter had the best voice of the three, and sang with excellent effect. The chorus was well balanced, and produced a good volume of tone. But oratorio is not in Germany what it is in England. The German voices do not seem to be adapted to that particular style of singing, and the effect produced is not so pleasing nor so grand as with us. England may well claim to lead the van in oratorio performances. The Germans excel in instrumental (exclusive of the organ) music, but not in voice production. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, and many fine voices are heard here. My remark applies more to church choir and general chorus singing, which cannot be compared to that of the English.

The third symphony concert of the Royal Orchestra, under Weingartner, took place on the 9th, and was a brilliant performance. The programme was :

Overture ... "Wasserträger" ... Cherubini	... Brahms.
Symphony, in F major ... ...	
Overture ... "Esther" ... D'Albert.	
Symphony, C minor, No. 5 ... ... Beethoven.	

D'Albert's new overture, which was given for the first time, is not particularly striking for its originality of ideas, but contains some effective climaxes. The Beethoven symphony was given a wonderful rendering, Weingartner conducting without the score.

On the evening of the 12th the third Philharmonic Concert took place, and was a great success, both in attendance and performance. Richard Strauss was the conductor, and Sarasate the soloist. The following programme was performed :

Symphonic Poem "Die Ideale" ... Liszt.	
Third Concerto for Violin ... ... Max Bruch.	
Symphony ... A major, Op. 54 ... Ch. M. Widor.	
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso Saint-Saëns.	
Overture ... "Leonora," No. 2 ... Beethoven.	

Sarasate was given an ovation after the Saint-Saëns number, and had to appear several times to acknowledge the applause, but did not play again.

Widor's symphony, given here for the first time, created a good impression, and is a work of very high order.

The Royal Opera in Berlin is equal to, if not better, than any in the world, and some wonderful performances have been given this season. *Tristan und Isolde* received a masterly presentation on October 24th, under Kapellmeister Dr. Muck, and with Frau Sucher as Isolde, and Herr Gudehus as Tristan. This work, the grandest of all Wagner's masterpieces, excepting *Parsifal*, was listened to with the most intense interest throughout, though given without cut, and lasting from seven to half-past eleven. Madame Nordica, the famous *prima donna*, has been "guest" at the opera, and sang in *Lohengrin* and Gounod's *Faust* with wonderful success. *Häusel und Gretel*, by Humperdinck, is the latest "take," and is having a success, rivalled only by that of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. It is a *Märchenspiel* in three pictures, with very elaborate and brilliantly orchestrated music. It is put on about three times a week at present, always with some other short opera, such as *Mara, Der Kleine Haydn* (a new operette by Cipollini), etc.

Professor Mannstaedt is giving excellent pro-

grammes at the Tuesday and Wednesday popular concerts at the Philharmonic this year, and these concerts are the great resort for the Berlin musical student. On Wednesday the 7th, a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, in F sharp minor, by César Franck, was played by Professor Mannstaedt, Concertmeister Witck, and Herr van Benge, and was very well received. Schumann's E flat Quintette (Op. 44), for piano and strings, was also finely given. On the 16th, the flower scene from *Parsifal* was given by a female choir, conducted by O. Eichberg; but it was a poor performance, the singers being badly out of tune in some places. The prelude to *Parsifal* and the overture to *Tannhäuser*, were well played by the orchestra.

There has been the usual (or more than the usual) run of smaller events this season, such as piano recitals, Lieder Ahends, and chamber music concerts, too numerous to mention. Some of the principal recitals that have taken place since last month's letter, are the series of three Lieder Ahends by Frau Amalie Joachim, two piano recitals by Heinrich Barth (who did not impress his hearers with much warmth of expression, but gave one the idea that what he was playing was technically perfect, but nothing else), and the *cyclicus* of eight recitals by Mme. Bertha Marx-Goldschmidt, the last of which is given to-night, the programme consisting of "Compositions Modernes." These recitals have been exceedingly interesting to the piano student, as they have embraced all styles and forms of pianoforte literature.

Liszt's oratorio, *Saint Elizabeth*, will be given by the Royal Opera choir and orchestra, under Weingartner, on the 21st, with Fra Sucher among the soloists. This will be almost her last appearance in Berlin before departing for New York, where she will sing in the season of German opera given by Damrosch at the Metropolitan Opera House.

G. H. F.

## Notes from Leeds.

THE local musical season was opened in good style on October 18 by the visit of Dr. Richter, who made Leeds one of the halting places during his recent tour. The programme was, of course, on familiar Richter lines, consisting largely of Wagner's works, including the overture to *Die Meistersinger*, the prelude to *Parsifal*, and the *Ride to the Walkyries*. The symphony was Beethoven's lovely No. 5, and there were included Dr. Mackenzie's overture "Britannia" and one of Liszt's Rhapsodies.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has just completed the longest season (three weeks) it has yet had in Leeds, and it has, on the whole, been very successful. The lovers of serious opera have had a good share, as Wagner alone occupied the boards just one-third of the time. *Tannhäuser* was presented four times, *Lohengrin* twice, and *Rienzi* was tried once. We have also had Tasca's *At Santa Lucia*, Nicolai's *Merry Wives*, and the stage version of Herlioz's *Faust*, as well as several of the old favourites.

Messrs. Haddock began their season on October 31,—unfortunately on the same night as one of the operatic novelties above mentioned, but the concert seems to have been a success. Mr. Edgar Haddock was assisted by Miss Thudichum, Mr. Braxton Smith, Mr. Foli, Miss Janotta, Mr. Hollman, and Miss Ethel Barns.

The Philharmonic Society began its season on November 14, when a concert of quite exceptional interest was given. Not only was *Job* heard for the first time in Leeds, but it had the great advantage of the composer's personal direction, and of Mr. Greene's exquisite singing. The chorus, many of whom had taken part in the Hereford and Worcester Festivals performances, were quite in touch and familiar with the work, and the result was a really splendid rendering. Mr. Alfred Broughton gave an admirable reading of the pianoforte part in Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, and later led his forces with success through Brahms's *Song of Destiny*. The principals, in addition to Mr. Plunket Greene, were Master Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Branscome, and Mr. Pierpoint.

## Music in Glasgow.

WE have been fairly busy since your last issue with concerts of all kinds. Without being chronological, we will begin with the Patti concert, under Messrs. Harrison's arrangements, which was given in St. Andrew's Hall on the 31st ult.

The audience was large, and the programme and artists were the same that have appeared at each concert given by the party on tour. Madame Patti sang "Elizabeth's Prayer" from *Tannhäuser*, Mozart's "Batti, Batti," and the inevitable "Last Rose" and "Home, Sweet Home." The next in favour was Jean Gerardy, who played a number of 'cello solos with execution and roundness of tone which put him in the rank of the best artists.

Mr. Norman Salmon, Miss Hilda Crosse, and Mr. Jack Robertson also contributed songs, and were well received by the audience. Mlle. Gerardy was the pianiste, and played Liszt's second Rhapsody. Messrs. Plunket, Greene, and Borwick gave a vocal and pianoforte recital in the Queen's Rooms, on 22nd October. There was a fair audience, and the concert was extremely enjoyable, both artists being well received and highly appreciated; but being on tour, like the foregoing party, it is unnecessary to go into detail. They will, no doubt, be fully noticed in your columns.

The Choral Orchestral Scheme gave their second concert (choral) on November 6th, in St. Andrew's Hall, the work produced being Berlioz's *Faust*, under the direction of Mr. James Bradley, who conducted the entire work from memory, not requiring the help of the full score—rather a hazardous undertaking, one would say, and not in every case to be commended. Still, the whole performance seemed to give general satisfaction. The artists were Mrs. Henschel, and Messrs. Lloyd and Henschel. Such a combination requires no more to be said. The performance was as near perfection as one could desire in this sublunar sphere.

The next concert (orchestral) was given on the 13th, Mr. Henschel conducting. Mr. Jos. Slivinski was pianist, and played Tschaikowski's Concerto in B minor; the Symphony was Schubert's in B flat, other items being Goldmark's "Sappho" overture, and "Processions of Gods into Walhalla" from the *Rheingold*. Mr. Slivinski was recalled after the Concerto, and played several fugitive pieces in the second part.

Last, but not least, were the efforts of our local amateurs. The Glasgow Select Choir gave a concert on Saturday, October 20th, in St. Andrew's Hall, the programme being made up of excerpts from various operas, solos, and choruses, and, being a new departure, was highly appreciated, and the experiment is likely to be repeated soon.

The Athenaeum School of Music, which has again had a large accession of pupils for the coming session, repeated the success of last season in Gounod's opera *Mirella*. The cast was almost the same as formerly, and, with experience gained, the performance was of high merit, and was given on four consecutive evenings. The theatre was crowded at each representation; there was a full band and chorus, and the principal, Mr. Macbeth, who conducted, is to be congratulated on the high degree of excellence attained by all concerned. We understand *La Dame Blanche* is in rehearsal for production at the end of the session.

## Music in Dundee.

NOVEMBER was a very busy time in things musical. First we had a concert under Messrs. Methven Simpson & Co.'s management, at which Madame Albani and young Gerard appeared.

The great *prima donna* was in fine voice, and sang the "Greeting to the Hall of Song" (*Tannhäuser*) magnificently. I have heard nearly every "Elizabeth" of note in Germany to-day, but never heard this aria sung so truly greatly as Albani sang it on this occasion.

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**R**AOUL KOZCZALSKI, the prodigy who gave a piano and orchestra concert at which he directed some of his own compositions, is the first who calls for notice since my last. Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, Op. 53, which opened proceedings, was horribly abused. The first movement was beautifully played, but the Rondo! When I tell you that the famous octave passages in the final prestissimo, which are written legato and pianissimo, were played staccato, mezzo-forte, and at half the proper tempo (so that one bar was suddenly lengthened out into two), you will agree with me that the height of absurdity in such things was reached. As to the Chopin selections, the least said the better; so, too, with his compositions for orchestra: though they show a feeling for melodic beauty, there is nothing in them to warrant either their publication or performance. At the first Lisztverein (anniversary of Liszt's death) Frederick Lamond appeared and played the huge Tschaikowsky B-flat minor concerto with the most colossal energy and with immense success. Its heaven-storming passion proved too much, however, for the feeble constitutions of those reared on a diet of Moscheles and Hiller. *Apropos* I recently met a student here who told me he was studying Kalkbrenner!—Kalkbrenner, whose piano foolerries were fashionable when our grandmothers had slim fingers, and wore their waists in the region of their necks. Naturally enough, I pitied him. To my astonishment, I found he liked Kalkbrenner. My pity deepened, but I took care not to say so. I should have thought that not even Mr. Bispham's favourite Spook would have had the courage to recommend Kalkbrenner to a serious *fin de siècle* pianist. It almost beats a pianist I met once who thought Czerny's exercises beautiful! But to return. Conductor Steinbach, from Mainz, although a genteel and elegant time-beater, is not the man to grapple with the Tschaikowsky ("Scratch a Russian," etc.), and the orchestral support was scarcely first-rate.

Herr Steinbach also introduced a symphonic poem—"Die Erscheinung der Venus"—of his own composition, a clever, well-written reflex of Wagner with modulation sauce à la Liszt, but, like all such imitations, supremely uninteresting on that same account. Mr. Lamond's solos were Liszt's "Liebesträume," and the Schubert's Tausig "Marche Militaire," but they were not so well played as the concerto; the prodigious crescendo which is practically the *raison d'être* of the Tausig transcription was scarcely indicated. He was, however, recalled five times, and then played Rubinstein's little G minor "Barcarolle." The singer was Mrs. Lilian Sanderson. The orchestral works were Liszt's lovely "Les Préludes" and the "Festklänge," both scamped.

The Gewandhaus Concerts pursue their usual placid course, the same works and same readings each winter, one new soloist, Fraulein Jakimowski, a Russian pupil of Rubinstein, with whom she has studied some seven years, a beautiful artist, whom you will probably hear in London before long. (They all go there.) I had hoped to hear the Rubinstein G major concerto, which she plays beautifully, but the Schumann was warmed up instead.

The Ben Davies concert, given in conjunction with Messrs. Nachez and Ashton, may be regarded as almost a complete failure on account of the absurdly high prices. Imagine a hall with a seating capacity of some 2,000 dotted about with an audience of 150 or so, two marks for standing room, and extra charges for cloak-room and programme! and the Saxons think as much of such a sum as the English do of 3s. 6d. or 4s. Imagine that price for standing room at Boosey's Ballad Concerts, which possess a regular audience of ballad-lovers such as does not exist here. The prices of some seats were as much as four times that of the Liszt Society concerts. Whoever advised Messrs. Davis & Co. were grossly ignorant of the conditions of musical life in Leipzig. The complaints were loud and deep.

Nordica has been singing both in concert and opera (*Lohengrin* and *Rigoletto*), and has had a prodigious success. The critics unstintedly praise both her and Ben Davies, as well they may after the sorry specimens

of bawling humanity which are occasionally exploited here. Ysiye has paid us a visit, and Sarasate comes next week.

H. O.

## Festival at Westminster Abbey.

— :o: —

**A**T Westminster Abbey on Wednesday, Nov. 7th, a festival performance took place in aid of the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians. The north transept was free to the public, and every seat there was taken a few minutes after the doors were opened; but the rest of the building was allotted to subscribers to the charity and their friends; and the Abbey was quite full, even the places high aloft in the triforium being occupied. The accidental dropping of a book of words from the triforium, indeed, formed rather an unexpected incident, for the book fell on one of the drums, to the intense amazement of the drummer, who happened to be looking the other way, and also, apparently, to the astonishment of Madame Albani, to whom a drum note immediately after the first phrase of "Angels ever bright and fair" must have been a novel experience. Although the transepts, aisles, and choir were crowded, the performance really took place in the nave, the band, with Mr. Carrodus as leader, being stationed immediately in front of the organ screen, and the choristers dividing the orchestra from the congregation, amongst whom were observable the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and many prominent musicians. The first portion of the evening service was followed by Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," conducted by Professor Bridge, the leading parts being sung by Madame Albani, Mrs. Helen Trust, and Mr. Iver McKay, the tenor replacing Mr. Harper Kearton, who was unable to be present. Madame Albani, who took the air somewhat slower than usual, then gave a very fine delivery of "Angels ever bright and fair," a melody which, beautiful as it undoubtedly is on its own account, nevertheless gains greatly by performance amid such venerable surroundings; and the programme ended with Professor Bridge's "Cradle of Christ."

IT IS STATED that all the original documents, books, and plates concerning Dr. Chrysander's edition of Handel's works have been secured by an English amateur, and that he purposed to offer printed copies of the collection to the most important academic institutions in this country.

AT the recent meeting of the guarantors for the Leeds Festival next year it was announced that a sum of £21,000 had already been promised, which is £1,000 more than that on the corresponding date on the last occasion. In all probability new works will be presented by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Hubert Parry, Mr. Edward German, and M. Massenet, so that an interesting festival may be confidently anticipated.

THE DEATH is announced of Frau Johanna Jachmann-Wagner, a niece of Richard Wagner, who obtained fame as a dramatic vocalist many years before her uncle's masterworks gained general recognition, and after her marriage was equally successful as an actress, thanks in part to her fine presence and impressive manner. Frau Jachmann-Wagner sang at Her Majesty's Theatre during the last years of Lumley's management in 1856, and her final appearances as a public singer were at the inauguration of the Bayreuth Theatre in 1876, when she appeared as a Walküre, and as a Norn in *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

## Berlin.

THERE have been two most interesting performances of Oratorio given in Berlin since my last letter, viz. *Elijah* and *Creation*. The former was given in the Sing Academy, on October 26, by Dr. Blumner's choir of well-trained voices. This was the fifteenth performance that has been given in the Sing Academy of the *Elijah*, the first performance of which was under the direction of Mendelssohn himself. Herr Betz, from the Royal Opera, sang magnificently the part of Elijah, and the other parts were taken by Fr. Helene Oberbeck (soprano), Fr. Anna Stephan (contralto), and Herr Dierich (tenor).

The *Creation*, that ever-popular, although somewhat old-fashioned work of Haydn, received a fine performance at the hands of the Philharmonic Choir on November 5, under the energetic direction of Siegfried Ochs, a young conductor, who is rapidly making his name. The soloists on the occasion were Frau Nicklas-Kempner (soprano), Herr Zur-Mühlen (tenor), and Herr Messchaert (bass). The latter had the best voice of the three, and sang with excellent effect. The chorus was well balanced, and produced a good volume of tone. But oratorio is not in Germany what it is in England. The German voices do not seem to be adapted to that particular style of singing, and the effect produced is not so pleasing nor so grand as with us. England may well claim to lead the van in oratorio performances. The Germans excel in instrumental (exclusive of the organ) music, but not in voice production. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, and many fine voices are heard here. My remark applies more to church choir and general chorus singing, which cannot be compared to that of the English.

The third symphony concert of the Royal Orchestra, under Weingartner, took place on the 9th, and was a brilliant performance. The programme was:—

Overture	"Wasserträger"	... Chernubini
Symphony, in F major	...	Brahms.
Overture	"Esther"	D'Albert.
Symphony, C minor, No. 5	...	Beethoven.

D'Albert's new overture, which was given for the first time, is not particularly striking for its originality of ideas, but contains some effective climaxes. The Beethoven symphony was given a wonderful rendering, Weingartner conducting without the score.

On the evening of the 12th the third Philharmonic Concert took place, and was a great success, both in attendance and performance. Richard Strauss was the conductor, and Sarasate the soloist. The following programme was performed:—

Symphonic Poem	"Die Ideale"	... Liszt.
Third Concerto for Violin	...	Max Bruch.
Symphony ... A major, Op. 54	...	Ch. M. Widor.
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso	...	Saint-Saëns.
Overture	"Leonora," No. 2	... Beethoven.

Sarasate was given an ovation after the Saint-Saëns number, and had to appear several times to acknowledge the applause, but did not play again. Widor's symphony, given here for the first time, created a good impression, and is a work of very high order.

The Royal Opera in Berlin is equal to, if not better, than any in the world, and some wonderful performances have been given this season. *Tristan* and *Isole* received a masterly presentation on October 24th, under Kapellmeister Dr. Muck, and with Frau Sucher as Isole, and Herr Gudehus as Tristan. This work, the grandest of all Wagner's masterpieces, excepting *Parsifal*, was listened to with the most intense interest throughout, though given without cut, and lasting from seven to half-past eleven. Madame Nordica, the famous *prima donna*, has been "guest" at the opera, and sang in *Lohengrin* and Gounod's *Faust* with wonderful success. *Hänsel and Gretel*, by Humperdinck, is the latest "take," and is having a success, rivalled only by that of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. It is a *Märchenpiel* in three pictures, with very elaborate and brilliantly orchestrated music. It is put on about three times a week at present, always with some other short opera, such as *Mara, Der Kleine Haydn* (a new operette by Cipollini), etc.

Professor Mannstaedt is giving excellent pro-

grammes at the Tuesday and Wednesday popular concerts at the Philharmonic this year, and these concerts are the great resort for the Berlin musical student. On Wednesday the 7th, a trio for piano, violin, and cello, in F sharp minor, by César Franck, was played by Professor Mannstaedt, Concertmeister Witck, and Herr van Benge, and was very well received. Schumann's E flat Quintette (Op. 44), for piano and strings, was also finely given. On the 16th, the flower scene from *Parsifal* was given by a female choir, conducted by O. Eichberg; but it was a poor performance, the singers being badly out of tune in some places. The prelude to *Parsifal* and the overture to *Tannhäuser*, were well played by the orchestra.

There has been the usual (or more than the usual) run of smaller events this season, such as piano recitals, Lieder Ahends, and chamber music concerts, too numerous to mention. Some of the principal recitals that have taken place since last month's letter, are the series of three Lieder Ahends by Frau Amalie Joachim, two piano recitals by Heinrich Barth (who did not impress his hearers with much warmth of expression, but gave one the idea that what he was playing was technically perfect, but nothing else), and the *cyclicus* of eight recitals by Mme. Bertha Marx-Goldschmidt, the last of which is given to-night, the programme consisting of "Compositions Modernes." These recitals have been exceedingly interesting to the piano student, as they have embraced all styles and forms of pianoforte literature.

Liszt's oratorio, *Saint Elizabeth*, will be given by the Royal Opera choir and orchestra, under Weingartner, on the 21st, with Fra Sucher among the soloists. This will be almost her last appearance in Berlin before departing for New York, where she will sing in the season of German opera given by Damrosch at the Metropolitan Opera House.

G. H. F.

## Notes from Leeds.

THE local musical season was opened in good style on October 18 by the visit of Dr. Richter, who made Leeds one of the halting places during his recent tour. The programme was, of course, on familiar Richter lines, consisting largely of Wagner's works, including the overture to *Die Meistersinger*, the prelude to *Parsifal*, and the *Ride to the Walkyries*. The symphony was Beethoven's lovely No. 5, and there were included Dr. Mackenzie's overture "Britannia" and one of Liszt's Rhapsodies.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has just completed the longest season (three weeks) it has yet had in Leeds, and it has, on the whole, been very successful. The lovers of serious opera have had a good share, as Wagner alone occupied the boards just one-third of the time. *Tannhäuser* was presented four times, *Lohengrin* twice, and *Rienzi* was tried once. We have also had Tasca's *At Santa Lucia*, Nicolai's *Merry Wives*, and the stage version of Berlioz's *Faust*, as well as several of the old favourites.

Messrs. Haddock began their season on October 31,—unfortunately on the same night as one of the operatic novelties above mentioned, but the concert seems to have been a success. Mr. Edgar Haddock was assisted by Miss Thudichum, Mr. Braxton Smith, Mr. Foli, Miss Janotta, Mr. Hollman, and Miss Ethel Barns.

The Philharmonic Society began its season on November 14, when a concert of quite exceptional interest was given. Not only was *Faust* heard for the first time in Leeds, but it had the great advantage of the composer's personal direction, and of Mr. Greene's exquisite singing. The chorus, many of whom had taken part in the Hereford and Worcester Festivals performances, were quite in touch and familiar with the work, and the result was a really splendid rendering. Mr. Alfred Broughton gave an admirable reading of the pianoforte part in Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, and later led his forces with success through Brahms's *Song of Destiny*. The principals, in addition to Mr. Plunket Greene, were Master Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Branscombe, and Mr. Pierpoint.

## Music in Glasgow.

WE have been fairly busy since your last issue with concerts of all kinds. Without being chronological, we will begin with the Patti concert, under Messrs. Harrison's arrangements, which was given in St. Andrew's Hall on the 31st ult.

The audience was large, and the programme and artists were the same that have appeared at each concert given by the party on tour. Madame Patti sang "Elizabeth's Prayer" from *Tannhäuser*, Mozart's "Batti, Batti," and the inevitable "Last Rose" and "Home, Sweet Home." The next in favour was Jean Gerardy, who played a number of 'cello solos with execution and roundness of tone which put him in the rank of the best artists.

Mr. Norman Salmon, Miss Hilda Crosse, and Mr. Jack Robertson also contributed songs, and were well received by the audience. Mdlle. Gerardy was the pianiste, and played Liszt's second Rhapsody. Messrs. Plunket, Greene, and Borwick gave a vocal and pianoforte recital in the Queen's Rooms, on 22nd October. There was a fair audience, and the concert was extremely enjoyable, both artists being well received and highly appreciated; but being on tour, like the foregoing party, it is unnecessary to go into detail. They will, no doubt, be fully noticed in your columns.

The Choral Orchestral Scheme gave their second concert (choral) on November 6th, in St. Andrew's Hall, the work produced being Berlioz's *Faust*, under the direction of Mr. James Bradley, who conducted the entire work from memory, not requiring the help of the full score—rather a hazardous undertaking, one would say, and not in every case to be commended. Still, the whole performance seemed to give general satisfaction. The artists were Mrs. Henschel, and Messrs. Lloyd and Henschel. Such a combination requires no more to be said. The performance was as near perfection as one could desire in this sublunar sphere.

The next concert (orchestral) was given on the 13th, Mr. Henschel conducting. Mr. Jos. Slivinski was pianist, and played Tschaiikowsky's Concerto in B minor; the Symphony was Schubert's in B flat, other items being Goldmark's "Sappho" overture, and "Processions of Gods into Walhalla" from the *Rheingold*. Mr. Slivinski was recalled after the Concerto, and played several fugitive pieces in the second part.

Last, but not least, were the efforts of our local amateurs. The Glasgow Select Choir gave a concert on Saturday, October 20th, in St. Andrew's Hall, the programme being made up of excerpts from various operas, solos, and choruses, and, being a new departure, was highly appreciated, and the experiment is likely to be repeated soon.

The Athenæum School of Music, which has again had a large accession of pupils for the coming session, repeated the success of last season in Gounod's opera, *Mirella*. The cast was almost the same as formerly, and, with experience gained, the performance was of high merit, and was given on four consecutive evenings. The theatre was crowded at each representation; there was a full band and chorus, and the principal, Mr. Macbeth, who conducted, is to be congratulated on the high degree of excellence attained by all concerned. We understand *La Dame Blanche* is in rehearsal for production at the end of the session.

## Music in Dundee.

NOVEMBER was a very busy time in things musical. First we had a concert under Messrs. Methven Simpson & Co.'s management, at which Madame Albani and young Gerardy appeared.

The great *prima donna* was in fine voice, and sang the "Greeting to the Hall of Song" (*Tannhäuser*) magnificently. I have heard nearly every "Elizabeth" of note in Germany to-day, but never heard this aria sung so truly greatly as Albani sang it on this occasion.

"Frank Sharp's Choir" performed Cowen's "Rose Maiden" in a thoroughly refined manner; this was preceded by an orchestral concert, at which Mr. David Stephen's new "Suite" was produced. We hope to give an "Illustrated Interview" with this gifted young composer ere long.

Mr. Albert Chevallier gave two of his popular entertainments before large audiences.

Mrs. Crowe (the famous "Leah") gave an exceptionally fine "Dramatic Recital" to a most sympathetic audience.

Messrs. Paterson, Sons & Co. gave their "first orchestral concert." Mr. Henschel conducted. Madame Hopekirk was sole pianiste, and Mrs. Duncan vocaliste. The concert was a great success in every way. We have much reason to be proud of the "Scottish Orchestra."

S. FRASER HARRIS.

## Sutton Conservatoire.

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### STUDENTS' CONCERT.

**M**Y aversion to students' concerts is only beaten by my aversion to students; and by students I mean the average young man or woman who is going into music as a business. But the favoured few whom nature has given the artist's soul, if not always the artist's fingers, or voice, need never to meet me in a lonely lane at night, when they have not a stout cudgel and I have. And as for those enthusiastic teachers who set out with the hope of converting the first into the second species—why, my reverence for them knows no bounds. To be sure a student (I use the term in the technical sense explained above) can no more be turned into an artist than lead can be transmuted to gold; but just as the alchemists failed, yet achieved more than they dreamed, so the enthusiastic teachers, while vainly struggling to put fire into the sluggish heart and brain, and vivacity into the numb wrist and fingers, succeed many a time in stirring up the latent heat in some individuals who were lost in the general student mass, than which they thought themselves no better. And when a teacher of this sort gives a students' concert, I attend it as though it were a Mottl or a Richter concert, and in its way I enjoy it as much.

Besides the ordinary interest of seeing the development of sundry students, there was an "additional attraction" at the Sutton Conservatoire on October 31—Madame Costa, principal of the school, herself conducted. Ladies, as a rule, don't do these things well. To see a lady throw a stone at a dog is to get a severe shock to the nervous system, and it is some time before you are convinced that her neck is unbroken and her shoulder not dislocated. Yet, it must be owned—by me, at any rate—that they handle the stick better; for I have still a vivid remembrance of my first schoolmistress, on my being brought back after leaving the school premises for the seventh time to start for home on my first day at school, giving me one blow with a weapon not unlike a conductor's baton on a part of my person, and telling me that if I ran away again she would give me a dozen equal to sample. (I stayed.) I thought of that schoolmistress when I saw Madame Costa mount the platform, and the band played as though similar associations were awakened in their various bosoms. They followed her beat closely and sympathetically throughout. Only once did one of the cellos rebel; twice the flute appeared, strangely enough, to think that he should run that show; and once the oboe had a fly or other obstruction in its reedy throat when the conductress requested him (with a nod of the head, of course) to give us a little music. Otherwise the Russian March by Gaune, the Andante and Minuet from Haydn's "Clock" Symphony, and Schubert's Overture to *Rosamunde* were artistically and creditably given—especially the last, I may say, which is not an easy work for students. Of the solo pianists, Mr. Bernard Farrer and Mr. F. W. Donne showed themselves clever technicians, if I may coin the word. But the former was obviously rather tired, and hardly did himself full justice in Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor; and the latter should not

play Chopin until he has been in and out of love, say a hundred and forty-seven times. Still, both have been well taught. Then, the honours for singing were carried off by Mr. T. H. Harrison, who has a good voice, an improving method, and sang delightfully in songs by Morgan and Denza. I should like to hear him in Schubert or Brahms when he feels himself ready. Miss Helen Bosworth seemed nervous; but her voice is sympathetic, and some of her upper notes of charming quality. Altogether, the concert (not to mention the conducting) was a testimonial to the teaching and organising powers of Madame Costa, and if she invites me to the next, I will go. I will go anywhere to find enthusiasm—to even a students' concert!

J. F. R.

## Patent.

— :o: —

THIS list is specially compiled for MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

- 19,036. Sydney Lyddiard and Thomas Ellerson Rickerby, 2, Ormond Place, Cheltenham. Improvements in music-holders, October 8, 1894.
- 19,359. Paul Stark, 54, Fleet Street, London. Machine for making plated catgut strings, October 11, 1894.
- 19,443. Percy Tilt Letchford, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in the electrical production of musical notes, October 12, 1894.
- 19,445. Benjamin F. Wallace, Roland T. Proctor and William Rees Hall, 55, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in apparatus for turning over the leaves of music and other books, October 12, 1894.
- 19,587. Franz Hanke, 70, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in pneumatic actions or relays for mechanically played keyboard musical instruments, October 15, 1894.
- 19,890. Meldrum James Christie, 27, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in iron frame pianofortes, October 19, 1894.
- 20,334. Ebenezer Richardson, Bank Buildings, George Street, Sheffield. Improvements in music leaf-turners, October 24, 1894.
- 20,420. Julian Berg, 70, Wellington Street, Glasgow. Improvements in folding music stands, October 25, 1894.
- 20,504. George Daniel Rose, 100, Palace Road, Tulse Hill, London. Improvements in pianoforte actions, October 26, 1894.
- 20,683. Adam Seibold, 76, Chancery Lane, London. A new or improved construction of brush for dusting piano and other keyboards, October 29, 1894.
- 20,764. Daniel Mayer and William Robinson, 323, High Holborn, London. Improvements in or relating to stringed musical instruments, October 30, 1894.
- 20,929. John Milbrowe Smith, 328, High Street, West Bromwich. An improved attachment for turning over music or book leaves and working the same automatically, November 1, 1894.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 18,413. Glover, music, etc., stands, 1893, 10d.
- 9,345. Wallis & Wilkins, music stand, etc., 1894, 10d.
- 17,041. Richter, mechanical musical instruments, 1894, 10d.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is said to have realized £10,000 by his celebrated song, "The Lost Chord." Amongst modern songs the following prices have been reported from time to time as being given for the copyright:—"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," £1,170—and Miss Collins realized £6,000 a year when singing it; "Dream Faces," £720; "They All Love Jack," £640; "Two Lovely Black Eyes," £570; "The Boogie Man," £530; "Porter, Porter," etc., £480; "Nancy Lee," £680; "Grandfather's Clock," £410. Each song composed by Signor Paoli Tosti is said to be worth to him about £400.

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Ralph Vaughan  
Williams

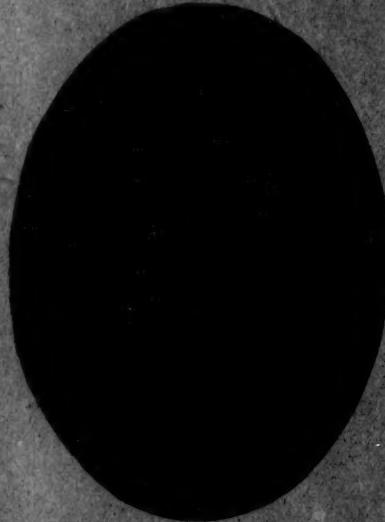
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the bells of  
the world  
are tolling  
for me

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73

# THE STEINWAY NEW YORK AND LONDON



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#### MY DEAR MR. STEINWAY.—

I miss my Steinway Grand, as you may have seen in my letter to you, I can no longer indulge in music since that Grand is gone.

The following letter was written by Richard Wagner to Mr. Steinway, concerning the Steinway Grand (now containing the Wagner Collection).

#### MY DEAR MR. STEINWAY.—

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# MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

CHRISTMAS, 1894.

### A Christmas in Cremona.

(STRADIVARIUS, GUARNERIUS, and AMATI redivivus—for one night only.)

STRADIVARIUS.—Two thousand pounds for one of my fiddles! Ay! You remember when I lived in the flesh and worked myself thin to make violins which then produced only about £4 apiece, the people of Cremona thought I had acquired a fortune, and used to say, "As rich as Stradivarius." But £2,000 for a fiddle! Why, if I had even the two and a half per cent. on the purchase price that the expert of to-day demands for saying whether or not I am what I pretend to be, I might roll in wealth without handling a tool or stirring a glue-pot!

AMATI.—Expert! Expert at filling his own purse, I should say. People take an old fiddle—one of our make—to one expert, and he pockets his five guineas for saying the instrument is a Strad.; then take it to another, and for his "fiver" he swears it is a Guarnerius; and in the end some one, who is not an expert at all, and has only his ear and his eye to guide him, decides beyond a doubt that the instrument is an Amati. Bah! the so-called experts are little better than robbers: genius among them is rare, and honesty with them is a virtue not included in the decalogue. But I sympathize with our friend Stradivarius in losing the benefits of that two thousand. With such a sum he might have had a mass said for the repose of his soul to all eternity! I suppose fiddlers and fiddle-makers *do* have souls. They put so much soul into their instruments, that there is room for doubt.

GUARNERIUS.—Well, as to this question of cash, you know that some men only begin to live when they are dead; and it seems to me that is the way with us. But really, friend Stradivarius, what *do* you think about this £2,000 fiddle of yours? I understand it was a Scotsman who paid the money, and this means that he would believe he was getting full value for it. But do you—come, now, be honest—do you think there is £2,000 worth of tone in that fiddle?

STRADIVARIUS.—Not a bit of it. Don't you see, the thing is just a craze, like the collecting of foreign stamps, disused coins, and old Bibles which nobody reads. You know how, years ago, I sent Cervetto over to England with some of my best 'cellos, and you know how he had to bring them back because he couldn't get so much as £5 for them. Now, for these self-same instruments, I dare say I should be able to run the prices into four figures. Even Piatti's 'cello shows in its pedigree the growth of the craze. Some one took it to London not so many years ago, and it was a long time be-

fore anybody wanted it at £150. Then it got sold for £300; after that it rose to £350, when it became Piatti's possession; and now, I believe, Piatti would want £2,000 for it. All a craze! The people who pay these prices are as mad as March hares, and everybody knows it but themselves.

STRADIVARIUS.—No doubt you are right to some extent. There are fashions in fiddles as in fad-deals, and we have each had his turn. Just now you two are all the rage—especially is Stradivarius to be envied; but last century it was Stainers and Jacobs, and before that it was Amatis. By-and-bye, perhaps, it will be Lupots and Mirecours, which they turn out at the factories with the speed that they turn out buckets.

GUARNERIUS.—True; but in spite of fashion there is always some player who saves his sanity and declines to run with the sheep. Here now, while most of the soloists are getting mad over our friend Stradivarius, and are robbing themselves of that which not enriches him, there are some who give me a chance at much lower figures, and think me equally good too. There is Mr. J. T. Carrodus, for example. He believes in me, for he has two of my make; and whereas he always used a "Strad" for solo purposes before he fell in with what he calls the "Cannon" Guarnerius, now he never uses anything but the "Cannon," and has turned the old Strad over to his son. And then there are Mr. Josef Ludwig, Mr. Schieber, Mr. Maurice Sous—all using instruments from my workshop, notwithstanding that nearly everybody is holding up Stradivarius as Oscar Wilde held up the sunflower, and crying, "Ye gods! what unsurpassable fiddles!"

STRADIVARIUS.—I shall not dispute with you, friend—nay, you speak truly and sensibly. Your tone, I know, is sometimes said to be difficult to manage—heavy, dry, and slow in response. But that is only another phase of the fiddle fad. Some of your instruments are just as sweet as the best of mine, and some of them certainly excel me in power. And no doubt your day of the two thousands will come too. Have patience.

AMATI.—And perhaps *my* day may come as well, though I am a much older man than either of you. Paganini preferred Guarnerius to Stradivarius, when Stradivarius was alone the fashion, and some one will rise up who will prefer Amati to either. There is plenty of precedent. De Beriot swore by Maggini when both of you were the rage; Vieuxtemps liked Storioni before any one else; and Ole Bull, though he had a Stradivarius, a Guarnerius, and an Amati, set them all aside latterly in favour of Gaspar da Salo.

STRADIVARIUS.—Well, of course in Ole Bull's case there was good reason for the preference. Bull was a man over six feet in height, and of great muscular power. A delicately toned fiddle was no use to him: he wanted a big tone to correspond with his height, and when you remember the kind of tone that Sarasate gets from

me you could not expect that I would be the favourite of Ole Bull.

AMATI.—It does not matter. You can afford to be magnanimous. You are in the hands of Joachim to the extent of four or five specimens; Sarasate uses you; Wilhelmj uses you; Ysaye uses you; Lady Hallé uses you, and grotesquely tells an interviewer that the modern master-makers produce violins as beautiful in tone as any ancient instrument.

STRADIVARIUS.—Stay! There Lady Hallé talks nonsense, and she knows it. The best new violin that ever was made cannot equal an old violin of the first class. It takes time for the wood to mature, and there is that inviolable secret of our Cremona varnish, which the modern "master-maker" is as little likely to find out as he is to find the philosopher's stone. And yet how often they have thought they had discovered it! Aha! let us fill our glasses and drink to Lady Hallé and the modern master-maker. *He* can't get our secret, and *he* can't get our prices; let him have a share in the enthusiasm begotten of our potations.

ALL THREE.—Lady Hallé and the modern master-maker! Hurrah! She extols him in print, and in the concert-room gives him the cold shoulder. Consistency, thy name is—Lady Hallé!

GUARNERIUS.—Well, now, Stradivarius, seeing that this £2,000 fiddle of yours has got into the hands of a "collector," and not into the hands of a solo artist, tell us what you think of this selfish boxing of instruments by men who don't know how to use them.

STRADIVARIUS.—*Maledicite! Maledicite!* I say. My fiddles were made to be played upon, not to be looked at through glass cases, or entombed in boxes like coffins till they rot into dust. The world ought to be allowed to hear these fiddles while they have voices to thrill; and the pure selfishness which robs the artists of their legitimate possessions ought to secure the sending of the wealthy vandals who practise it to the hottest corners of the Inferno. My £2,000 fiddle has got into the hands of an estimable gentleman, whose enthusiasm I cannot but commend; yet I dare not forget that he is not only depriving a good player of the use of the instrument, but is robbing thousands—it might be millions—of the rapture of hearing it.

GUARNERIUS.—An excellent pronouncement. I just hope it will have its effect on the collectors. And now let us collect our senses and be gone. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

First Sympathiser.—"How sad for Madam X, the pianiste, to lose her husband."

Second Sympathiser.—"Yes, indeed! I suppose she has quite discontinued her playing."

First Sympathiser.—"Well, no! But she only practises Chopin's study on the black notes."

(At a Musical Party.) Amiable Hostess.—"And you, Mr. Lamb; do you sing?"

Enfant Terrible.—"No, ma. 'He bleats!'"

## The Everlasting Ones.

## I.

WHENEVER I get into particularly low spirits, I reach down a certain magic book from my shelves, and with its aid presently call to my side an old friend, Durante, who takes me to a Whither and When unknown to less fortunate mortals, His kindness has enabled me to chat familiarly with Beethoven, and to see the Immortals dine and elect their president. And while he leads me hither and thither, and backward to ages before you or I, reader, were born, and forward to ages when we and our very names shall be forgotten ; he strikes strange music out of a wondrous instrument he carries with him, and sings sweetly all the while. These excursions are delightful to me; even the Cockney knows not a similiar delight in his Saturday to Monday at Brighton or at Margate. But I have seen things that freeze the blood to think of, and as no mortal would believe me, and I dislike to be called a fibber, I never tell them. Mere matter-of-fact occurrences, like my meeting with Beethoven, or the scene at the Society of Deceased Musicians, are of course nothing compared with the achievements of the interviewer of the ordinary evening newspaper, but I make the most of them. It will be admitted, however, that nothing I have seen in the past is half so wonderful as the tale I am now to unfold. It is strange, indeed, to be now in one age and now in another ; but to see time and the incidents of time roll before me like a panorama, or rather to see slices of various ages overlying each other like ham and bread in a sandwich, to hear the voices of the everlasting ones and the words they spoke—! Thus it was.

## II.

I had taken down my magic book, the "Divine Commedia," and read in its pages until the familiar spirit appeared and said, "Whither, master, wouldst thou go?"—for I had tamed him entirely, and his common mode of speech was excessively polite, not to say reverential. My answer was, that I wanted something fresh.

"Wagner," he said ; "he always gives you something fresh."

"I'm tired of Wagner," I replied curtly.

"Berlioz ?"

"Confound Berlioz ! When did he do something fresh ? One more piano added to his hundred and sixty-eight, one more drum to his set of twelve ; but pianos and drums are not made fresh in that fashion."

"True," said Durante. "What wouldst thou, master ?"

"Confound you too," I said, somewhat savagely ; "you know what is going on—I don't ; you can suggest—I can't."

Durante was silent. Much as he will do for me, persuasion is the only power that moves him, and anger drives him away from me altogether.

Presently I said, "you have shown me the musicians, each in his proper time ; you have shown them assembled in their present abode—"

"Nay" said Durante.

"Well," I answered, "Beethoven took me there, but you introduced me to Beethoven ; without you I can go nowhere. Now will you show me Bach, Handel, Purcell, old Byrde, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, and Chopin, met together as they were in life ?"

"That," said Durante firmly, "I cannot do."

"You cannot !" I began to storm, but he interrupted me.

"Though I can take you to the castle of the magician Klingsor, who alone can do such things. He can summon the shades of things that were and throw them together, one century with another, like the ill-contrived perspective in the picture of a bad artist, who makes the man on the distant mountain-top larger than the dog a few yards away. Such things I cannot, nor could ever do. For, look you, we can do only what we see, and never could I see things thus, higgledy-piggledy. Come!"

And I followed.

## III.

Darkness descended upon us. It was black night. Whether the sky was above us, or we were traversing some mysterious subterraneous passage I shall never know. It is not given to mortals to travel into the other world by the same road twice : we might begin to use it on our own account and learn too much ! Presently I heard a subdued murmur, as of waters, which grew louder as we drew nearer and in a few moments became a deafening roar. It was not water, nor wind, nor music, but seemed a wonderful combination of the three ; and the melody it made was curiously familiar to me.



Gradually, amidst the strangeness of the situation, I remembered the source of the sounds, and I knew what to expect. A faint luminosity appeared in the distance. It grew brighter, and then suddenly there burst upon us a light, unearthly, far more brilliant than daylight, and before us stood the magic tower of Klingsor. Seated on the rampart on one side before a metal mirror was the magician himself—lean, lanky, worn to his very bones it seemed by the intensity of his life, his eyes flashing from the caverns in which each was placed, and every glance showing hatred and cunning and tremendous will.

"Ha !" he shouted, "the time has come ; lo ! how my magic tower entices the fools who draw near."

"Peace !" said the deep voice of Durante, and there was a thunderous crash. Clouds covered the scene for a moment, and when they rolled away, castle, the garden that had been spread around it, magical implements and magician, were all gone ; and in a chill dawn there knelt before us [a] withered old man, who looked up from under his eyebrows at

Durante with a gaze half cunning and half fearful.

"What wouldst thou ?" he said.

"Call together the shades of Byrde, Purcell, Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin and Wagner ; make them live again as they were in their earthly life."

Klingsor bowed a humble assent. The deserted field where we stood was thick with withered fallen leaves—all that was left of the garden that was so gorgeous at our first view of it. Klingsor went about, picking here a leaf and there one, throwing some away and keeping others, until at last he had a handful. These he placed on the ground in a small heap and blew on them. At the first touch of his breath they kindled, and a pillar of smoke ascended. After rising so far it fell again, and we were for a second time enveloped in a dark cloud. Klingsor continued to blow, and I saw to my surprise that his breath burned as well as the leaves. He kept the flame away from him by blowing. At each inspiration of his breath it ran close to his lips and was then forced away again. When at last we stood in a fog as thick as the worst known in London he seemed satisfied. He drew in his breath and the flame with it, and there was total darkness.

## IV.

The cloud melted away and I was first aware that Durante and Klingsor were gone, and that I was in a large room of an apparently old-fashioned house. The ceiling was low, and the joists were blackened oak ; the walls were oak-panelled ; the windows were small and diamond-paned ; and though outside the wind roared and the rain dashed into a narrow street, inside a fire roared even louder in the great chimney, and the room was brilliantly lit by candles. The furniture was old-fashioned as the house. It was possible to lose oneself in that huge high-backed arm-chair ; a horse might have slept on the settee placed in one of the window-recesses. The table—oak, like walls and ceiling—was solid and steady as an anvil. And what I had first taken to be a small piano in one corner turned out to be a harpsichord, and hidden in another was a tiny clavichord. There was no doubt of it : Klingsor had translated me, as Durante had often before, to the beginning of last century. The very tread of the bare boards under my feet was familiar and convincing. But something more was to happen—that of I felt certain ; and I sat down at the clavichord to wait. Something did happen. As I played (it was the E flat fugue of the second book of the Forty-Eight) the air seemed to condense before my eyes, and gradually the room filled with figures. First I recognized Bach, then Handel, and so through the whole of my list with the exception of one man, who, I presently recollect, must be Byrde. Their eyes were dull, their features expressionless ; but as I played life appeared to flow into them, the cheeks began to glow with the warm blood, the eyes to sparkle, and the human spirit to look out through them. The strangest thing was that, with exceptions, none of the older men knew the younger ones, while the younger appeared to know the elder, and none of them knew me. When I saw them feast together, it was Beethoven took me there, and all the deceased musicians were acquainted. Now Beethoven gave me as stony a British stare as his Dutch-German features would help him to ; but, catching sight of Mozart, speedily embraced him, to the considerable discomposure of the latter. Still, they knew each and talked affably, though Mozart was rather patronizing in his manner, something to my surprise, and very much to Beet-



hoven's. Again, Chopin and Wagner politely bowed, but when the latter dashed impetuously at Beethoven, endeavoured to embrace him, and called him Master, the Master eluded the grasp with looks of infinite disgust. Bach and Handel sniffed each other suspiciously, as though each guessed who the other was, but felt forbidden by etiquette to speak. As I have said, all the younger men appeared to know the elder ones, and regarded them with eyes where wonder dwelt; while the elder men, with the exceptions, were sublimely indifferent to the younger ones. Still, there was general embarrassment; and hoping to straighten things a little, I began a small harangue.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am sorry to cause you this inconvenience. It was at my request you were brought here from your present abodes; and I was under the impression you were acquainted—" and here I was interrupted by roars of laughter, in which only Purcell did not join. And he, with an accent which sounded most strangely in my ears, said :

"Young man, you are without doubt demented—" and then he in turn was interrupted by Handel, whose giant sides were shaking with merriment, as he said—

"He too try to speak de Englis language! Der Teufel, I never hear it so bespoke before!"

I saw why the others laughed: they could not understand a word of what I said, and thought I was buffooning for their amusement. So I appealed to Handel to interpret my words to Wagner, who, I knew, was the only one who could take in the situation. Handel and Wagner accordingly constituted themselves into a complete hearing and understanding machine, equal to an average human being or Englishman. I then told the whole story. At first Wagner laughed, but when he saw the faces around him he grew serious, and evidently believed.

"My friend," he said, "your tale is a strange one, and but for the presence of the bygone masters—"

"You yourself are bygone," I interrupted.

"Come! that's a little too much."

"It's a fact," I insisted. "You died eleven years ago. Why, only last year I met you in the other world. You were president of the Society of Deceased Musicians. I dined with you."

There was a long pause ere he said, somewhat sadly, "And I, too, am dead at last. It is unbelievable—like a sum worked on the piece of paper that lies in front of us, when we don't want to accept the result, and cannot see how it should be so, in spite of figures. I know why it is. This Klingsor, of whom you speak—"

"He's out of your own *Parzifal*," I shouted.

"I do hope some day to write a work on the subject of *Parzifal*," said Wagner, "but—"

"But you've written it. Ah! if only I had the score with me. Listen!"—and I rushed to the clavichord, and played different themes from it.

"That is indeed wonderful music, young man," said Wagner. "I hoped to do something of the sort in *Parzifal*—"

"You did it; it's yours!" I almost yelled at him.

Another and a longer pause followed.

"Of course, I might have known it. Yet, how old am I?—fifty-four, I see! This Klingsor, who, you say, is my creation, has summoned the shades of us all as we were. The Ego, the only part that continues, and assimilates experience as the ages go on, he cannot touch—the Ego of each of us is in full life in the other world as when you saw us. We are only automata! At the bidding of Klingsor we come here, and think and feel and act, automatically, just as we did in life. Who can believe it? You refuse to believe it?"

Nor would any of them believe it. Wagner tried to demonstrate the thing by showing that he knew the music of all of them, with the exception of Purcell and Byrde; but the younger men didn't see why he should not know it, and the older men wouldn't believe it was music; and, in a word, Wagner was as much scoffed and laughed at as ever he was in his lifetime. Klingsor had so contrived things that they all thought it natural they should be there, and they didn't want any theory of the meeting.

I saw now that some connecting links should have been brought—some one, that is, who knew Handel and Mozart, some one else who knew Beethoven and Wagner: general introductions thus made, we might have been a happy party indeed. I determined to do my best. I introduced Byrde to Purcell, and both to Handel and Bach. These two I also introduced, and so, where necessary, through the circle; and though we were stiff, it was better than not knowing each other at all. This effected, I asked Bach to play to us upon the clavichord. He in turn asked for a theme, and I gave him—



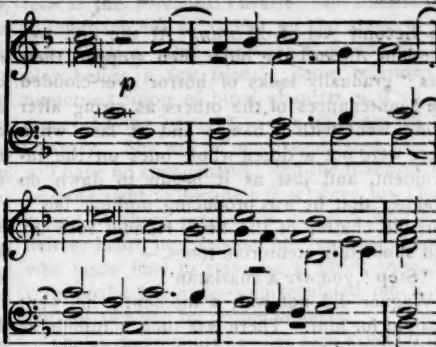
"Who taught you the clavichord, young man?" he asked scornfully in an out-of-date German dialect, "and who taught you composition? Play it again."

I did so, and broke a string. Bach laughed heartily as he mended it. That done, he commenced to "treat" the *Walküre* theme, and Wagner fairly writhed on his chair as we heard, after some prelude matter, this :—



But Purcell, Byrde, Handel, Mozart, even Beethoven, were immensely interested; and, truly, the performance was a noble one, though the contrast between the working of the theme as I knew Wagner had done it, as he, in his present state of mind, intended to do it, and the gentle, tender counterpoint of Bach was at first nothing less than ludicrous. After Bach, Handel played; then Purcell, and last of the older men, Byrde, whose performance was almost unintelligible to me, though Bach praised it highly. I remember one fragment of it :—\*

\* Surely our contributor's memory plays him some trick! The lovely fragment he quotes is from the magnificent Mass by Byrde for five voices, published half-a-century since by the Musical Antiquarian Society. He must have confused this with what Byrde played.



Next I asked Mozart if he would "favour us," and he played divinely. Byrde alone seemed not to enjoy it. He asked afterwards if a passionate allegro were a jig. Bach took exception to a few passages; Handel was madly delighted. It was the air, the sky, the green trees, the blue waters of Italy itself, he said. But there was change when Beethoven began. He played magnificently. The broad melody of a slow movement pleased them all; but when he went on to a fiery Presto, Bach began to frown, and Handel to snort and ejaculate. At length it grew to be too much for them. Beethoven crashed away, flinging his hands at the keys and his head, swaying his body about, and suddenly Handel rushed at him, pinned his arms to his sides, and shouted,—

"Sit still, you Teufel!"

Beethoven looked at him in amazement for fully a minute, then broke into peals of laughter so contagious that we were all, Handel and Bach included, compelled to join. Amidst the general good-humour Wagner was asked to extemporise; but he put us off, and persuaded Chopin to sit down at the clavichord. Poor man, he could do nothing with it. He stumbled painfully, and finally said,—

"If you will allow me to send round to Pleyel's for a pianoforte, I will play to you with pleasure; no musician can play on this thing!"

Bach and Handel looked angry; Wagner and myself smiled; and I explained that, so far as I knew, Pleyel was not born, nor his first piano made yet.

"But I had an instrument from him only yesterday," said Chopin.

"But we're miles away from Paris," I suggested.

"No, this is Paris," said Chopin.

There was more laughter.

"Why, it's London!" said Handel, Purcell and Byrde.

"Nonsense—Leipzig," said Bach.

"Vienna," said Beethoven and Mozart.

"Zurich," said Wagner.

Then they looked at one another with amazement in their eyes. Wagner was the first to speak, and he tried again to make the others understand the strange situation. But it was impossible.

"Gentlemen," I broke in, "don't let us waste our time in squabbling about where we are; we'll find that out when we go home. Meantime, let me ask Mr. Wagner—I always hated that music-hallism of calling a German 'Herr,' a Frenchman 'Monsieur,' an Italian 'Signor,' and so on—"let me ask Mr. Wagner to play to us."

"I shall be very pleased to hear the gentleman play," said Bach.

"I cannot play," said Wagner; "I'm a composer. I never could learn the pianoforte."

"Der Teufel," said Handel; "a composer who cannot play. Hear him! Are you one charlatan?"

"No!" thundered Wagner; "neither charlatan nor Jew—and I'll play"; and sitting down, he began—of all things for such an audience!—

the Second Act of *Tristan*. At the first tremendous discord the older men stopped their ears; gradually looks of horror over-clouded the countenances of the others as string after string went with a bang; and at last, when there were not a dozen whole ones on the instrument, and just as it began to dawn on Wagner that he was producing nothing but a horrible chatter of the keys, Handel rose up, and shouted in stentorian tones,—

"Stop! you are a charlatan!"

Wagner did not wait a moment: he went straight for him. There was such a tumult as I have rarely heard in my time. The furniture flew in all directions; and I could see little but a confusion of arms and legs, human and other. In the midst of it the thought crossed my mind: Would they think so little of each other now? I wish I could see them as they will be a thousand years hence! A great crash drowned the other noises. We seemed to be falling down, down, down. A thick cloud covered everything in absolute darkness.

#### V.

Then it rolled away. Above was blue cloud and sunshine, below were the green fields—greener and fresher than ever I had known them. Groups of trees stood around, and under them moved beings—their form human, indeed, but perfect as the old gods as conceived by the Greek sculptors, and irradiating light and joy. From far away music came on the wind—how well I knew every bar of it:—



and then mingling beautifully with it:—



I strolled nearer the people (as I must call them) who were under the trees, and saw who they were—those whose shades I had just left in the little old-fashioned German room. They were glorified indeed, and their bodies were as the reflection of their perfected souls; but the individuality of each remained. Wagner was as much Wagner as ever he had been, and Beethoven as much Beethoven. They knew me, but nothing of the incidents that had just taken place. Gradually the knot I wanted to see gathered round the stranger who had come from so far, both in space and time. As we conversed I told them the whole story, and very heartily they laughed. And Bach, strong, erect, beautiful as a young god, said to Wagner: "Ah, there was a time when we might have done that!" and Wagner said, "Yes; only here is time the same, backward and forward, and all things right and beautiful in their places." This to me, full of ideas about the "progress of art," was somewhat surprising, and I said,—

"But surely your technique was better than Byrde's?"

Wagner answered, "I knew what Byrde had done—or rather, I didn't know; but I knew what Mozart had done; whereas Mozart, while on earth, could not tell what I was to do. But for the expression of my true self, Mozart's technique was little use; I had to do what he had done before me—invent a suitable technique for my own purposes. We each did that, and none of us found advantage in what our predecessors had done—save indirectly. By hearing their music often our highest powers had been developed. But once developed, the creative power bursts from within. And is little helped from without. We each expressed something different from the others, but not better. All things are equal."

It was enigmatic, certainly; and to this day its meaning is not quite clear to me. The curious thing is that I understood it at the time, and that gives me hope I may understand it again some day, however late. Perhaps I have reported it wrong. Is a daisy "equal" to an oak-tree? Stay—it is as beautiful! Is that what Wagner meant—that you cannot compare beauty—that the beauty in a hymn of old Byrde is the same as the beauty of a Wagner music-drama?

We talked on, touching on many subjects. Satisfied on the one point about which I had been anxious, I asked them questions about other things. Bach told the story of his childhood—how his brother, sternly academic, would not let him forward at the pace demanded by his impetuous genius; Handel laughed as he spoke of the old dumb-spinet in the garret, which he used to play when the others supposed he was in bed; and of his "running" after his father's coach—three miles an hour it went, he said—on the famous occasion which led to his becoming a musician. But there were traces of the old anger in the eyes of Mozart and Beethoven when they were told how mercilessly their fathers "sweated" them in childhood. And, said Mozart, "if any father is now trading on the heaven-sent angel in his son, bartering that angel for gold and silver, move heaven and earth to prevent him: it is ten times worse than murder." I was surprised at the wrath that had survived so long, but the others were in full agreement with the two men. Purcell told of his master, good old Dr. Blow, who resigned the post of organist in Westminster Abbey to make room for his pupil. I remarked that Westminster Abbey was still in existence.

"Indeed," said Purcell, "and who plays the organ there now?"

"Dr. Bridge," I answered.

And is he a man of genius?"

"Well, no," I had to reply, "but he's very fond indeed of fishing in Scotland."

"But he has pupils of genius?"

"That's a matter that remains to be seen."

"He would of course resign if a pupil of greater talent than himself needed a place?"

It gave me pain to have to tell Purcell that I didn't think, even under these conditions, Dr. Bridge would resign.

"In fact," I added, "if a man of real genius were coming forward at the present moment, all the mediocrities would combine to prevent him earning a livelihood at all."

"The same as in my day," said Wagner.

"Only ten years later," I said.

"Of course."

While we spoke a trumpet call sounded from afar off, and crowds of people, each carrying his instrument, came in. Many of the faces were familiar. They arranged themselves in rows, Bach and the rest amongst them, and began to play. First, it was the Ninth Symphony, then it was parts of *Parsifal*, and so through many of the most lovely things ever written. They played without music and without conductor, for each knew what the others thought and felt. Finally, they began the sublimest piece of music ever conceived. As I listened to it I seemed to become as one of themselves. It was life itself poured into my veins. I knew what it was to be a god, and able to split mountains. After the first movement I asked Wagner whose composition it was.

"Bach's," he answered; "and our daily meat and drink. But I fear no mortal may hear the last movement."

The next movement was even grander; but when they reached the last, I felt the truth of what Wagner had said. It was too strong meat and drink for a mere mortal. I was

buffeted by billows of sound, until at last they seemed to master me, and I was swept away I knew not whither.

\* \* \* \* \*

I rose, closed the open book of Dante, put it away, and went out into the starlit night to consider these things. Could such indeed happen in one of those far-off miraculous stars?

## The Dramatic Student.

(Adapted from the French.)

—: o :—

LITERERS in the Strand at ten o'clock in the morning have invariably fallen in with a regiment of young ladies walking towards a plain building called the Dramatic Academy. These young ladies are students of the Academy, and take their daily lessons in the theatrical establishment. Almost all these young ladies belong to families who have not a decided station in society; retired actors, painters, musicians, sculptors, and the like indifferent artists, who on the stage, or bow or chisel in hand, have shown enough talent to get their living, but not to acquire a name and independence. Parents of this class, who, often, in their professional career, have lived side by side with eminent artists and mixed with superior society, are as proud as upstarts, and will not be satisfied to resume their place in the sphere of life where they were born. They would be ashamed to see their daughters honestly engaged in any manual employment; they must be artists. Bakers, butchers, grocers, and publicans, transmit their business to their children, and in the like manner our theatres must endure the infliction of hereditary mediocrities. The young lady, of stately carriage and Roman majesty, who is approaching, followed at a short distance by her mother, calls herself Thalia Muse. From her infancy she affected great airs, and treated everybody around her most disdainfully;—hence she was proclaimed in her teens an eminent tragedian, and destined to the stage. At fifteen she was admitted to the "Academy," and exchanged her somewhat vulgar name of Sarah Brown for the more dramatic one of Thalia Muse. Thalia exults already in her expectations of future glory. She looks down on our poor world with great contempt, and seems to commune exclusively with heroes and princesses of the ancient Melpomene. Her father, the flute-player, and her mother, the dresser at the Frivolity Theatre, are lost in admiration before her. They bow, as if they were sovereign commands, to the least decisions of Thalia; with a single frown she makes the whole family tremble. Her father, the flute player, is accustomed to say, when playing at dominoes in the evening at the Ship Tavern, "Jackson, you heard Thalia this morning, eh? how wonderfully she declaimed her speech! What an eye, and what a Roman nose! It is a great pity that she did not live in the time of that joker Garrick; he would not have cared much for Peg Woffington!"

Thalia is always under some strong preoccupation; she affects to be intensely absorbed by the art. She is told that the dinner is on the table, and she answers with the air of a tragedy queen:—

"Give me my robe, put on my crown: I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:— Yare, yare, good Iris; quick! Methinks I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself"

To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cesar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come.  
Now to that name my courage prove my title !  
I am fire and air ; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So,—have you done ?  
Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian ! Iras, long farewell ! "

"Thalia, it is now two o'clock. Will you have  
a walk in the park with your cousin Tom?"  
Thalia places her hand upon her heart, raises  
the other to heaven, and sings :—

"Good-morrow ; 'tis Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber door ;  
Let in the maid that out a maid  
Never departed more."

"She is mad," says Cousin Tom. "No,  
cousin," replies mother Brown, "don't you see  
that she is in the enthusiasm of *aspiration*."

Thalia is courted by several lawyers' clerks,  
and as many drapers' assistants, whom she  
keeps at a distance. Amongst these aspirant  
Lovelaces, she at last distinguishes one. He  
deserved her preference by his dark and thick  
hair, recalling to her mind that of the valiant  
Romeo. She allows him to appear occasionally  
on her passage, and to pick up her nosegay or  
her fan when she happens to drop them, but  
nothing beyond that. The tragic Muse is a  
severe and proud virgin, who despairs the hom-  
age of simple mortals.

Thalia goes to evening parties in her neigh-  
bourhood. She is treated with great respect by  
the family of the hosier living at the corner of  
the street, and by that of the bill-poster, who  
occupies the first floor in her house. The  
theatre has so much attraction for the good  
folks of London ! It is certainly not in London  
that actors could now complain of any prejudice  
against them. It is enough to be connected  
with the green-room, in one way or another, to  
be invited, welcomed, and courted. Even the  
prompter, the scene-shifters, and the hair-  
dressers attached to each theatre, have their  
share of public favours. They are treated with  
great kindness in the courts of the Strand.  
Everybody expects some interesting details  
upon the ladies and gentlemen of the theatre.  
At what hour does Sir Augustus Harris go to  
bed ? What time does Mrs. Langtry require to  
put on her beautiful costume in *Antony and Cleopatra*. And Mr. Wilson Barrett, does he  
eat like anybody else ? Is it true that, between  
the acts, Miss Ellen Terry takes lemons and  
ices, presented to her by three negro servants in  
grand livery ?

It is easy to judge the wonderful sensation  
made by Thalia in these assemblies ! When  
she condescends to read some verses, all mouths  
are wide open ; the end of each passage is  
received with rounds of applause, and if the  
children are frightened and cry, they are  
immediately sent to bed without mercy ; but  
when Thalia is kind enough to play a scene  
from *Antony and Cleopatra*, or *As You Like It*,  
all games are stopped, the most interesting con-  
versations cease instantly, and the little dogs  
are called to the laps of the grandmamas for  
fear they should take a fancy to a bit of play  
with the cat of the house. Then the little  
drawing-room is divided into two parts, the one  
represents the stage, the other is left to the  
audience ; the footlights are formed by a row of  
chairs, upon which wax candles are placed.  
Thalia wraps herself in her Indian shawl, and  
her regular interlocutor, Mr. Sandy, adjusts the  
hair of his fair wig.

Mr. Sandy is an old clerk of H.M. Customs,  
who has passed half of his life in the orchestra  
of the Sunflower Theatre. He has always been  
extremely partial to the theatrical art, and it is  
to him a matter of great regret not to have been  
able, during his long career, to be introduced to  
one single play-actor. But he was obliged to  
attend to office every day, from eight o'clock in  
the morning till five ; then came the dinner ;  
and in the evening the gentlemen and the ladies  
of the Sunflower Theatre went on the stage.  
Thus there was no means in the week of seeing  
them. On Sunday, Mr. Sandy was free, but he  
had an extraordinary predilection for fishing,  
and he used to spend all his holidays in throwing  
his hook in the Thames, between Putney  
and Barnes. Observe now how Mr. Sandy,  
arrived at the last period of his life, is proud of  
taking his part in theatrical amusements, of  
giving the cue to a young actress who is the  
hope of the English drama, and will be some  
day its glory. Hush ! Thalia is ready ; she is  
in a convulsive agitation, like the Pythoness on  
her tripod. Mr. Sandy advances with a timid  
step, and stands by her side ; he will play  
"Macbeth" to the new "Lady Macbeth." He  
is offered the book, but he answers with dignity,  
that he knows all Shakespeare's play by heart.

The greatest silence prevails. The master of  
the house himself, accustomed to snooze in a  
corner when his guests are playing all sorts of  
games, suspends his troublesome noise. Mr.  
Sandy strikes the floor three times with his  
heel, and the performance begins.

"Macbeth" (Mr. Sandy) has scarcely pro-  
nounced a few words, when his memory fails  
him ; his hand moves slowly along the seam of  
his trousers, he scratches his forehead, and,  
after a considerable effort, he resumes his  
speech, but to lose it again.

A general murmur, hardly repressed, is heard  
among the audience. Thalia stands like a  
victim ; the mistress of the house takes pity  
upon the poor amateur, and brings him the  
book and a light. Mr. Sandy, in a desperate  
fit, seizes the candle in one hand, the book in  
the other, and soon afterwards a shrill scream  
is heard in the room, immediately followed by  
many piercing shrieks. Mr. Sandy entirely pre-  
occupied by his part, has just carried the light  
near his temples and set on fire the curls of his  
fair wig. The conflagration has been rapid, but  
Mrs. Sandy rushes on the stage and wraps  
her husband's head in the skirt of her dress.  
A general desolation, tempered by some hilarity,  
pervades the audience. At last the dangerous  
trial is over ; Mr. Sandy is quite safe ; his wig  
only has disappeared in the struggle.

It is impossible now to resume *Macbeth* with  
the bare skull of Mr. Sandy ; it is given up.  
The audience, pacified by the misfortune of the  
king of Scotland, console him with three rounds  
of applause, and begin to play at various  
games. Thalia goes to pout in a corner ; she  
cannot forgive Mr. Sandy for having spoiled  
her *hits*, and promises to herself never again to  
throw away the treasures of her tragic muse  
before "vulgar people," incapable of appreci-  
ating them (which does not prevent her from  
beginning again at the first opportunity). The  
exuberantly-haired young clerk, whom she has  
distinguished among the aspirants to her hand,  
and who contrives to be invited to all parties  
where she goes, approaches her, and pays her  
the most flattering compliments. She calls him  
a silly fellow, and asks for her umbrella.

At the "Academy" Thalia is a great favourite  
with her professor. He repeats constantly that  
she has the carriage of a queen, and he points  
her out as a model to her schoolfellows.

We may easily foretell Thalia's fortune. Her  
professor, who plays some subordinate charac-

ters at the Frivolity Theatre, will obtain per-  
mission for her to appear on the stage of the  
same theatre. One Thursday afternoon she will  
play before a few friends, some relations, a  
numerous troop of hired claqueurs, and an au-  
dience having brought twelve shillings to the  
treasury. She will be much applauded, but she  
will have no engagement ; and the manager will  
be quite right to decline her services, for Thalia  
is one of those precocious wonders who have  
neither heart, nor passion, nor real enthusiasm ;  
who know how to raise, at a given time, the  
right or the left arm—well-regulated machines,  
but not admired by people of taste.

Thalia, disappointed in her high expectations,  
will complain, of course, of the wretched taste  
of the public ; she will accuse the most eminent  
actresses of the London stage of having intrigued  
against her, and she will go as far as to question  
the integrity or chastity of the manager and the  
leading members of the company. She will in  
such a manner console herself for the defeat of  
her hopes ; and, preparing herself for better  
chances, appeal from the London audience to  
the spectators of the provinces. In company  
with two or three other players, without any  
fixed engagements, and with some amateurs  
sprung up from carpenters' and jewellers' shops,  
and who will have obtained a few days' leave—  
novice Hamlets, Romeos, Othellos, and Mac-  
beths in embryo—she will travel triumphantly  
over several little towns. She will play Ophelia at  
Putney, Juliet at Richmond, Desdemona at Wol-  
verhampton, and Lady Macbeth at Tottenham.  
Will you know what is for poor strolling actors  
the result of such an extraordinary performance ?  
They must give free orders to the hotel-keeper  
and his waiters, to their families and their  
friends, to the members of the borough, to the  
beadle, the collector of water-rates, and the  
station-master. Then the accounts of the tickets  
taken at the doors and paid for is soon made  
up. You may see a few patrons of the arts in  
the boxes on the first tier, and in the lower circle  
two or three provincial geniuses : five or six  
mashers, who followed the young actress from  
London, parade their yellow gloves in the stage-  
box, and twenty labourers or fresh-water sailors  
are in the pit. It is hardly sufficient to pay the  
travelling expenses of the strolling company.  
Thalia, as she increases in years and size, will  
get tired of these rare and unprofitable exhibi-  
tions before the audiences of the provinces. She  
now begins to think of her fortune and her  
name. At twenty-five years of age she will in-  
troduce herself to one of the theatrical agents  
brutally named, by the dramatic gentry, dealers  
in human flesh, and obtain an engagement to  
perform at Barnes or Putney the queens of  
tragedy, the first characters in modern dramas,  
and the maid-servant in farces. Such a task  
will soon wear out her physical powers, and, as  
she will be still handsome, and has been always  
irreproachable in her conduct, she will at last  
marry a riverside captain. Then, on the front  
of the now cottage, where she will enjoy her  
tranquil existence, the following words might be  
written :—

"Here lies Thalia Muse, Dramatic Student,"  
etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, if you want to know how many first-rate  
artists come out every year from the "Academy,"  
let us go successively to all the theatres of  
London : Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett,  
Miss Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Langtry, are not  
pupils of the "Academy." We only mention  
the fact, and will not run the risk of lulling you  
asleep by a discussion which would be productive  
of painful recollections.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

## A Regular Do.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

BY FELIX REMO.

— : o : —

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JEREMY PLUM . . . . . A Tradesman.  
 JOHN GOODWIN.  
 A CLERK.  
 MRS. PLUM.  
 JENNY . . . . . Mr. and Mrs. Plum's daughter.  
 MAG . . . . . A Servant.

*SCENE.—A back-shop. Doors centre, right and left. R. a table: the door L. leads to the shop; a window L.*

*As the curtain rises, Plum is seen sitting at table R., counting money; Mrs. Plum leaning on his chair and looking at the money; Jenny sitting L., occupied with some needlework; Mag dusting.*

PLUM.—What a row that girl is making! Here have I been counting my money over and over again, and every time I am a bob short or a bob too much.

MRIS. P. (to Mag).—That'll do for to-day, Mag; be off!

MAG.—Not I, mum. You'll be a-calling of me back again directly, a-showin' of me where the dust lays. I hope I knows my duty better than that.

MRIS. P.—Your what? . . . rubbish! You never talk of your duty but when it suits you.

MAG (aside).—Just like 'em! When I does my duty, I h'm in the way. When I don't, they threaten to turn me h'out of doors. Oh! them missuses! (She dusts furiously.)

MRIS. P.—Have you done yet?

MAG.—Yes, mum. (She goes to the table where Plum is counting his money, and begins dusting it. Plum, in a fright, stretches across the table and covers the money with both arms; Mrs. Plum seizes her by the arm, twists her round, and pushes her towards the door.)

MAG.—If h'Id ad all that money there, wouldn't h'I 'ave gone and married the sweep, Mr. Soot, this long time! (Exit C.)

PLUM (to his wife).—Are you sure she hasn't taken any? Because I can't get that there sum right, for all I've counted it three times.

MRIS. P.—You know very well there's exactly £26 10s. Haven't we counted it up penny by penny, every day?

PLUM (enthusiastically, rising from his seat).—£26 10s! At last! We have scraped together even more than the £25 premium the landlord wants before we can get hold of the shop and lease. At last! It will be ours; the first step towards making our fortune. Tomorrow our last chance would have gone; 'tis quarter day, and he would 'ave turned us h'out. Fortune would have given us the slip. Business is good enough here, and where should we have got the money from to set up again elsewhere, I should like to know.

MRIS. P.—Fortune! (Going up to Jenny) You hear, Jenny, fortune! (tapping her on the shoulder).

JENNY.—Yes, mama.

MRIS. P.—"Yes, mama." You say that as if it didn't matter two straws to you. Fortune! You don't seem to reckon all that word means.

JENNY.—Oh yes, I do, mama; but I put happiness before fortune.

MRIS. P.—But, my dear, fortune includes every kind of happiness.

JENNY.—Not for me, mama, since you won't let me marry the man I love.

PLUM (who is picking up his money).—John Goodwin! A nice husband he'd make you!

Never mention his name again before me, d'ye hear?

JENNY.—Why, papa, it was you that said it.

PLUM.—John Goodwin! His very name drives me wild. I won't hear it again; and if he shows his nose here, I'll soon send him to the right-about.

MRIS. P. (with emphasis).—There!

(Enter JOHN GOODWIN, C.)

JENNY.—Why, there he is, poor fellow!

PLUM.—Just in the nick of time. Come here, John Goodwin. (Aside) That name sticks in my gizzard. (Aloud) We have got something to say to you.

JOHN.—Delighted to hear it, Mr. Plum; so have I something to say to you.

JENNY (aside).—Mercy on us! He's going to propose for me.

PLUM.—I shall be short and to the point. Your attentions are not wanted here—your very name annoys me—I've heard nothing else for the last quarter of an hour—you shan't have my daughter—she shall only marry a thorough-going, well-established business man; therefore you will oblige us by never setting foot here again.

MRIS. P. (emphatically).—There!

PLUM.—It's your fault that we were nearly being turned out of our shop. If you had returned the £27 we advanced you, we should not have had all this bother, but have paid up long ago, and been masters here.

MRIS. P. (emphatically).—There!

PLUM.—Luckily for us we have worked hard, and saved the money (points to money on table), and to-morrow we shall be able to pay the landlord his premium of £25.

JOHN.—Mr. Plum, Mrs. Plum, and Miss Plum (beginning as though about to make a speech). Pray take notice that the £27 you advanced me represented the expenses necessarily incurred in putting you in the way of a good business.

PLUM.—And were not your commissions paid?

JOHN.—Certainly, but the £27 represented an outlay on which I made no profit.

PLUM.—At any rate, you spent the money.

JOHN.—Yes, on your account.

PLUM.—A pack of excuses. But enough of this; tell us what you 'ave to say, and then be gone!

JOHN.—It is quite useless, in the humour you are in now. I was going to tell you that I could form a connection in some of our chief commercial houses, and if you would only give me Miss Jenny's hand—

PLUM (interrupting him).—You 'ave already 'ad my answer.

MRIS. P.—There!

JENNY (going to Plum).—Just think, papa, how clever he is, and how he could help you on in your business! There's nobody can come round a customer like him. The moment he takes them in hand, they can't refuse him anything.

PLUM.—Perhaps so; more fools they. He wouldn't take me in like that; with my clear head for business he shouldn't catch me, I'll be bound. He may be as sharp as he likes, but he's not sharp enough for that. Anyhow, that's enough. I owe him a grudge for not having repaid me. It's a most annoying affair. I'll have no more to do with him. (Packs up his money and crosses L.)

JENNY (in tears).—How miserable I am!

PLUM (at the door L).—Take me in, indeed! I should like to see him do it. I'd let him 'ave her fast enough if he were clever enough for that! (Exit L.)

MRIS. P. (at door R.).—There! (Exit R.) (John looks thoughtful, and scratches his head.)

JENNY (crying).—And for us to marry in spite of them would be no use. What should we do? We haven't a penny.

JOHN (suddenly).—I have it.

JENNY (going towards him).—You have hit upon some idea, some plan?

JOHN.—Better than that. I'll play him a trick. Ah! he's not to be caught, is he? and he will give her to me if I am clever enough to do it. Well, then, I will. Perhaps he won't think then that it is only fools who allow themselves to be taken in; but at least he will no longer doubt what stuff I am made of.

JENNY.—That's right. What a good idea!

JOHN.—But you don't know what it is, little woman.

JENNY.—No; but I am sure it will be all right, John.

JOHN (reflecting).—Let me see. I shall want a little money. (Jenny puts her hand in her pocket quickly. John stops her.) No, no; I know where to find some. I can get a first-rate order close by, where they will advance me what I want. I must run away (taking Jenny's hand). Good-bye for the present, dearest. I shall be back before long (taking some money from his pocket). Eleven pence . . . that is more than enough for my first outlay. (Exit C.)

JENNY.—What on earth can he be going to do! Not that it matters, for I can trust him.

(Plum puts his head in at the door L. Mrs. Plum does the same R.)

PLUM.—'As he gone?

JENNY.—Alas! he has.

PLUM.—Good riddance! (He comes in, and so does Mrs. Plum.)

PLUM.—I hope—

MRIS. P.—We hope—

PLUM.—That, like a dutiful daughter, you have made it quite clear to that—(shouting) don't say his name—that he was to go about his business?

JENNY.—Oh! papa!

MRIS. P.—Did you make it quite clear?

JENNY (firmly).—If you expect me to send away the man I love, you are mistaken (taking an arm of each, so as to come between them). When you were young, papa and mama, what should you have done had you been in the place of John Goo—

PLUM (shouting and disengaging himself).—Don't. (Hastily) Your mother and me, that's different. We've h'all our lives be'av'd like sensible people, and proved it by getting married.

JENNY.—Then let me give you the same proof of my good sense.

PLUM.—Never; we don't want another mouth to feed. We are getting old and need a useful son-in-law. Two young people would double h'our prosperity in business.

MRIS. P.—I should have said, would treble it.

JENNY.—But that's just what John can do. He is such a good agent, and then he knows so much, and is well up in the law.

PLUM.—That may be. I'm well aware of it, and sorry enough too, but he riles me awfully.

(Enter MAG C. with a telegram, which she gives to Plum.)

MAG.—A letter, sir; it's the telegraph 'as bin a-writting to you.

PLUM.—A telegram . . . Did they tell you from whom it came?

MAG (in consternation).—No, h'I forgot to ask. H'I'll run after the boy. (Runs out.) (Plum, on opening and reading it, falls backward into a chair.)

PLUM.—Ah!

MRIS. P.—What's the matter? Bad news? Fetch salts—run for the doctor.

PLUM (stopping them with a sign).—No, no ; it is joy. To think now what work we 'ad to lay by that £25, penny by penny. If only I'd known of this !

MRS. P.—What is it ?

PLUM.—Listen. (Both draw near, he reads the telegram.) From William Brief, solicitor, 45, Lombard Street. "Come directly ; a legacy of £800 has been left you. Money at your disposal."

(Plum rises and begins to dance. His wife ends by doing the same ; they dance a jig, facing each other, then fall into each other's arms.)

PLUM.—Well, old lady ! } (while in each MRS. P.—Well, old man ! }

PLUM.—Didn't I tell you we should end in being rich some day, what with perseverance and 'ard work !

JENNY.—But, papa ; a legacy—that's neither hard work nor perseverance.

PLUM.—Yes, it is, for I've persevered all my life in fancying that I should get one. My 'at and stick ! Look sharp. (Jenny gives him his hat, Mrs. Plum his stick.) (To Mrs. Plum) Here's the money, take care of it. (Mrs. P. takes the money and shuts it up in a drawer.)

(Enter JOHN GOODWIN.)

PLUM.—Here's that fellow again ! Get out of my way ! What 'ave you come back 'ere for ?

JOHN.—I've brought you an order.

PLUM (grandly).—We no longer need you, sir.

JENNY.—Oh ! papa ! now you are not so hard up, I hope you will be kinder to him.

PLUM.—'E ! A mere nobody, dare to think of entering a rich family. Never ! Stand aside ! (Exit majestically.)

JOHN.—It's a pity ; I brought a good order, and could have brought another like it every day.

JENNY (to Mrs. P.).—And he could have brought another like it every day.

JOHN.—It's only a beginning.

JENNY (to Mrs. P., with emphasis).—It's only a beginning.

MRS. P. (disdainfully).—Very well, very well, my good fellow ; we will take your order and give you your commission. That's all we can do for you.

JOHN (aside to Jenny).—They have already paid me one at the other place, which is how I got the two or three pounds I wanted. (To Mrs. Plum, giving her a paper) Here is the order, Mrs. Plum. It amounts to £40. You see it is worth having.

MRS. P.—Perhaps so. (She takes the paper, and flings it on the table without looking at it.) But now we have gone up a peg or two, and after the piece of good luck we have 'ad, such an order as that is but nothing. Another time our heads might perhaps have been turned by it, but to-day things is different. And now go, we have too much to do to attend to that (seats herself at the table R., and begins to write).

JOHN (very respectfully, with a low bow).—I will obey you, my lady. (Aside to Jenny) I shall be back directly. (Exit laughing.)

JENNY (aside).—What can he be after ? (Aloud) Oh, mama, how cruel you are to the poor fellow ! You talk as if we were millionaires.

MRS. P.—So we are (goes on writing whilst she talks).

JENNY.—As if we ever had been !

MRS. P. (nervously puts the letters into envelopes).—And so we always 'ave been, in expectation. Our good luck was a good time coming, that's all ; but it was bound to come, it was only a question of a little patience (rings). Now the first step is taken, the rest will follow easily.

(Enter MAG. MRS. P. rises and gives her the letters.)

MRS. P.—Quick, take these letters.

MAG.—To the Post-office, mum ?

MRS. P.—Of course not, you idiot ; they are for our neighbours.

MAG.—Yes, mum. (Exit.)

JENNY.—What's all this hasty correspondence about ?

MRS. P.—It is—I 'ave just been inviting our friends and neighbours to supper this evening to celebrate our good luck, and let all the world know of it. They won't treat us any longer as if we were petty shopkeepers, but with due consideration. But what are you doing there ? Be quick, and let's have a grand set-out (giving her a coin). Look here, send for a goose. 'Ere 'ave I missed 'aving one these three Christmases. Let's have it well stuffed, and stuff ourselves with it. Let us give them a regular tuck-in, and they shall all go home screwed.

JENNY.—Yes, mama, and is John to be of the party ?

MRS. P.—John ! Why should 'e ?

JENNY.—Because he's a friend of ours, and looks after your interests. Hasn't he just brought you in an order ?

MRS. P.—That John again ! Why, you are always thinking about 'im ; but now that we are rich, child, you can look a good deal 'igher. (Decidedly) You shall marry a lord, nothing less ; and now go and look after the supper.

JENNY (to herself).—A lord for £800 ! Why not the Prince of Wales ? (Exit R.)

MRS. P.—Before two years are over Mr. Plum will be a Member of Parliament.

(Enter MAG with a telegram.)

MAG.—Your letters have been delivered, mum, and 'ere's a telegram they gave me just as I was coming in. It's for you (gives it to her). (Mag, looking curiously as if Mrs. P. were going to read it aloud, stands close by her with arms akimbo.)

MRS. P.—What are you waiting for ?

MAG (pointing to telegram).—To see what's in it, mum.

MRS. P.—Get away, you, will you.

MAG (going).—What a pity ! I've never seen the inside of one before. (Goes out.)

MRS. P. (opens telegram).—It is from my husband—I'm all over of a tremble. (Reads) "Cheque at my disposal, but solicitor can't give it me unless his expenses are paid—£25. Have money ready, his clerk is coming," and signed "Plum." There's no doubt about it—it's really from him. The cheque is ready ; we are swimming in gold. But the expenses—£25 ! Luckily we have the money here ; but is it wise to part with it ? Bah ! since he asks for it himself and is going to bring back £800. He knows what he's about (looks again at the telegram). Yes, the cheque is ready. (In her delight she makes a half step forward, as if about to dance.) And to think there isn't a creature 'ere I can tell about it. (Rings. Enter MAG.) Just listen to this (reading the telegram). "Cheque at my disposal," etc. (reads the telegram through). Do you understand ? The cheque is ready.

MAG (gaping stupidly).—What for ?

MRS. P.—Oh, you're too stupid ; go and call Miss Jenny.

MAG.—Yes, mum. (Exit R.)

MRS. P.—What a pity our neighbours aren't here ! (crossing the stage leisurely, pretending to fan herself, and putting on the airs of a fine lady). Yes, my lord ! what a misfortune that I was not born in my proper sphere—I know I should have made a splendid duchess.

(Enter JENNY.)

(Mrs. P., changing her manner, rushes towards her, takes her by the arm, leads her forward, and then reads her the telegram. Bell rings.)

MRS. P.—Hush—there's the bell ! There must be something up. We have nothing but surprises to-day.

(Enter MAG.)

MAG.—There's a gent wants to speak to you, mum.

MRS. P.—Who is it ? Is it a neighbour—a shopkeeper ?

MAG.—No, mum ; he looks a cut above that.

MRS. P.—Is it a lord ?

MAG.—I couldn't say, mum ; I don't know what they're like. He's come in a cab.

MRS. P.—In a cab ! Then he's not a shopkeeper. H'ask him in. (To Jenny) My dear, the news must have got about (exit Mag), and we shall have no end of visitors. You'll see how they'll make up to us, now they know we're flush of money.

(Enter a Clerk, dressed in a neat black suit, very correct and respectable looking.)

CLERK.—Madam, I am the head clerk of Mr. Brief, solicitor, Lombard Street.

MRS. P.—Oh yes, it's him. I was expecting him. (To Jenny) He is in the telegram.

CLERK.—Your husband is just examining the title deeds and signing the necessary documents, and as soon as the fees and my employer's expenses have been paid, he will receive a cheque for £800, which he can get cashed at once.

MRS. P. (to herself enthusiastically).—At once ! I feel as if I had the money in my pocket already. If there were some wine handy, I should certainly ask this man to take a glass. (To Jenny, giving her money) Run quick, and get three penn'orth of whisky from over the way.

CLERK.—Pray don't take the trouble, madam ; I have brought the little bill ; your husband sent me off in a cab to get it paid whilst he was looking at the title deeds, in order that I might be back the quicker and enable him to cash his cheque before the banks close ; so you had better not detain me.

MRS. P.—That's true. (To Jenny) Give me back the threepence. (To the Clerk graciously, offering him a chair) Sit down, my lord, (catching herself up) I mean—sir. I will settle with you (she goes to get the money out of the drawer where she had put it, whilst the Clerk seats himself and receipts the bill). Here (she counts the money on the table).

CLERK.—That's quite correct, and here is your receipt (gives her a receipt, and then picks up the money and rises).

MRS. P. (with exaggerated politeness).—Allow me to see you to your carriage.

CLERK (going up the stage).—Pray don't trouble yourself.

MRS. P. (affectedly).—Oh, sir, it is a simple act of courtesy that well-bred people owe each other. Besides, it will enable me to pay the cabman.

CLERK.—Madam, I cannot allow—

MRS. P.—Neither can I. You came on purpose to oblige us. I am determined to do it. (Exeunt talking C. and turn L. She leaves the door open.)

JENNY.—What a funny adventure ! Mama is quite changed. I have never known her like that.

(Mrs. P. reappears at the back of stage, bowing profoundly towards the left hand, then the cab is heard driving off. Mrs. P., altering her manner, comes in again dancing.)

MRS. P.—In a quarter of an hour we shall be rich. He didn't want me to pay the cabman, but when I found that the fare there and back was only eighteen-pence, I insisted. Ah ! if it had been a matter of five or six shillings, now ! but such a trifle as eighteen-pence there and back, that's nothing of a fare. That soli-

citor must live very near here, (looking at the clock) five minutes to four. He said my husband would get the cheque cashed before the banks close, that is before four o'clock; in five minutes he will be here, his pockets stuffed with gold.

JENNY (who has gone up stage and is looking out of window).—Oh, mama, here's papa coming back. (She comes down.)

MRS. P.—Already! It seems that that solicitor lives even nearer than I thought.

(PLUM appears at door C. much upset, in a sad plight, his cravat untied and hat over his eyes.)

MRS. P.—Oh, there he is! (screams for joy).

(Enter PLUM. She runs to him, seizes him round the neck and kisses him—then they come down the stage, she taps his pockets.) Where are they? Where are they?

PLUM.—Who?

MRS. P.—The money, of course! Those eight hundred—those blessed eight hundred pounds!

PLUM.—Those eight hundred—you may well talk of them. It's been a regular sell.

MRS. P. (anxiously).—What?

PLUM.—The solicitor doesn't know what I mean—he never heard of me, never had a legacy to announce to me, and did not send the telegram.

MRS. P.—Ah! (she falls back in a chair).

PLUM (continues).—And he made me pay a fee of 10s. 6d. for looking in his books.

MRS. P.—And the neighbours will be coming!

PLUM.—What neighbours?

MRS. P. (springing up from her chair, as if an awful idea had struck her).—And the £25?

PLUM.—What £25?

MRS. P.—Why, your telegram (hands him the telegram).

PLUM.—Me! I never sent a telegram.

MRS. P.—Ah! we've been duped by a swindler, ruined! And I paid his cab (falls back in chair).

PLUM (who has read the telegram and opens his eyes wide).—How? What? The £25? (looking at the telegram whilst speaking).

MRS. P. (rising).—I have given them to him, here's the receipt.

PLUM.—The money which we had such difficulty in scraping together (sinks in his turn on the chair). There's an end of the shop! (Consternation.)

JENNY (mischievously).—There's an end of the lord!

(Enter JOHN gaily. Plum, seeing him, rises and seizes his stick.)

PLUM.—I must vent my wrath on some one, and can't do better than pitch into him (springs at him. Jenny interposes, whilst John keeps on laughing and chinking some gold pieces in his hand. Plum suddenly pulls up at the sound of the gold, and stares in curiosity). What's that?

JOHN.—That? Why, it's the £27 I owe you and am bringing back. (Gives them to them, to the delight of Mr. and Mrs. Plum, who look at him as if they were going to embrace him.)

PLUM.—But 'ow could you have got hold of such a sum, when you 'adn't a farthing to bless yourself with this morning?

JOHN.—Pooh! It's simple enough. I took it away from the man to whom your wife gave it just now, in order to let you have it back again. And, as you never expected to see it again, it is quite a windfall for you, just as if I had paid my debt.

MRS. P.—Then you know the rascal who treated us so abominably?

JOHN.—Abominably? No, no, it was only a joke. (To Jenny) That was my dodge.

PLUM (suspiciously).—I don't mind betting it's all his doing.

JOHN (laughing).—Why, yes. Thanks to a friend who helped me. (To Mrs. P.) The one whose cab you paid; there!

PLUM.—Oh, you villain!

JOHN.—Don't excite yourself, Mr. Plum. You told me that if I were clever enough to take you in, you would give me your daughter's hand. I am come to claim your promise.

PLUM (raising his stick).—Wretch!

JOHN.—What, is it thus you receive me, when I restore you your shop, which you thought was lost; when I only took £25 from you and bring you back £27? Some of that was mine, (aside) thanks to my commission on the order.

PLUM (excited).—Quick! my 'at! that I may run for the police and have him arrested.

JOHN.—Come! you needn't take the trouble. You had much better let me explain matters. I simply wanted to prove to you that I am sharper than you, and that it's well worth your while to take me into partnership.

MRS. P. (aside).—He's quite right there.

PLUM.—I daresay I'm not a bigger fool than anybody else. All the same, you shall pay for the disappointment you've given me (takes a gun down from the wall).

JENNY (running to stop him).—Papa! papa!

PLUM.—No; my blood's up. I mean to kill him.

JENNY and MRS. P. (pushing John towards the door).—For goodness' sake, go! (Exit John).

PLUM.—If ever he comes near me again, I'll have his blood. I'm thirsting for his blood. (He sinks into a chair near the table R., exhausted. Jenny takes the gun and carries it off. Mrs. P. stands behind his chair, consoling him.)

MRS. P.—Poor dear man! What a state you have got into!

JENNY.—When it was so easy to come to an understanding.

PLUM.—Ah, no, no! I'm worn out. Leave me.

MRS. P. (to Jenny).—Let us leave him to rest a little, child. (Crosses to L.)

JENNY.—Oh! mama, I can smell the goose burning.

MRS. P.—Goose! What goose?

JENNY.—Why, the one you told me to get for the supper to-night.

MRS. P.—So I did. But not a word of it to your papa. (Exit Jenny R.) The goose. We are the goose. Ah! that goose does make me feel small.

(During the last two lines Plum's eyes happen to fall on the order brought by John and thrown down by Mrs. P. on the table. After looking at it indifferently for a moment, his eyes open to their widest extent. He takes up the paper and stares at it with intense astonishment, as if scarcely believing what he sees.)

PLUM.—What's that?

MRS. P.—That! What? (comes closer, puts on her spectacles, and looks). I don't know.

PLUM (much surprised).—An order from Messrs. Goldfield & Co. for £40.

MRS. P.—Ah yes. I remember now. That scoundrel brought it.

PLUM.—You mean that young man, John Goodwin. I like the sound of that name.

MRS. P.—He went so far as to say it was only by way of a beginning.

PLUM.—A beginning, indeed! (warming up more and more as he speaks). A beginning at £40—an introduction to business with the Goldfields, one of the richest houses going, when I have never been able to get my foot in there. And before you can turn round he gets an order for £40, and that's only a beginning! He's right—he's sharper than we are (calming down). All the same, I think we've been a bit hard on the young man.

MRS. P.—Yes; but what else could we have done? I had already set my heart on a lord for our girl.

PLUM.—A lord! Pooh! Honest tradespeople ought to be content with an honest working man like themselves for a son-in-law.

MRS. P.—You are right. I was mad to think of it.

PLUM.—The lad seems to have a rare head for business, and then he is young and active. Certainly he has shown us pretty decidedly what idiots we were.

MRS. P.—Yes, indeed. He has taught us a severe lesson.

PLUM.—Well, he's not done amiss—it has taken down my pride, and I forgive him.

MRS. P.—As for me, I've come down from the clouds. I hardly know myself.

PLUM.—You see, there's nothing like earning your money if you want to enjoy it. Legacies only lead people to make fools of themselves. Lightly come, lightly go.

MRS. P.—I'm quite cured now, I can tell you.

PLUM.—So am I, and am only sorry to have treated the fellow so badly. Shall we ask Jenny about it?

MRS. P.—By all means. Why, here she comes.

(Enter JENNY R.)

JENNY.—It was nothing, mama. I've turned it round the other side.

PLUM (to Jenny, facetiously).—Come, I say, where's that intended of yours hiding?

JENNY (delighted).—My intended? (Aside) He said—my "intended." (Aloud) Oh! papa dear (she gives him a hug, then adds, sadly), I don't know where he is.

PLUM (gently).—I suppose, after what we said, he won't come back?

JENNY.—I don't know, papa. (Aside) Oh! he will be sure to come back. He said my "intended."

PLUM.—Utter idiot that I've been! I let slip all my chances.

(Some one knocks. Enter JOHN in disguise and wearing a wig and a false beard.)

JOHN.—Mr. Jeremy Plum here, please?

PLUM.—That's me.

JOHN.—Excuse me, sir. I've brought an order from Messrs. Cook and Smith.

PLUM (enthusiastically).—Another big house I've never been able to deal with.

JOHN.—Here it is. (Gives him a paper, which Plum carefully examines.)

PLUM.—Well, this is a queer go! It is all correct. (To John) To whom am I indebted for the 'onour of your confidence?

JOHN.—Why, to the young man who acts as your agent, Mr. John Goodwin.

PLUM.—Ah, yes, a capital fellow; but he is not an agent, sir, he is engaged to my daughter, and is our partner. (Delight of Jenny.)

MRS. P. (approvingly).—Oh, yes; that's true enough.

JOHN.—Indeed! I was under the impression you had turned him out of doors.

PLUM.—Turned him out; a nice young man like that, of whom we are so fond. Why, it would be like turning him out of his home, for this house is now his own.

JOHN.—No further need for disguise, then. (Takes off wig and beard.)

PLUM.—If it isn't John! I declare he can turn us round his little finger. He's a sharp one; the customers will have to look out for themselves.

MRS. P.—But why this disguise?

JOHN.—Because I was afraid of being welcomed by a bullet.

PLUM.—You, my boy! On the contrary, with open arms. (They shake hands.) And

here is your wife. (*Pushes Jenny into his arms.*)

JOHN.—So much the better. Well, to prove how right you are, I give you leave to demand a divorce if in a year's time I have not made you gain the £800 you were hoping for this morning.

JENNY.—I strongly object to that.

PLUM.—Calm yourself, my dear (*showing her the two orders*). Thanks to our connection with these two houses, we shall do it in less than six months.

(Enter MAG C.)

MAG.—Here's the neighbours a-coming, mum.

PLUM.—What neighbours?

MRS. P.—Is the goose done?

MAG.—Yes, mum.

MRS. P.—Then let them in, and this supper shall be in celebration of the engagement.

## The Story of a Christmas Cantata;

OR, A MUSICIAN'S REST.

WHEN the Dean and Chapter of Dearholm decided on offering the sum of £150 for a sacred Cantata, suitable for a festival service to be held in the cathedral on Christmas Eve, they perhaps scarcely realized that, in their desire to secure music of exceptional interest for the great anniversary, they had allowed a somewhat inadequate space of time for the production of so serious a work. The new Dean, just entering upon office, and impatient to infuse new life—which, indeed, was greatly needed—into the musical part of the services, was unwilling to postpone his project until Easter, for he was well aware that the idea of inviting new and original work was so contrary to the old-fashioned routine of the place that it would certainly excite opposition unless carried out with a rush. He therefore hurried the matter forward, contributing two-thirds of the amount offered from his private purse, and in his energetic mind taking little account of the obstacle of time.

Dr. Elstree was generally known to be a musical enthusiast, and whilst Dean of Rexbury had raised the singing in that cathedral to unprecedented excellence, partly with the help of his friend Mr. Dayrell-Edwards, of Hazeldene, who, being also a devotee of music, had frequently introduced to him new talent, and through whose good offices Austin Beresford, the now world-famed tenor, had sung for awhile in the choir. On his transference to a more richly endowed and important post, he was struck by the cold, mechanical tone into which the services had fallen, and his earliest efforts were directed to bringing about a more devotional style.

Particulars respecting the required cantata were published in various Church papers early in October. Manuscripts, the announcement stated, must be received not later than the 18th of November, and the award would be made known on the 8th of December, by letter, to the successful candidate only, and in two or three specified newspapers of that date. Unsuccessful works would be returned as soon as the special Christmas services were over. In view of the opportunity for distinction, even more than of the remuneration, the offer was

a tempting one, yet many musicians felt that, unless they already had work in hand which might be adapted to the purpose, it would scarcely be possible, in a bare six weeks, to do justice to their own powers.

As for Cecil Dewbank, idly reading the notice as he lay languidly on his lodging-house sofa at Dismouth, the idea of entering the lists seemed too wildly impossible to be entertained for a moment. Ill in body, and depressed in mind, he had gone to the beautiful little Devonshire haven of sunshine in order to carry out his doctor's prescription of complete change and entire rest; but his exhausted condition was due more to disheartenment at the ill success of his various efforts than to actual overwork.

He had gone into the musical profession without any encouragement except his own intense love for the art. His father, a country clergyman of rather hard and worldly character, had intended to push him on in the law through a family connection with a firm of solicitors; and when Cecil declined this plan, he was told that in that case he must fend for himself in the line he had chosen, as his father, with a number of girls to provide for, would be unable to afford him any help.

Hitherto he had done wonders, as many people thought, by maintaining himself in tolerable comfort; but his great aspirations were apparently farther than ever from being realised. He had procured an appointment as organist in a London church, in which the pay was fair, and the leisure sufficient to allow for composition of various voluntaries, fugues, and chorales, on which modest little foundation-stones he had hoped to build up a musical reputation. He had expected, also, to supplement his income by teaching, and had believed that he was a sufficiently good pianist to play occasionally at concerts. But the fugues and voluntaries had been returned with a curt intimation that the supply of such work was in excess of the demand, and lessons were in the same category, and if he did by good hap get any concert engagement, his services were too often, like the melody of certain songs, "strictly confined to the accompaniment."

It was unfortunate for him that these disappointments were reaching their climax just when pretty Denise appeared on the scene. She was a musician by nature, like himself, and had come to London for lessons on the violin, which she played with something approaching genius, and as she was paying a three months' visit to friends of Cecil's with whom he constantly associated on terms of the closest intimacy, it was no wonder that her sympathy with his tastes and ambitions quickly established a friendship between them. Friendship first, and then—

Well, then, whatever visions a lover's fancy might indulge in, common sense and reason said plainly that there could be nothing more. Even if the certain opposition of that Honourable and Reverend dignitary of the Church, her father, could be overcome or defied, how would it be possible to drag her down from a luxurious home to narrow means and an uncertain future? He did not think Denise cared much about money, or worldly position, or indeed for any distinctions save those of Art, and if he could only win a hearing and recognition for the gift he knew was in him—But that hope was so very, very remote, and meanwhile he felt bound in honour never to let her know.

Yet, in spite of himself, he hardly knew how, the secret slipped out at parting. It was such a hopeless confession, confession and retraction all, as it were, in one, that it needed no answer from her. But she said a broken word or two about waiting and better days, and he looked

into her soft grey eyes and knew that she cared; and when the keen joy and triumph of that knowledge had calmed down again, it only gave him a deeper, bitterer sense of regret, because his nature was unselfish, and he would rather have suffered alone.

Then for three months he worked assiduously at his little fugues and chorales, so assiduously that the blows of their successive rejections pattered on him continually, like hail. And he helped his Vicar with visiting and temperance crusades, and rehearsed with the choir, and played at every service; and, finally, as might have been expected, fell ill.

The Vicar appreciated him if no one else did, and at once engaged a temporary substitute for the time of rest that was ordered. And his father magnanimously said he might come home for the whole four months if he liked. But the doctor considered St. Eon's rectory too cold and damp for him in the autumn months, so after a brief visit there he betook himself to the Dismouth lodging to rest.

Rest, he felt, was the one thing needful; but for a long time the sense of fatigue was too strong upon him to admit of any other sensation. He was tired with an intense, deadly, overwhelming lassitude, wearied with the perpetual recurrences of sorrowful thoughts, and by that hail of disappointments which, though over for the present, scourged his memory still.

Gradually, however, the lovely place began to exert its influence over him. Those who know Dismouth need not be told of its peculiar charm; how the intense quiet, which in most places would be dull, dreary monotony, there takes only the semblance of exquisite peace. Day after day, when cold, cloudy skies are lowering elsewhere, the wide, sheltered valley and the homely grey town lie steeped in sunshine—the delicious Devon sun that is warm without scorching; the sweet moorland air blows strong and pure, and the high red cliffs with their patches of vivid green are reflected deep in the clear water, transforming it from commonplace blue sea into a fairy bay, all shining amethyst, and topaz, and pearl. And as all art, we are told, is precisely the same thing in different forms; the beauty, which would have made an artist in colour sit down and paint, shaped itself to music in Cecil's brain.

The lovely scenes and the murmurings of the wind and the sea seemed to him like tangible voices, soothing, lulling, charming him to rest and to hope. And as by degrees the bodily weakness and the mental weariness passed away, he began to realize what rest in its fullest perfection meant; not merely cessation of toil and struggle, but the gradual dawning of fresh hopes for the future, renewed energy, strengthened and developed powers of work—work that would no longer be a fatigue, but a rest in itself because it would be complete in all ways, and failure would have no part in it. And one day it suddenly flashed upon him that whilst he had apparently been dwelling on and analysing his own feelings, he had in fact conceived the outline of a musical work, and that the subject for a sacred cantata, if he chose to work it out, was ready to hand.

Since the announcement of the Dearholm Competition, he had thought of it once or twice in a vague way, only feeling his utter incapacity to attempt such a task. But now, without effort of his own, he had been inspired with the ideas, and all that he needed was time to put them into shape.

More than a fortnight of the scanty time allotted had already slipped away, still by unremitting industry he might yet complete the work in time. Hour after hour he toiled, trying

his harmonies as he completed them on the organ at the church to which he had free access, and sitting up until the small hours making fair copy by the light of candles which he bought in secret, lest the good landlady, who looked after him in a motherly way, should suspect how hard he was working.

He felt no weariness now, but was possessed by a fiery, relentless energy, which excluded all doubts and fears as to the result of his work. Sometimes his head would whirl a little, and his limbs shake when he rose from the writing, and the good Devonshire fare which he had begun to relish was growing distasteful again ; but these were matters which he did not consider. His mind was full, full to overflowing, of the music, yet there was room in it for one other thought, for a haunting name that was sweeter than the music—Denise.

So the cantata drew towards completion, and would be ready, indeed, a day or two before it was required. Then, for the first time, he was assailed by qualms as to its worth. What would be thought of it by the scholarly musicians whose critical judgement it must pass ? What would the Dean—by the bye, who was the Dean of Dearholm ? Cecil could not remember. He had the strongest possible reason for being interested in Dean Elstree ; but the appointment had been made just at the beginning of his illness, and he had never happened to hear of it.

He was just about to sign the now finished score when these thoughts passed through his mind. He paused to steady himself, for his hand was shaking uncontrollably, and could not guide the pen. Then that strange whirling sensation came into his head, and the notes of music on the paper danced wildly before his eyes, and then all was blank.

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It was whilst Cecil Dewbank still lay in the darkened room upstairs, his mother, who had been sent for to look after him, sitting at his side, that a pretty girl one day cantered up to the door, followed by a smart groom, and jumping lightly from her horse, ran in to see Mrs. Hills, the landlady. This was Denise Elstree, the youngest daughter of the Dean of Dearholm, and she knew the motherly landlady well, because, when her father was at Roxbury the family had often come over to Dismouth for sea-bathing. She was staying now with her married sister in the neighbourhood, and had come to inquire about the rooms for some friends.

" So the poor young man was taken ill quite suddenly, just when you thought he was getting strong. That was very sad, Mrs. Hills."

" Yes, miss, but he's getten on nicely, an' the doctor says he'll be fit to move come this day fortnight. His mother wants to get him home, but they haven't decided on the day not yet. It's my belief he did bother his head tew much, porin' over them notes o' mewsic."

" He was a musician, then ? "

" I don't know, he hadn't got no piano, nor yet he didn't sing, though he were always a settin' down them notes on paper. There they lie just as he left 'em, an' to be sure they dew look ontidy."

" And who was he ? "

" Nobody you would know about, Miss Denise. A London gentleman, Mr. —— you'll excuse me ; but that's their bell. They'll be wanting me, and when I come down again I can tell you what day they'll give up the rooms.

But when Mrs. Hills came back, after being delayed some time upstairs, her visitor had gone. The horses were getting impatient, she had told the servant, and Mrs. Hills was to

write about the lodgings, and was on no account to hurry the invalid about fixing his departure until it perfectly suited him to decide.

It was ten days later that Cecil was able to come down to the sitting-room for the first time. He was very weak, but making good progress, and Mrs. Dewbank was longing to get him away from Dismouth, for she imagined that the dreariness of solitude there had caused his second illness, and that he would be better in the cheerful family circle.

" You know, my dear boy, we are not at home at St. Eon's," she said, as they sat at the excellent tea Mrs. Hills had provided for the festive occasion. " I told you before, Cecil dear ; but I don't think you were well enough to understand. Your father has changed duty with Mr. Glover, at Dearholm, because he wanted to be near his sister at St. Eon's for awhile, and it's a nice change for us all to go to a good cathedral town."

" Then we shall be at Dearholm, . . . over Christmas ? "

" Certainly, till the end of March. I'm afraid it's a long journey for you, Cecil ; but you'll like it better than home. There are to be splendid services at Christmas, a new cantata is to be sung."

Cecil gave a quick sigh. " Yes, I tr—I—I read about it, before I was ill. Whose work is accepted, mother ? "

" Well, really, I don't think it is known yet. The award was postponed. Those that came in at the right time were not good enough, I believe, and then one or two came late, and one or two anonymous ; and the decision may not be made known until after Christmas. Are you looking for something, my dear boy ? "

" Only some sheets of music, that I had—had jotted down a few ideas on. Have you happened to see them, Mrs. Hills ? " as the landlady came in to clear away.

" Well, Mr. Cecil, they were on that table, just as you left 'em. I never meddled with 'em, though to be sure they did look untidy. But now I can't call to mind havin' noticed 'em, not this last week or so ; no, not since the young lady were here."

" What young lady ? "

" Only after the rooms, sir. I call to mind I saw your papers while she was a-settin' here, but not since. That Sarah what's left, she must 'a' gone an' used 'em for the fires."

Cecil sighed again—a long, hopeless sigh. Truly the Fates were against him. But in spite of illness and trial, his character had gained something during his stay at Dismouth—more hope and patience to endure. And at that moment, an unsigned post-card, addressed in a slightly illegible hand to " The Invalid Gentleman, at 11, Playfields Terrace, Dismouth, lay in the dusty letter box of an empty house at Linworth, where it had been delivered by mistake. It bore the words, " Your manuscript has been sent to the competition for which you intended it. You will hear the result after Christmas."

\* \* \* \* \*

The great cathedral was crowded on Christmas Eve as no inhabitant of Dearholm remembered to have seen it crowded before. Everyone was eager to attend the festival services, and the Dean was more than satisfied with the result of his experiment.

The Dewbank family had gone early and secured front seats, all but Cecil, who had felt, up to the last moment, that the strain of listening to the successful composition would be more than he could bear. But in the end an uncontrollable longing to hear the music drew him, and in the dark shadow of a pillar he slipped into a vacant seat. A slender girl in a heavy

cloak, who had also come in late, occupied the adjoining seat, but in the darkness, and in his agitation, he did not know that it was Denise.

The short preliminary service came to an end, and after a little pause the organ pealed forth the prelude to the cantata. Papers of the words had been distributed, but Cecil was too late to secure one, and had no idea what the subject was. He had only arrived in Dearholm the previous day, and had heard nothing concerning it. And it seemed to him, sitting there like one in a dream, that this music rolling and pealing through the vast aisles was strangely like his own, and that the composer, whoever he was, must have been inspired by very similar ideas. Then came the brief unaccompanied four-part recitative, telling in broken phases how the whole earth was weary and restless, seeking peace and finding none, and still like one in a dream he felt that this music was marvellously similar to his own, and that these words which he could not quite hear, if not the very phrases he had set, were of the same measure and rhythm. Then a solo voice of rare beauty, the voice of Austin Beresford, was raised in the lament of the tired spirit, whose struggle and longing for rest formed the main theme of the work.

Then, at last, Cecil knew ; and turning, he met the eyes of Denise looking straight into his, and it scarcely surprised him, because all this was an amazing dream, and one part of it was not more amazing than the rest. She was white to the lips and trembling, for she too knew, and the knowledge had only just flashed upon her, and the joy and the wonder of it overwhelmed her for the time. And then the angels' sweet hymn of comfort followed, and so the work went on through all the stages of suffering, until the spirit attains to its haven of peace and trust, and the beauties of it culminate in the glorious anthem descriptive of the rest " which remains to the people of God."

\* \* \* \* \*

" I congratulate you with all my heart, my dear young man," said the Dean, a portly person of benevolent aspect and rapid speech. " With genius like yours, you ought to go far, very far indeed. It was truly providential that my daughter happened to find your manuscript and take on herself the responsibility of sending it, only just in time."

" I am more thankful than I can say," Cecil answered, and Denise's hand slid into his.

" And besides being a work of inspiration, the music shows astonishing technical skill for so young a composer," continued the enthusiastic Dean. " It is quite a musician's work."

" Possibly ; but somehow it never felt like a work. It was more a Musician's Rest."

## The Origin of the Double Keyboard Pianoforte.

**I**T is not generally known that it was Liszt who first suggested the idea of constructing the double keyboard pianoforte, which was a feature at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. Liszt once remarked to his friend and pupil, the late M. Zaremski : " All that can possibly be done with one keyboard has been done ; for the future, a pianoforte is required which, without altering the instrument itself (*sans sortir du caractère de l'instrument*), will furnish increased resources to the executant."

## Some Little Known Incidents in the Life of Franz Liszt.

**L**FEW years before his death, Liszt wrote in answer to the inquiries of a publisher: "Of the existence of my regularly kept-up autobiography I know as yet nothing. I have several times been requested by publishers to write my memoirs, but have in every instance declined, since it is more than sufficient for me to live my life through without committing it to paper." The celebrated musician, however, it is well known, greatly assisted Fräulein Ramann in the preparation of her four-volume biography of him; but even this work, admirable as it is in every respect, is by no means complete. This compilation has not been undertaken to "supply the deficiency," but to introduce some little-known incidents of Liszt's life to his admirers in this "tight little island."

### Liszt and his Mother.

The mother of Liszt, née Laager, was a native of Krems, a small Austrian town on the Danube. "She was an excellent housewife," the brother of Liszt once related to a French journalist, "and always diligent in her work. One day she went to fetch some water, and fell down into a well, being only rescued afterwards with the greatest difficulty. A few weeks after this accident she gave birth to little Franz, and, during her confinement, she made a vow to prepare her son for the priesthood, and would have kept her promise if the musical talents of the child had not placed obstacles in the way. When Franz, many years afterwards, received the tonsure, he remembered his mother's vow."

### Liszt and his Comic Opera.

It is well known that Liszt, when a boy, composed a one-act comic opera, which was produced at the Paris Grand Opera. He seems to have retained an affection for this juvenile work even in the latter period of his life, as M. de Bricqueville, in a short memoir, says:—

"Liszt will perhaps pardon one who does not consider him as the first pianist in the world; but he will never tolerate any one who thinks indifferently of his talents as a composer. Does he not remember one evening, when he was giving a concert at the Marquise de B——, that M. de P—— was dismissed, only because the most amiable and courteous of our critics had, in one of his *feuilletons*, slightly under-valued the music of 'Don Sancho'! It only required a rumpled rose-leaf to put the artist out of order, and at the end of eleven years the wound was not cicatrized. This story is authentic. I have it from the one himself who was the victim. It describes the man with his unconquerable pride and his constant infatuation to shine his natural inspirations in the highest rank of faculties that God distributed to him."

### Liszt and the Young Actress.

"At Liszt's second concert," a Parisian society

chronicler in 1844 wrote: "I was placed behind a young and charming actress, who gives the most brilliant promises. She examined M. Liszt with an ardent curiosity, and admired him with the candid good faith of youth. 'Qu'il est beau!' she cried; 'quel noble figure! quel sublime regard!' Her cavalier, a man more cold and of a reasonable age, did not share this enthusiasm, and replied, rather frowningly: 'je le trouve, moi, très ordinaire!'

M. Liszt, at this moment, was seated before the piano on the left side, and presented consequently the side of his profile. Soon after he changed the instrument. The young actress took up her eye-glass, and, after a new examination, cried artlessly, 'C'est singulier, il n'est pas si beau de ce côté-ci!'

### Liszt as a Rifleman.

In the year 1841 Liszt visited, during a professional tour, the town of Troppau, and made a lengthened stay there. From Troppau he went to Kriczanowitz, in Prussian Silesia, to visit Prince Felix Lichnowsky, with whom he was on friendly terms. "The Prince," a contemporary writer says, "had just returned to his hereditary country seat, from the civil war in Spain, and did all he could to make his honoured guest comfortable. With this object he got up a grand shooting match in his charming park, though it was known that Liszt did not possess in so high a degree the qualities of a good marksman as to be able to shoot the 'stars down from Heaven.'

"So much the greater, therefore, was the interest with which the numerous marksmen, assembled on the occasion, waited to see how the celebrated artist would manage, and whether the hand which was so sure on the keyboard of the pianoforte could play with equal certainty upon the trigger of a rifle.

"Of course Liszt was paid the compliment of having the first shot at the still virgin target. Taking the rifle in his hand, he recited somewhat pompously the lines from Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell': 'Never yet have I hit the bull's eye; never carried home the beautiful prize from the friendly trial of skill; but to-day I will make a magnificent shot, and outshine every one in the whole mountain district.'

"He put himself in position; but some of the marksmen present, with a critical eye, remarked that his attitude was far from the best he might have chosen; the ring of the rifle was heard, when lo and behold! a tremendous shower of fragments announced the success of his shot.

Surprised, delighted, and proudly conscious of victory, Liszt, with the whole company of marksmen, hurried up to the target to make sure of the fact. There could not be any doubt, Nimrod himself not having taken better aim. The ball had gone through the centre.

"Joy and astonishment were universal, especially the latter, in the minds of certain riflemen, for they asserted that when Liszt fired, a terrific shower of dust had ploughed up the ground before the target.

"However this might be, it was clearly established that Liszt had a right to be classed among the number of first-rate riflemen, and the praise showered on him from every quarter confirmed him in his opinion that he was as capable of great things as a marksman as he was as a pianist.

"But there was one person who grinned in a very peculiar manner, and did not entertain quite so favourable an opinion of Liszt's capabilities as a marksman as Liszt himself did. This was the prince's head-keeper. The prince had ordered him, previous to the match, to bore a hole as large as a bullet through the

centre of the target, enjoining on him, however, the strictest secrecy. Thus it followed that Liszt could not fail, even had he turned his rifle butt-end foremost. In carrying out the joke, the prince was actuated merely by kindly feelings. The object he had in view was completely attained; for Liszt, despite his never hitting the target again, regarded himself as a 'second Tell.'

### Liszt at Constantinople.

An enterprising journalist in 1847 gave an amusing description of Liszt's first visit to Constantinople. "The Sultan," he related, "informed of Liszt's approaching visit, gave particular orders that he should be conducted to the palace Tcherazan immediately he had put foot on Constantinopolitan ground. These orders were punctually obeyed. Hardly had he stepped from the steamboat when he found himself on the way to the Sultan's seraglio, accompanied by his majesty's chief interpreter, M. le Baron H. Resta. Liszt was received by the Sultan with great honour and favour. A grand *séte* was prepared. The Sultan, doubtless anxious to give him a savour of his musical taste, and to show him his band of instrumentalists and his singers, treated the pianist to a symphony and several choruses, for which he seemed deeply grateful, and bowed acknowledgments even until it pained him as to the back of his neck. Meanwhile, preparations of another kind were going forward, more honourable still to the great pianist. A grand pianoforte of Erard's was being got ready, and when the symphony had passed away, and the chorus had ceased roaring, Liszt was requested to oblige his majesty with a sample of his finger powers. Thereupon sat down Liszt, no wit put out of countenance by the suddenness of attack, and not at all frightened by having to essay his huge merits before the great musical autocrat of all the Turks. What he played was assuredly these three—no more—and very well. He played the *andante* from his *fantasia* on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the overture to *William Tell*, and something from *Norma*. The Sultan, after the first *morceau*, called out lustily, 'hookah!' meaning thereby his pipe, and puffed away like a puerile Etna during the remaining performances.

Liszt, conceiving his majesty was about to smoke him, became somewhat nervous, and played a flat instead of a natural in a rapid chromatic descending passage, which so delighted the Sultan that he was observed to close one eye with great significance, and puff away with more vehemence than ever. Liszt, not being used to the atmosphere of puffs, was highly pleased when his majesty told him he had heard quite enough for once, and invited him to pay him a second visit, and departed no less pleased with the condescension of the mighty potentate than he was inspired at his musical information—that is, for a Turcoman. On his second visit to the *serail* his majesty presented the pianist with a splendid snuff-box, surrounded with magnificent brilliants. Every body in Constantinople considered this a compliment."

### Liszt and the Freemasons.

A contributor to *l'Echo Artistique d'Alsace*, shortly after Liszt's death, said:

"The Freemasons assert that Liszt became freemason at Frankfort in 1841, and a Berlin lodge conferred on him the second degree. Since 1845 he was honorary member of the lodge *Modestia cum Libertate* at Zurich. The question to know is, if Liszt remained a Free-

mason after becoming a priest. The Free-masons are quite certain, and assert that in 1870 he was nominated master of the lodge *l'Union* at Buda Pesth."

### Liszt and Glinka.

The late M. Octave Fouque, in his biography of the celebrated Russian composer, gives an interesting reminiscence of Glinka's intimacy with Liszt :—

"The opera *William Tell*, when a novelty, was performed only sixteen times, Liszt said by way of consolation to Glinka, when the latter was deplored the fate of his *Rouslan and Ludmila*. This was during the second visit of the celebrated pianist to St. Petersburg. Glinka speaks of the effect produced by Liszt's visit in February, 1842—a visit which was a genuine event for amateurs and women of fashion. The composer of *Life for the Czar* appears especially to have appreciated Liszt's kindly disposition, promptitude at repartee, *brio*, quick and active intelligence, and prodigious facility. Considered as a virtuoso, Liszt struck him, despite his admirable talent, as 'full of exaggerations of all kinds.' With regard to Liszt as a composer, and incontestable poet whom people will some day admire, Glinka does not seem to have known him. The evening before Liszt's departure, there was an artists' supper at Coutousoff's Hotel."

Glinka in one of his letters, also reproduced by M. Fouque in his biography, wrote the following, which will be news to many admirers of the higher development of pianoforte playing :—

"Polloni was one of the most remarkable artists I ever met. To him and to no one else, it must be admitted, is due the inauguration of the system of modern virtuosity. By the way, Liszt, also, was of this opinion; one day that I was talking to him about it, he told me he had written an article to this effect, though I no longer remember where."

### Liszt on Fumagalli.

Previous to the visit to Paris in February, 1853, of the pianist composer, Fumagalli, Liszt wrote the following letter to Berlioz, which the latter inserted in the concert notices of the *Journal des Débats* :—

"You have never spoken to me about Fumagalli; he is, nevertheless, a compatriot of yours,\* and, after the arrangement he has made of an overture which has been sent to me, I take off my hat to him as a pianist of the first rank. I am very desirous to become acquainted with him. An artist of this sort who accomplished such a work evidently comes from above the ordinary line."

### Liszt and Lamartine.

A Paris correspondent in June, 1861, wrote :—

"The great lion pianist—parent and progenitor of all pianist lions and whelps that now prowl the two hemispheres—Franz Liszt himself, has been in Paris, and has been charming the retreat of another old lion—a lion of poetry and voluminous prose, a lion eke of politics—M. de Lamartine. For one entire evening the Hungarian pianist poured out the fulness of his great resources to delight the old republican poet and historian. It was a graceful act, and characteristic of Liszt."

### Liszt and Napoleon III.

A writer in Paris *Figaro*, who interviewed Liszt during his stay in Paris in March, 1886, says :—

\* Liszt meant in Art.

"The unkind word—egotism—has often been pronounced on Liszt, and it has even been said that he soon forgets, and that his gratitude is slight. There is an incident, however, to relate on this subject which does him justice—the courageous letter which he wrote on Napoleon III. in 1873, on the day after his death. Then, when all Europe fell furiously upon the corpse, the master did not fear to write that some day the hour of justice will come, when France will reclaim the coffin of Napoleon III. to place it next to that of Napoleon I. And he added these lines, which show the man he is :—'Amongst the beautiful traits of his character, there is to be acknowledged his persevering gratitude, delicate and ingenious, towards the persons who had done him some service. In all littleness and humility, I try to imitate him on this last point, and commencing by himself, in blessing his memory, in praying for him the God of Misericorde, who has made "the nations recoverable." I mentioned it to Liszt.'

"I am pleased to hear," he said to me, "that you have not forgotten this letter. It is one of the acts of my long life which I honour the most. I do not, at least, much deserve it. Because we other foreigners have not our conscience falsified by passions which blind your countrymen and which make them so often unjust to men and forgetful to their children."

Liszt was a frequent visitor to the Tuilleries during the early days of the Empire, and one evening, in 1861, a contemporary writer says :—

"The Empress asked for Chopin's *Funeral March*, the favourite piece of her deceased sister, the Duchess of Alba. Liszt acceded to the request, when Her Majesty's tears came thick and fast, and she left the apartment overcome by emotion. At this moment the Emperor observed incidentally, 'It seems to me sometimes that I have lived a hundred years.' Whereupon Liszt quickly rejoined, 'This does not astonish me, because *vous êtes le siècle!*' The Emperor forthwith decorated the smart pianist with the Cross of the Legion of Honour."

During the year 1861, the following incident is also recorded by a contemporary writer to have taken place at the Académie de France in Rome :—

"One evening, when Liszt had gone to one of the excellent dinners given at the Académie de France by M. Schnetz, its director, the French Ambassador, M. de Grammont, who was one of the party, begged Liszt to sit down at the piano. Liszt refused point-blank. The Ambassador, however, was not disconcerted. 'Monsieur Liszt,' he said, 'in the name of the Emperor, I ask you to take your place at the piano.' 'I bow at the name of the Emperor,' replied Liszt, 'and I obey.'"

### Liszt and Pope Pius IX.

It is well known that Liszt was a great favourite of Pope Pius IX., and a curious anecdote runs to the effect that one day the Pope drove to the monastery, which was the Abbé's temporary home, and begged him to play some music. What followed is told in the great virtuoso's own words :—"I played them to my complete satisfaction. Perhaps the sympathetic auditor inspired me; but, without praising myself, I can state that the Holy Father was profoundly moved, and that, when I had finished, he said a curious thing : 'Justice, my dear Palestrina, would be served by your music if one could always command it as now to bring hardened sinners to repentance. No one can resist it, I am sure; and the day is not far distant, in our age of humanitarian ideas, when like physical means will be used to reform the vicious.'"

The Roman correspondent of a Parisian paper is responsible for the following account of Liszt's relations with the Pope :—

"When Liszt became a priest, he first lodged at the Vatican, and after that at Monte Mario. Pius IX. very often accompanied him after his visits to the Vatican as far as outside the Porte Angelica, where he alighted to continue the journey on foot. One day, however, the Pope resolved to pay Liszt an unexpected visit, and drove to the monastery, which was Liszt's temporary home, and begged him to *improvise* to him. Liszt was agreeably surprised and touched at the attention shown to him. He also wished to return the compliment. Liszt knew that Pius IX., when he bore the uniform of the nobility-guards, was very fond of an operatic air, the prayer from Rossini's *Moïse*, which he played on the violoncello, and therefore improvised on it, much to the delight of the Pope."

"Liszt's apartment at the Vatican was next to that of Monsignor Mérède's. One day, the latter invited to *déjeuner* several Frenchmen, and said to them : 'Je vous ferai entendre Liszt.' But no Liszt appeared. 'Cependant, Monseigneur . . . Attendez, messieurs.' He then brought us into a deserted room, a sort of back kitchen, where there was a large chimney, 'Ecoutez, messieurs.' And truly, we heard quite distinctly through the chimney the sound of an organ placed above the room. It was Liszt Monsignor Mérède made us hear, like he promised."

The news of the divorce Bülow v. Bülow, in which Wagner figured as the co-respondent, created some sensation at the Vatican, and an enterprising journalist at the time asserted :—"The Pope was very vexed on being informed that the Abbé Franz Liszt not only allowed his daughter, Cosima, to renounce the Roman Catholic faith, for the purpose of being divorced from Herr Hans von Bülow, and of becoming the wife of Herr Richard Wagner, but was absolutely present at the marriage. During one of his walks, he exclaimed : 'That Liszt is really and truly thoroughly bad! Who would ever have believed it? Do you recollect my having the piano sent to Castelgandolfo, and, to amuse me, Liszt playing on it a polka, which was so gracefully danced by Borromeo and Pecci, the latter representing the lady!' The polka to which his Holiness alluded was the *Polka Tremblante*, danced with great success in the large hall of Castelgandolfo by Cardinal Borromeo, who had not then donned the purple, and Monsignor Pecci, at that period Papal Chamberlain.\* Liszt played such a rattling *finale*, and the two prelates twisted and turned with such tremendous rapidity, that it was at last almost impossible to distinguish one from the other."

### Liszt and the Painter.

A French authoress gives the following description of how Liszt was sketched unawares by the painter M. Layraud :—"It was at Rome. Liszt played in a *salon* one of his works with prodigious execution. Around the piano many of the listeners were in tears, and some even sobbed. When Liszt had finished, he was greatly applauded, and some cried *bis*. At this cry, Liszt, very pale, rose immediately, closed the lid of the piano with a bang, and with his arms crossed, and his head upright, he looked sternly at the culprit. It was in this position that the painter, M. Layraud, sketched him. The attitude was superb, and Liszt himself was of this opinion, because he even consented to renew it in the studio of the artist."

\* The present Pope, Leo XIII.

## Liszt and the Unemployed Mechanics.

In November, 1872, a writer on the staff of *Wiener Abendpost* hunted up Liszt in Pesth to request his assistance in getting up some concerts which the Imperial Government and the Municipality of the capital had arranged for the benefit of the suffering mechanics of Vienna :— “I found,” he says, “the illustrious man at the Stephen Hotel in Pesth. I was shown up to his room, on the third floor, and was surprised alike at the appearance of the apartment and the man. First, about the room : a very simple bedstead, a magnificent crucifix above it, a bureau, and those pianos (one of which, a so-called *pianina*, an American manufacture), a washstand, a small clothes-press, a few books and newspapers, stacks of music books, and you have the place where Liszt sojourned. As to himself, he looks leaner and drier than ever, but the clerical habit adds to the remarkable expression of his head, which Peter von Cornelius, years ago, said was one of the finest the Almighty had ever placed upon mortal shoulders. His voice is musical and seductive. ‘What had I come for?’ ‘On a mission of charity.’ ‘He was not rich, but would certainly give.’ ‘It is not money that I came for, but your co-operation,’ I said, ‘in a truly benevolent enterprise.’ He slightly knit his brow. I handed him my letter from the Burgomaster. Liszt’s face brightened up at once. ‘With pleasure, with pleasure,’ he said, motioning me to take a seat. ‘But,’ he added archly, ‘are you and your friends quite sure that I will still draw?’ ‘Like a magnet, as always,’ I replied enthusiastically. ‘A magnet by age,’ he retorted, ‘often-times loses its power.’”

“May I tell you, illustrious composer,” I ventured to say, “that the simile is not good? Liken yourself rather to generous wine, which gains in strength and value as it grows older.” “Ah! I see you can turn a compliment splendidly,” said the Abbé, laughing; “but your parallel is faulty. Don’t you know that old men’s fingers get stiff; and what is a pianist with stiff fingers?” This sally I also managed to parry, and I clinched everything by asking the Abbé to give me a written letter of acceptance. Here is what he wrote :

“PESTH, November 20, 1872.

HERR BURGOMASTER,—

“I will play for you every evening, as suggested, and I enclose fifty florins as my contribution to your laudable enterprise. May God bless it!”

FRANZ LISZT.

“But what shall I play at the concerts?” he then asked me. “What you choose, of course,” I answered. “But I play, nowadays, only compositions by Wagner, Schumann, and myself; he suggested, thoughtfully. “There are none more popular,” I replied. The answer made him laugh. “You do not know what the people in Paris think about that,” he said. “Still, it is my rule not to play anything else.” I bowed in silence, and received from him a fifty-florin note. As he opened his pocket-book I noticed that it contained two or three bills of the same denomination. Liszt really is not rich, but it is his rule to spend one-third of his income for charitable purposes. He asked who else would play at the proposed concerts. “When Liszt plays the piano at a concert,” I answered, “who else would dare to do so?”

“Excuse me,” he answered, laughing, “there you are certainly mistaken. One day I played the organ at Notre Dame in Paris. The organist, who did not know me, looked at me

in surprise; and, when I did not stop, said to me curtly: “Monsieur, are you aware that we do not allow any amateur to touch these keys?” Of course I stopped. The good man never found out who I was. “But the Viennese,” I said, “know and love you.” “Oh yes,” he rejoined, pleasantly, “they were the first to encourage me. Forty-three years ago I gave my first concert in Vienna. The applause I received did me a great deal of good in every respect. It gave me faith in my mission.”

“All this was said in so simple and good-natured a manner that I could not help admiring the great old man more and more. I departed, with thanks for his kindness, and Liszt dismissed me with these words: ‘I hope the charitable Viennese will fill the hall to overflowing every night of these concerts.’”

## Liszt and His Godson.

Joseph Servais, the violoncellist, who died at Hal, in Belgium, in September, 1885, was a godson of Liszt, and the eldest son of the still more distinguished player, of whom Rossini once said, “He was more than the cellist of kings, he was the king of cellists.” A Belgian critic says :—

“The presence of M. Servais, the young artist, at the Antwerp Festival in 1876, was marked by a rather amusing incident. One morning the Abbé Liszt attended mass at the church of the Notre Dame. M. Servais arriving from Brussels, and endeavouring to rejoin Liszt, had the happy idea to go to the church. It must be mentioned that M. Servais, like the Abbé Liszt, had very long hair, and there was a certain resemblance between the Belgian artist and the Hungarian maestro, so much that the beadle of Notre Dame, in noticing it, and seeing him at the same time looking out for somebody in the church, went up to him, and said: ‘Come this way, monsieur; I will conduct you to your papa. . . . He is in the choir.’ This incident created considerable merriment when it became known.”

## Liszt and His One-Armed Pupil.

A French writer in an article on Count Géza Zichy, the one-armed pianist, says :—

“It was the illustrious Liszt who decided on his (Zichy’s) vocation. He predicted that he would become a great pianist, like Chateaubriand predicted Victor Hugo would be a great poet. One day when Zichy played in Liszt’s room, the master discovering his future virtuosity, approached unawares and kissed him on the forehead, saying at the same time, ‘Tu n’auras pas de rival! Tu Marcellus es!’ Zichy became the Marcellus of the piano, thanks to the prodigious artist from whom he received during six years some admirable lessons.”

## Liszt and His Symphonic Poem “Prometheus.”

When Liszt’s symphonic poem *Prometheus* was produced at Vienna, he wrote previously as follows to the conductor, the late Herr Herbeck :—

“I place the direction of *Prometheus* with the fullest confidence entirely in your hands. You have already everywhere hit on the right thing, and, with your artists, have avoided ship-

wreck from the various difficulties of the dissonances introduced into the work and the pathetic style which in some places is absolutely necessary. I beg you, therefore, not to induce the concert directors to invite me, simply because I might not be in a position to answer with excuses. Do you, therefore, undertake the duty of unbinding Prometheus in Vienna; such a Herculean labour suits you well. There are, it is true, no mighty eagles to tear and rend the Titan’s liver, but there are a whole host of ravens and whimpering vermin instead.”

In a subsequent letter, Liszt also wrote :—

“Whether the *stomach* of the critics and the public will be able to digest the *liver* of my *Prometheus*, after it has been so lacerated by the vulture, or whether at the very first bars all will be lost, is something I cannot decide; still less, however, would I inflict on you aught superfluously disagreeable by the performance of my *tone-daub*, of which people spoke ill from the very first.”

## The Origin of the Orchestral Piece “Music from the Cradle to the Grave.”

When Liszt returned from Oldenburg to Vienna, in the early part of 1881, he discovered, lying on his writing-table, a huge music-case bearing on its outer covering a beautiful pen-and-ink drawing—a delicate attention paid him by his countryman, Michael von Zichy. The drawing was superscribed, “Music from the Cradle to the Grave.” On its left was represented a young mother singing her infant to sleep; on its right, a bier surrounded by mourners, with a group of mourning choristers in the background. In the centre appeared enthroned the Genius of Music, around whom a chorus of angels were arrayed. On the day before his departure Liszt called at the Hotel Erzherzog Karl to thank his friend for the valuable present, handing him, at the same time, a letter he had prepared for the eventuality of Zichy’s being absent from home. The letter, written in French, ran thus :—

“Renowned Painter,—You have made me a grand present. Your drawing, ‘Music from the Cradle to the Grave,’ is a wondrous symphony. I shall attempt to transcribe it in music, and I will then dedicate the work to you. In friendly devotion, Franz Liszt.”

In a subsequent conversation with Zichy, the great musician declared that he was perfectly serious in regard to this symphony, and that he would ere long take it in hand as his next orchestral work. “I have already planned it in my head,” he said; “your drawing has inspired me.”

The account of “Music from the Cradle to the Grave” brings these notes and extracts from “Some little known incidents in the life of Franz Liszt” to a conclusion. Though very few readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC have ever seen the greatest pianist of this century in the flesh, or heard him play, many no doubt have been enchanted by the charm that attracted around him so many admirers in days gone by and such faithful friends and pupils.



## Hector Berlioz and Charles Hallé.

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**T**is certainly a strange coincidence in musical history that while Sir Charles Hallé should figure in England as one of the earliest champions of Berlioz, the great French composer nearly half a century before rendered the same service to the celebrated pianist during his early sojourn in France. Berlioz did everything in his power as musical critic of the *Journal des Débats* to explain to the Parisians the marvellous abilities of the pianist who was then residing amongst them, and Sir Charles with his conductor's baton, after the death of his friend, has worthily paid his tribute to the memory of the composer of *Le Damnation de Faust*. Since the production of that masterpiece by Sir Charles Hallé's Manchester choir and orchestra at St. James's Hall, there have been rivals without end all over the United Kingdom of Berlioz's almost forgotten instrumental and choral works, and now his name is one of the most cherished in the little world of music.

Sir Charles Hallé first arrived in Paris in the latter part of 1836, and remained there twelve years. One of the earliest notices of Sir Charles, written by Berlioz, appears in a letter addressed to Liszt on August 6, 1839. The great French composer one afternoon met the violinist Batta on the Boulevards, and after gossiping for some time on general musical topics, Berlioz was asked to call at Sir Charles Hallé's Parisian apartments to "drink and have some music." This is Berlioz's description of his new friend :—

"M. Hallé is a young German pianist, who is tall and thin and has long hair, who plays the piano magnificently, and who divines music before he has read it—in other words, he resembles you. At his house I met his fellow-countryman, M. Heller. Real talent, vast musical intelligence, rapid conception, great facility of execution—such are the qualifications as composer and pianist with which he is credited by all those who know him well, and I am one of the number. Hallé and Batta played sonata in B flat by Felix Mendelssohn. The masterly construction and firm style of this composition were generally admired. 'It is the work of a great master,' said Heller. We echoed the sentiment in beer. Then followed Beethoven's sonata in A major, and the first movement drew from the audience exclamations, oaths, and expressions of enthusiasm; the *minuet* and *finale* served to redouble our musical exaltation, all the more so as champagne was then going round."

That Berlioz always retained a high opinion of the abilities of the celebrated pianist is shown by the frequency Sir Charles, or rather, then, "M. Hallé's" name appeared in the concert notices of the *Journal des Débats*. One of the most interesting was published in that paper on April 13, 1842 :—

"M. Hallé, one of the first pianists of this epoch when every one plays the piano, made himself heard in the salon of M. Erard. He performed, first, with Alard and the excellent violoncellist, Franco Méndes, a trio of Mendelssohn, of which the *andante* and *scherzo* especially seemed to me admirable. Hallé renders this class of music with the precision and command over his instrument that one can really demand from a pianist, and also with a sentiment of

style suitable for each composer, and an intelligence of the relative importance of the traits, phrases, and the different harmonies which the composers rarely find in those who perform their works. He also played the beautiful *Caprice Symphonique* of Heller, and several grand compositions of Liszt, which permitted him to show his talent in a variety of styles Hallé proposes to give soon, with Franco Méndes, some matinées of classical music, and the principal feature will be the masterpieces of Beethoven and Mozart."

The Queen of England visited Paris in the autumn of 1844, and Sir Charles Hallé was invited to play at a concert given in her honour. Berlioz records in the *Journal des Débats* on September 17 :—

"I have again some musical news. The freshest of all has arrived from the Château d'Eu. The concert offered to Queen Victoria was excellent. . . . Hallé seated himself at the piano, and astonished his illustrious audience by the marvellous spirit of his playing, so full of science and inspiration."

The following, inserted on April 3, 1845, is interesting as showing the supreme contempt Berlioz had for the virtuoso composer. It seems that Sir Charles Hallé fifty years ago had not as yet made any "attempts" at composition, and if he had, he must have kept them in the background :—

"There is a great discussion again about Hallé, the pianist, who does not compose but who knows how to interpret the masters, especially Beethoven, in a really grand and masterly manner. Hallé will play next Sunday at the Conservatoire the magnificent Concerto in E flat of Beethoven, which is rarely heard in Paris. One can predict a great success for the work and the virtuoso."

There are enough notices and paragraphs on Sir Charles Hallé's playing, contributed by Berlioz to the *Journal des Débats*, to fill a small volume, but what has been quoted will be sufficient to show the admiration the composer of *Le Damnation de Faust* had for the celebrated pianist, who is now a naturalized Englishman and knight. Sir Charles's brilliant career in Paris was suddenly interrupted by the Revolution of 1848, but there are still in the land of the living many old Parisians who remember the young and tall German pianist in King Louis Philippe's time.

beautiful things hide Bach, Mozart, and Purcell at the present day. There will come a time, either the blackness of a glacial night, or the full splendour of a time in which our Art shall seem as the bungling of children, when all these men shall be permanently forgotten and no more discussed. But before then some forward spirits will arise, indignant with the dulness of those about them, and declare the forgotten works to be lively, and revive them, and the people shall hear, and if the period be late enough for all disagreeable associations to be unremembered, once more the forgotten works will be commonly placed on programmes and termed popular.

That the present period is not remote enough from Bach's time for all the disagreeable associations that cling to the *Christmas Oratorio* to have died, seems to me true enough. The late contrapuntal, Sir George Macfarren, looked to this very work to make the name of Bach popular in every English household (as though the bourgeois household of to-day could possibly appreciate Bach!). "It not only," he said, "contains the joyous element which is entirely absent from the other (the *Matthew Passion*), but also possesses far greater variety and contrast." Alas for the "joyous element"! alas, also, for the "variety and contrast"! Joyous element, and variety and contrast are indeed all there, but thickly overlaid with an element that is of all things most distasteful to art-loving people of this day. That element is the Methodist local preacher. It is, so to speak, in terms of this element that the joy is expressed; the variety and contrast are largely the variety and contrast of different kinds of local preacher. Of the New Testament story as set by Bach there is not a sentence, scarce a word, that has not its dozen or more allegorical or parabolical interpretations, set forth in the dreariest of reflective passages. To those of us who have not made Bach's acquaintance beforehand, it is nothing that these reflective passages are set to perfect music—their presence is a continued nerve-irritation, so exasperating that a long study of the oratorio is impossible to any one who is not led on by a certain foreknowledge of beauties that may be revealed. There can be no doubt the intellectual Bach, like most serious men of his locality and day, was very fond indeed of pietistic reflections. A core of words was necessary to every oratorio; and he thought it for the honour of God and the spiritual welfare of his countrymen that the core should be made from the leavings of the Sunday pulpit. But the emotional Bach—a thousand times greater and grander fellow than the intellectual Bach, though the latter, as is generally the case, probably did not believe it—did not care twopence for pietism and allegories—cared only to wreath round his core with flowers of song that expressed, if only he knew, all that was finest in him.

Persons of somewhat stunted intellect have written much about the perfect adaptation of Bach's music to the words, and especially in the recitatives. Sometimes I have gone to the other extreme, and said that if a Chinese edition of the *Christmas Oratorio* were possible, the English people, resigning themselves reluctantly to the unintelligibility of the words, would concentrate themselves upon the music, and, in the absence of the repellent element, quickly learn to love it. But a better plan is to look upon the work as the utterance of a man who plays a part in a drama. Regard eighteenth-century Leipzig as a stage, Bach and the rest of the bewigged old burghers, as the *dramatis personæ*, accept the fads in Bach as you do the tight pantaloons and generous posterior proportions of Mr. Pickwick, and then, without

## Bach's Christmas Oratorio.

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I.

**A**LL human things grow out of fashion, out of date, and some at first for a time only, and some at once for ever, but all, sooner or later, for ever. It is a mere truism that the great achievements in literature, music, drama, and painting that we inherit have passed through their period of neglect. The period is a filter vouchsafed to us by a merciful Providence to separate the beautiful from the ugly. The first runs through shining and pellucid; the other muddy stuff is retained, and lost "in the dark backwood and abyss of time." The finest work of more recent times—of last century and this—is undergoing, or must undergo, this filtration. Depend upon it posterity shall see the *Messiah*, *Belshazzar*, Beethoven's symphonies, Wagner's music-dramas, pushed into the background by less or equally beautiful things, just as less or equally

prejudice, hearken to what he says, and though strange the dialect, more curious still the images and phraseology he uses, seize upon what is human and beautiful—do thus and you may come to understand Bach. To those who wish to understand him the following criticism may prove interesting, perhaps useful.

Of the first performance of the *Christmas Oratorio* no record, not even a false one, has come down to us. Nearly every other great achievement in music, from Palestrina's Masses, which indirectly made an epoch, to Wagner's *Ring*, which directly made Bayreuth, has its first-night history, in which truth is hopelessly clogged with masses of myth. Bach's setting of the Christmas story was written in 1734; Handel's seven years later. The *Messiah* commanded attention from the first. The Dublin newspapers were full of paragraphs. Now it was that he had landed; now that the celebrated soprano, Signora So-and-so, had landed; now it was the celebrated basso, Signor Dash; but, whoever was talked about, it was all to the honour and glory of the great Mr. Handel. And when the work was produced, great lords and ladies attended to admire the genius of the great Mr. Handel. The great Mr. Handel had been only a few years dead when the anecdote-monger went to work. The market was flooded with tales, chiefly legendary, of an unsuccessful performance in London before the successful Dublin one; of rehearsals at seaport inns, when the great Mr. Handel was *en route* for Dublin. The *Messiah* had a narrow escape from getting into Parliament; it helped to make the composer's fortune, and to endow the Foundling Hospital; and to this day a Mr. Crowest makes a handsome thing by telling and retelling the ancient legends. But the *Christmas Oratorio* made no one's fortune, endowed no hospitals, and no modern anecdote-monger finds bread-and-butter in it. Think of it—so small a personage was the Leipzig Kapellmeister, so devoid of significance anything he did, that it absolutely was not worth the while of the anecdote-monger to lie or repeat lies about him. We can scarcely be sure that the *Christmas Oratorio* ever was performed. (Indeed, how little should we know of Bach but for his connection with sundry well-meaning or ill-meaning Leipzig parsons, whose names are now all but forgotten!) There is no first-night triumph to tell of. But of this we may be sure: that there was no first-night triumph at all; that whether the *Christmas Oratorio* was performed or left unperformed was much the same to the honest or dishonest Leipzig burghers; that if it was performed, probably only one man in the church suspected its greatness, though some of that one man's pupils may have admired its ingenious counterpoint. In all certainty we may infer that Bach knew the result beforehand, and thereby learn something of the splendour of his character, the fiery intensity of his energy. Here is a work, written in an atmosphere of chilling indifference, with its immediate fate large and vividly before the composer's eyes, and a righteous judgment dim, uncertain, and at best far off; yet every bar speaks the rejoicing of a multitude, every phrase comes confidently forward as though saying, "I shall sing in the heart of great humanity," until one feels that every Leipzig pulse had beat in Bach's veins when he wrote—as it indeed did, however anxious Leipzig might be to repudiate the connection. Bach was greater than Leipzig, and could feel with Leipzig, however incapable Leipzig might be of feeling with him. But it was only rarely that he expressed himself so frankly as here. Oftenest he is the most personal of musicians. In the *Matthew Passion* he speaks in a language which he could scarcely hope would ever be

"understood of the people." At times he appeals to them in the language of the chorale (though his delicate treatment of it leads one to doubt whether, after all, he did not use it because through its associative power his own feelings found an opening, rather than to stir the feelings of the people). But in the *Christmas Oratorio* he is curiously impersonal—curiously because (it seems like a paradox) he was never more personal than when he thus subordinated his personality to that of others. Only Bach could have done it; and he was never more Bach than when he was his neighbours also. (This paradox, rightly understood, is true of all men and to this day—we shall become a race of giants when we can each live the lives and share the joys and sorrows of all our kind.) In the *Christmas Oratorio*, as fully as in the *Passion*, Bach is Bach, though with a difference. And an appreciation of that difference is a sure guide to the understanding of the former work, as well as to a right manner of performance. It is lost labour to get up early and look here for the narrow, though intense emotion of the *Passion*. There we have the personal note of grief. Here the rejoicing of the whole human race, over the coming of a deliverer. The *Passion* I could never accept as devotional music, which the *Christmas Oratorio* unmistakably is. We must approach it as an ideal Leipzig citizen might have approached it at Christmas, 1734—prepared to take part in it, to hear in it not the emotional experience of one man, but of all men, even though it ran through one man as a channel to us.

The *Christmas Oratorio* was not intended to be sung, so to speak, at a sitting. It is divided into six portions:—

(1) *That intended for performance on December 25*, and built from the following New Testament words, with (to the Leipzig mind) appropriate reflective passages:—"Now it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Cesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. And all went up to enroll themselves, every one to his own city. And there also went up Joseph from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the city of David which is called Bethlehem, for he was of the house and family of David, to enroll himself, with Mary his betrothed wife, being great with child. And when they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered." This forms one recitative, and later we have another: "And she brought forth her first-born Son, and she wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

(2) *That for December 26*. These are the Biblical words:—"And there were shepherds in the same country, abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo! an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid." "And the angel said to them, Be not afraid; behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For to-day is born to you in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." "And this is the sign to you. Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger." "And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the Highest, and peace on the earth unto men in whom He is well pleased." Between the separate "texts" reflective passages are shoved in, and my inverted commas show where the divisions occur.

(3) *That for December 27*. "And when the angels were gone from them unto heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us even now go to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us." "And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. And having seen it, they made known abroad concerning the saying which had been spoken unto them about the Child. And all that heard it wondered at the things which had been spoken unto them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." "And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things which they had heard and seen, even as it was told unto them."

(4) *The Part for New Year's Day*. "And when

eight days were fulfilled for the circumcising of the child, His name was called Jesus, which was so called of the angel before He was conceived in the womb."

(5) *That for the Sunday after New Year's Day* Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is the new-born King of the Jews?" "And when Herod the King heard it, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." "And gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he enquired of them where the Christ should be born; and they said to him, in Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, for thus it is written by the Prophet: And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art in no wise the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come forth a leader that shall be Shepherd of My people Israel."

(6) *That for the Feast of the Epiphany*. "Then Herod called the wise men privily, and learned of them exactly what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go your way, and enquire exactly for the young child, and when ye have found Him, bring me word, that I may come and worship Him also." "And they, when they had heard the King, went their way. And lo! the star which they had seen in the east went before them, until it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced exceedingly, and coming into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother; and falling down, they worshipped Him, and having opened their treasures, they offered Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh." "And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed by another way to their own land."

The reader may skip the above if he so please: if he be wise he will read it with all attention, and compare it with the story of the Nativity as told in the *Messiah*, and the other Gospels. It is absolutely all the narrative that Bach vouchsafes to us, and in the fourth part it consists of thirty-one words. Bach's intention would seem to have been to get over it as quickly as possible, and, so to speak, to keep it in the background of his picture. The whole may be recited—I say this at a venture, for I have never tried—in about twenty minutes; whereas, each of the six parts of the oratorio cannot occupy less than three-quarters of an hour. It is left to a cheerless, uninviting personage called the Evangelist; and though Bach never could be dull, it must be admitted that this gentleman's recitative descends as nearly as may be to the Ebenezer or little Bethel. Bach is the perfect artist; save Milton, I know none other who handles masses with consummate mastery and yet stays to put the last finish to the chiselling of the smallest detail. Yet in this narrative even Bach seems careless. In the second part the Evangelist introduces the Angel, who sings, "Be not afraid; behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people. For to-day is born to you in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Here the local preacher becomes impatient, and cuts in upon the Angel with sundry moral reflections.

These past, we naturally hope to hear the Angel finish his speech. But no: Bach has forgotten all about him; it is the Evangelist continues, "And this is the sign to you." The Angel is shelved. This indifference to the treatment of the narrative is significant. It is absolute proof that Bach did not wish his hearers to be interested in the dramatic action, that he did wish to partners—in will if not in deed—in the performance of the oratorio, that he wished on that account to indulge them in the reflections that were dearest and sweetest to them. It was indeed Bach spoke to them, but only as their mouthpiece. If further proof be asked, see how small a portion of the story he has used, how he has studiously omitted many things that, with any other intention, would have been included. The mystery of the Annunciation and Coming of Christ, the Shadow of the Cross, the Slaughter of the Innocents, and many other points which would occur

vividly to the eighteenth-century theologic mind—as Bach's was—these are left untouched. The Scripture narrative, important as it was to the intellectual, theologic Bach, to the emotional, artistic Bach, is merely an excuse for singing jubilant songs and choruses, and the emotional, artistic Bach carries the day. He takes the dry bones of theology and sets them to music in such wise that they become the triumphant song of old-world Leipzig; and though Leipzig knew it not, we may sing with him and them today. Bach wished to join hands with his kind and sing a hymn of joy; the *Christmas Oratorio* is his version of the Finale to Church Symphony.

(To be continued.)

## The Wanderings of Bill, and 'im, and me, sir.

### CHAPTER I.

LONDON had been wrapped in its extra special thick quality of fogs for some days, and existence was fast becoming an unendurable nuisance. Fog got into your eyes and made them smart, into your nose and made you sneeze, down your throat and choked you, into your food and your mouth as you eat, until your stomach revolted. You trembled to think of your gas and coal bill; for only by lighting up brilliantly could you see across your study, only by a huge fire could you prevent drops condensing on your person. If you had to go anywhere, and were fool enough to try, you had to grope with arms outstretched, and every two or three minutes you would embrace a horse that was wandering disconsolately on the pavement, or a respectable old lady, who would ask—at Blackfriars—if this was Victoria; or affectionately hug, as though he were your dearest friend, the burly form of a policeman, who would ask you to state reasons why you should not immediately be walked to the police-station. If you ultimately reached the place where you wanted to be, and it happened to be a concert, you either found it put off or had the pleasure of hearing some one play or sing, it seemed from some enormous difference; and as you couldn't see any one, it was impossible to decide whether the performers were in the hall or on the roof.

After some few adventures of the sort I determined to stay indoors. But, as has been said, that was asked outside. Reading, with sore eyes, and sore throat, and eternal sneezing fits, was impossible. Writing was more impossible. So, after a couple of days, my next decision was to take train to some distant sea-town which didn't have that priceless heritage, the fog, of its very own, if Providence would only watch over me until I found a railway-station from which trains were running. On learning that they were starting as usual from Charing Cross, and took little longer than usual to reach their destination, I determined to visit Dover. My wife refused point-blank to stir from home, especially as I was going by the London, Chatham and Dover line. "Why," she said,—and the words often came back to me afterwards,—"seeing how they go in fine weather, I shouldn't be surprised if it takes them ten thousand years in this fog!" There was no help for it. I had to work, and couldn't work

at home, so I must go; and as Mrs. John Smith would not go with me, it was necessary to go alone. Packing a few clothes, ink, pens, paper, and other indispensables to the literary man, I went off, ultimately found the station, took a seat in the train; and after a wait not much longer than the usual one, we steamed out of the station in what may be described as a dignified manner.

That we stopped many times need not be said. We were always stopping. It was possible to read for only a short time by the dim, fluttering light, and the effort to do so made drowsy. I had tipped the guard, and he came to the window, saying, "Excuse me, sir, but you may not have anything, and—" and his silence was eloquent. I took the proffered bottle and drank, and thanked him, and he went forward to console the driver similarly. The spirit made drowsier than ever. I began to nod. Each stop and start of the train woke me; but when at last we ran into a veritable bank of fog, and stayed there, these interruptions ceased, and I must have gone soundly off.

### CHAPTER II.

IT cannot be gainsaid that I was difficult to wake; but then the means they took were not precisely of the customary sort, and seemed, indeed, rather to give me the impression that cats were fighting in the middle of the night than that it was time to get up. Had they shouted, "Hot water, sir," "Breakfast's getting cold," or "The printer's boy with proofs," I might have tumbled off the carriage seat. But, instead, they sang scales and arpeggios, and performed on a curious instrument they carried. And what funny beings they seemed! They looked like apes, covered as they were with thick fur; but what were those curious things hanging from the sides of their heads to the ground? At last I began to pull myself together. But I was stiff—stiffer than it had been my lot to feel before—and cold to the marrow of my bones. The air was decidedly a nipping and an eager one. It nearly bit my tongue off as I drew in a deep breath and yawned. Finally, I managed to stagger upon my legs, only to tumble in the bottom of the carriage. The queer-looking people, with strange wails and squeaks, seemingly of compassion, hurried to pick me up. Then they wrapped me in some sort of blankets, and administered a sweet liquor, which warmed me, and although not spirituous, made me think vaguely and dreamily of that guard. In a comfortable state I was laid on the seat until, seemingly, some sort of conveyance was procured. Into that I was gently hoisted. The movement aroused me, and looking round with no great interest, I saw the face of my friend the guard, and a grimy one which I took to belong to the driver. The figures attached to the faces were still, the faces themselves sleepy and contented, and I took it that driver and guard were in blissful slumber. Too lazy to ask, or even think any questions, I closed my eyes, and once more oblivion overtook me.

The next time I awoke, the guard and driver—it was undoubtedly the driver—were standing by me. I looked at them and grinned, and then said, "Well, guard?"

"For God's sake," he said, huskily, "don't guard me, sir; call me Bill, sir; for we're far from 'ome, and Lord only knows whether we'll ever git back."

There was a terror expressed in his tones that brought my heart into my mouth, and up I jumped. The driver was silently weeping. Behind the two stood one of the funny-looking creatures I had previously seen, and it rather horrified me to see that, though a man in many

respects, its eyes were no larger than beads, and that those long appendages that trailed from the sides of its head were great flaps of ears. In the stupid way that one does many things when dazed, I looked around and saw we were in a handsome apartment—a drawing-room, seemingly. It struck me even then as curious that there were no pictures on the walls, but a large number of little machines resembling clocks. A piano—or something resembling a piano—stood at one end of the room, and near it an organ was built into the wall. After noting these things in an idiotic way, I turned to the guard again, with, I presume, a certain fraction of intelligence in my countenance.

"E says it's ten thousand years since we started from Charing Cross, sir," was his reply; and at the words the driver burst into further tears.

"That I should see the day," he ejaculated, between convulsive sobs. "Many's the time we've a long trip of it—but ten thousand years,"—and tears drowned his utterance.

I understood him: he wept to think he would be marked as the slowest driver on the line. My first care was to calm, so I pointed out that by this time the London, Chatham and Dover, and indeed all railways, must be things of the past.

"No," he cried, "maybe the other ones; but not ours, sir. I knows 'em, sir. I served them two-and-twenty years, and I'll bet that they'll go in the old way ten thousan' years—ay, three times ten thousan'—after the other railways is improved off the earth. But that I should see the day," he resumed, "that it's took me ten thousan' years, and not get to Dover!"

It was useless pointing out to the man, that the very fact that he had taken so long might make him famous, for such a record was never dreamed of, not even from the L. C. & D. railway: he was prostrate with grief.

So I turned to the guard, and asked—and a ray of hope shot through me as I spoke—how he knew we had been ten thousand years on the journey.

"This—this—well. I s'pose I must call 'im gen'l'm'n—tells me so," he said hopelessly.

"Yes," said the strange being, speaking my tongue as clearly as I did, but with a curious sing-song, and he bowed with profuse politeness; "we know, sir, by your speech that you belong to the great scientific period just before the earthquake."

"Earthquake?" I ejaculated.

"We was dug out of the earthquake," said the guard.

"Not exactly," said the thing which, like the guard, I must call a gentleman, our host; "but you had evidently been overwhelmed by some of the great buildings that the earthquake overthrew."

"But we were in mid-country," I said.

"Nay," responded our host; "you were at the spot anciently called Charing Cross."

"Nonsense!" I said petulantly; "we had been started from Charing Cross several hours, and we got stuck in a fog, and when I went to sleep we were dead stopped. Wasn't that so, guard?"

"Yes, sir," he responded; "but for goodness sake call me Bill, sir."

Our host had been meditating. Presently he looked up, and said,—

"I have it. Of course we have no science now, and find it very difficult to make calculations. But my theory is that you were going so slow that the world, which turned on its axis in those days, overtook you, carried Charing Cross station against you, and the collision caused that earthquake which destroyed Europe, and put the sun out."

"The sun out!"

"Well, of course, not quite out, but nearly—see," and he drew a curtain, and well above my head in the blackness of the sky I could see a dark, red-hot ball.

There was a long pause before I said,—

"Bill, let me lean on your arm. I feel a bit giddy. And can you, sir, tell me how the sun was put out?"

"That's the way I felt, sir," interrupted the guard.

"Well, as I've said, in these days we have little science—everything is entered in the books, and a discoverer can only find out what others have found out before him. But my theory is that in the great earthquake a certain publishing house fell. It contained thousands of copies of a certain musical doctor's oratorios, and as the house was situated on the banks of a river, which ran just over where we now stand, and called the Thames, these heavy works fell in with a prodigious splash, which rose to the sun and put it out."

And he looked at me with triumph and pride of intellect in those dim, watery, beady eyes of his, until I could have laughed, but for a feeling of ache which began to overcome my heart. The Thames was gone: where were my wife and children, my friends, the familiar streets trod?

"One more question," I said. "How many people were found in the train besides us three?"

"None," said our host. "There were many bones, but no flesh. We were removing what we have always called, in our language, the Charing Hill, when we came across your curious wagons. I, being known as an antiquary, was sent for to determine the period. Then you were found, and I intended to have you sent to my house to be preserved in spirits of wine, when you sneezed. At first our people were alarmed and flew away, but I called them back and had you brought here—"

"Not to be preserved, I hope?"

"To live here and enjoy life as well as you can," he said, courteously.

"To what do you attribute our preservation?"

"We are no scientists," he repeated; "but my belief is that you three must have drunk some wonderful liquid before Charing Cross station overtook and collided with you."

I looked at the guard, and he at me; and there was a sickness in his eye.

"Yes," I said; "if only we hadn't, Bill, we might have been dead this hour."

"I wish we was!" he said.

Presently I asked for something to eat, and our host emitted a shrill cry. He was answered in similar fashion, and then some of his kind, who, however, I somehow guessed were females, brought in strange food and drink. We ate and drank, and then, feeling sleepy, dozed off without saying a word.

### CHAPTER III.

IT was curious, on waking, to find the light exactly the same. I looked to see where it came from, but it was impossible to find out: it seemed to fill the room as the atmosphere does. I went to the window to look out, and the same light made the ground visible for miles, but overhead the sky was as black as ever, and—horror! there was the grimy red sun in exactly the same place as before. Then I recollect what our host had said—"the earth turned on its axis in those days"; and I gathered it no longer did so.

My energies were renewed, so I went back and roused Bill and the driver.

"Bill," I said, "we must face life here; it will be strange, and it's hard to begin again in a new world at our age; but we'll make the best of it, and the people are evidently friendly. Come,

driver, I said, cheer up! there are neither railways nor railway men to chaff you here."

Our host had heard us. Entering, he bade us good-morning, signalled in the same way for food, and waited while we ate.

"Won't you eat with us?" I inquired.

"No," he said; "I only eat once a—well, really what you would call a month."

I looked at him. "And sleep?" I said.

"About twelve hours a month we find agreeable, but then we have an electric bath every—what you would call day, but it is, I suspect, longer than your day. But on that point there have been furious discussions."

"My dear sir," he answered, "if you had my organs, and inherited, as I do, the power of enjoying these things, you would not talk as you do. Wait and learn."

We set off homeward, and in coming through one of those strange woods, the trees whereof grew straight as a scaffold-pole, with the branches at right-angles—I learnt they, too, were grown by electricity—I was astonished to hear this phrase—



answered by—



"Confound these young spoony people!" he said.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Two young lovers," he answered. "You don't know, of course, that no spoken language is used here, except by those who, like myself, have studied the books of the dead. Our ears become so acute, and our emotional natures so outran our intellectual powers in development, that more pitch and quality of tone was needed. Of course quarter tones and eighths came in, and are constantly used, and smaller ones too by our great poets."

"How do you poets write?"

"No one writes. We use a perfected form of a machine invented in the great scientific age by Edison—it is called a phonograph."

"And can all your people sing?"

"Sometimes a man, but rarely a woman is deformed, and then they use their music-tubes, which all carry in case of sore throats."

On reaching home we wanted more food, to the intense amusement of the young ladies who brought it in. Bearing in mind what our host had said, I now observed them closely, and certainly nothing more disgusting could be conceived by me. The ears were long, the eyes nil, and the face, though white, nearly shapeless. They, too, were covered with fur, which they dyed various colours.

After we had eaten, we asked for music, and they sang and played to us. Wagner, Beethoven, even Bach they knew and admired, but considered them elementary and childish. Their piano held a keyboard somewhat after the Janko pattern, and was stocked with quarter and eighth tones. Their voices were of a beautiful quality, but for the life of me I couldn't understand the finest songs they sang; it was to me like the wailing of cats imitated by a great singer. But the wailing was no accidental scream; they could sing our diatonic scale as well as their own, though they considered ours elementary.

After the ladies had performed and then gone away, I asked our host what the difference was between his poetry and music.

"None," he replied, "save that in poetry

reference is occasionally made to a subject; whereas in music, if such a reference is occasionally made, it is not considered."

But I couldn't help thinking the result would be funny, if in the middle of a sublime poem a certain distinct series of tones said (for instance), "Get your dirty face washed!" But these things don't occur in our language, nor, I suppose, in theirs; for they know what they're about.

### CHAPTER IV.

We slept again, rose, eat, and so forth, for many days, each more miserable than the last. Our host endeavoured to make us comfortable; but how could he? Few things interested us, and those few in a sorrowful way. A newspaper, all brown with age, bore a date that was as the day before yesterday, and contained notices of incidents that we saw happen. We were without hope or fear, and no tale could be real, or pulse with life ever for us again. We were buried in a living tomb with monsters. Their love of music was nothing. The fact that the names of the races were the Beethovens, the Wagners, the Mozarts, and so on, was nothing. And at length an incident occurred which caused us to make up our minds that life was nothing.

A young Wagnerite woman had several times inclined favourably to Bill, and at last it became unmistakable that she was in love with him. I mentioned the matter to our host, thinking he would stop it. But he only remarked that he hoped such favour would soothe Bill's temper, and make him more sociable. Bill himself tolerated the thing as long as he could, but one day he came and said he could stand it no longer; and as he knew she would kill him if he refused to have her, he was going off—he didn't know where, and he didn't care if he did.

"Bill," I said, "I've been thinking that all this may be some horrid illusion. Several nights I've dreamed that far away over there lies a mountain with a peak like a whisky bottle. On going round I found an iron door, which I opened, went through, and was once more in the streets of London. Let us try it."

"All right, sir; you and 'im and me, sir, NOW!"

We stole away past our neighbours' houses, past the great factory whence streams of electricity were shot out to guide the earth on its course through space, past the strange woods and the stranger waters, until at length we came to a vast plain where the light ceased. On we went, miles and miles and miles, until once more the light came on—and, joy of joys! not the old light, but common daylight. We looked up, and there was the sun; and there, straight before us, the mountain I had dreamed of. Hungry, tired, and sleepy though we were, we hurried on, went round the base to the right, and actually, unbelievably, came to the iron door.

After a wait to gather breath, we pushed. But it would not open. We tried and tried many times, but all to no purpose. I looked at the faces of Bill and 'im, and saw as in an iceberg the despair on my own face.

"It's no good, sir," said Bill. "And we can't go over the top of that sheer wall;" and looking I saw a wall stretch to the right and the left for many miles, and quite a hundred yards high.

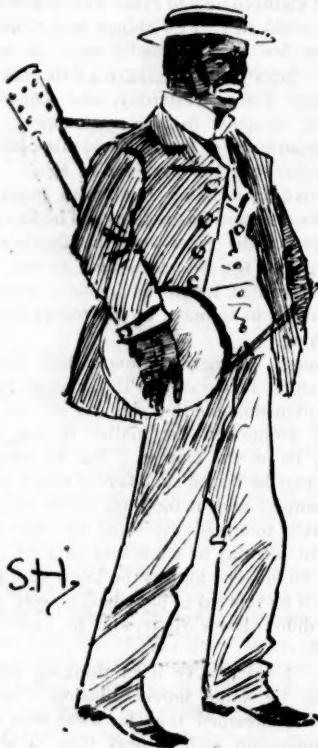
"No," I said, cheerfully; "let us sit down. If we die, we die, and that's no worse than life where we've been."

"No," said Bill and 'im in clear, ringing tones, and we sat down at the iron door to wait.

[The manuscript terminates abruptly here.—ED.]

## How I learnt the Banjo.

**W**HAT made me take up the banjo?" Well, the first time I heard it played I fell in love with it. This doesn't say much for my musical taste, I suppose; but I'm afraid that was never of a very high order. At any rate, the ping-pang of



the banjo pleased me. There was something rollicking about it which was suited to my nature, and which raised in my mind visions of merriment and fun.

"Here," thought I, "is an instrument on which one could play one's favourite music without fear of derision or rebuke."

I played the piano a little—a very little—but whenever my fingers "wandered over the noisy keys," the keys became more noisy than ever, and the latest plantation song, or a snatch from a popular comic opera, was the inevitable result of the wanderings.

"Why don't you play something good, something more refined?" people would say to me, running through a string of composers with impossible names, whom I knew little of, and cared for less.

Now no one would expect classical music from a banjo, neither could folks complain if, when they asked me to play upon it, I indulged in pieces of my own particular fancy. So I made up my mind henceforth to leave the "ivories" to more skilful fingers, and to turn my attention to the humble instrument of the Ethiopian.

The individual whose performances on the banjo first attracted my attention was not a man whose acquaintance one would greatly desire to cultivate, but I resolved to interview him with the object of extracting what information I could respecting his instrument and the way to play it. I accosted him as he walked homewards, with his banjo slung at his side, and the proceeds of his morning's entertainment jingling in his pocket.

When I explained what I wanted, his lips—

those lips which a negro minstrel knows so well how to make the most of—relaxed, and his mouth broadened into an expressive smile.

"Lord bless yer, sir," he said—he was no longer Sambo, but a thoroughbred Cockney—"I knows nothink wotiver about moosik. People pys me to mike 'em lorf, and I does it. Has for this 'ere binstrument, a pal o' mine just showed me 'ow to ply one or two selections, and bein' putty quick, I picked up one or two more by meself."

There was evidently nothing to be got out of him, and I began to wonder if, after all, I should have to fall back upon self-instruction. At last I met Poppin, dear old Poppin, of whom my sister has already told you something, and he undertook to help me.

"I have no time to give you regular lessons, old fellow," he said, "but I think, with a good start and an occasional hint when any difficulty arises, you will get on without much trouble. Of course," he continued, "you must first buy your banjo, and let me advise you to get a seven-stringed instrument. I know they are considered old-fashioned, but the lower notes which are missing from the five-stringed banjo so much used nowadays are very effective; and you will find it useful to have a C string and a D string, instead of being obliged to alter the pitch of one to suit circumstances."

As I am relating these experiences for the benefit of those who may wish to make the acquaintance of my favourite instrument, I will state briefly what I learnt in the first and only lesson which Poppin could give me.

I had already gleaned from one of the many Tutors published that the banjo was tuned thus:—

the highest string, called the *thumb string*, being placed, not in the ordinary position of finger-board instruments, but on the bass side.

The strings are played upon by the thumb, first, second, and occasionally the third, fingers of the right hand, the point of the fourth finger resting upon the parchment. The thumb, which is used for all the strings, excepting the first and second, must not bend, but the fingers should be allowed to turn inwards towards the thumb. In playing, the strings must be pressed downwards, and not lifted.

The function of the fingers of the left hand is, of course, to stop the strings, frets being sometimes placed upon the finger-board at the distance of a semitone from each other. Concerning these frets, Poppin gave me a word of caution.

"Do not attach too much importance to them," he said. "Frets, strictly speaking, do not belong to the banjo; and although beginners may find them useful at first, they are seldom properly placed. Trust, as a violin-player has to do, to your own ear, and with a little practice you will be quite independent of artificial help."

I found this hint a very serviceable one, and profited by it so far as to take care that the next banjo

I became the possessor of was innocent of frets altogether.

Poppin was very minute in his instructions for holding the instrument.

"Many amateur players," he remarked, "do not give the banjo a chance. They cuddle it so closely that there is no possibility of the tone being heard. Let the hoop of the instrument rest just above the knee, and hold the neck lightly between the thumb and the lower part of the first finger, allowing it to incline a little towards the left shoulder."

My playing commenced with simple arpeggios and chords, on the open strings at first, then with one or two stopped notes, all in the first position; i.e., with the hand close to the head of the instrument. I next attacked the scales of C, G, and D, following them up with some easy melodies in those keys. I found much application necessary to obtain facility in the use of the fingers, particularly those of the right hand, and, in accordance with the advice of my friend, contented myself for some time with the practice of passages of an elementary character in quick time.

Before I could attempt the performance of any pieces, I found it necessary to acquaint myself with the various "positions" on the finger-board, which mean simply the raising or lowering of the left hand, in order to reach certain notes which do not come within the compass of the first position. As these positions are generally clearly marked in banjo music, this is simply a question of practice; and the same may be said of the use of the "Barre," in which the first finger is placed across the whole of the strings to decrease their vibratory length.

Such devices as the "Snap," very useful in rapid passages, made by pulling a string with a finger of the left hand; and the "Slide," an effective mode of slurring by gliding from one note to another on the same string, stopping abruptly on the note required, without striking it, were explained to me from time to time, and I need not say how useful Poppin's help was to me in these matters.

Although at the commencement my progress with the banjo seemed to be slow, after the first difficulties were overcome I was surprised and



gratified to find myself able to play fairly well in a very short time. I am considered now a good performer, although twelve months ago I had never taken an instrument in my hands.

My affection for the banjo has never diminished. If the tone lacks richness and purity, it is at least characteristic and exciting, and commands attention by its very obtrusiveness. As an instance of this, let me relate the following true story. Not long ago, I was taking part in an entertainment organized for some charitable purpose by the clergyman of the parish. The audience was large but impassive, and the applause which greeted the efforts of many of the performers was meagre in the extreme. One gentleman with a tenor voice, who sang somewhat "stiff" songs, failed utterly in his attempts to impart life to the proceedings, and retired after each appearance amidst oppressive silence. When at length my turn came, I mounted the platform, banjo in hand, prepared for an icy reception. The glitter of the instrument, however, and the assertive twang of the strings, woke up the people, and at the end of my piece they broke into loud tokens of approval, and even demanded a repetition. The other contributors to the programme naturally resented this demonstration, and the tenor gentleman aforesaid took his revenge by coolly patting me on the back, and remarking, with a withering air, "A very good performance, young man! a very good performance indeed! But let me give you a word of advice: when you do the nigger business again, do not forget to black your face."

for the more probable solution that the melody was only indicative of a slight acquaintance between cornet and performer, which had not as yet ripened into a sufficiently perfect understanding to allow of the evolution of anything definite in the way of "tune."

The last lingering strains had scarce died away before yet ruder sounds smote my ear, this time from the domestic regions immediately under the verandah:—"Lah me Gad, a' wah you min t'ink 'pan, an' you backra go for take de bread out ob a poor man mouth an dem? De Lard hab mussy 'pan you; but you wicked backra for true, an' me a poor man, dat I be!"

On looking over the balustrade to ascertain the source of these somewhat incoherent remarks, I found my housekeeper confronted by an infuriated "man and brother," receiving the aforesaid torrent of abuse. Further investigations revealed the fact that the wrath of Mr. Augustus Leopold Croach (the aforesaid "man and" etc.) was due to a very simple chain of circumstances. He had been hired to bottle me some claret, and on such occasions his method of procedure was simple. He brought with him a quart jug which he generally managed to fill with what he termed "de leavin's." My housekeeper had discovered this jug in a state of plenitude, had promptly confiscated the contents and seen them safely "bottled." Such interference with his lawful perquisites was not to be borne, hence the just and sorrowful anger of Mr. Augustus Leopold. Failing by a personal appeal to me to secure restitution of "his share" of the ruddy liquor, he turned away with that expression of patient resignation which sits so well on the sable countenance. "Well, well, massa, de will ob de Lard be done. Ay, but de backra\* be berry hard on de poor down-trodden naygur man an dem."

Mr. Croach was a philosopher. The classic calm that reigned within his unprepossessing anatomy was not to be disturbed by anything mundane. It was only within the hallowed precincts of Ebenezer Chapel that he was ever known to throw off his stoical exterior and abandon himself to the enthusiasm of the hour, for Brother Croach, like most of his race, was powerful in prayer. Not even detection in the most flagrant thefts could abash him. On such occasions his resignation to "de will ob de Lard" was very touching, and he seldom failed to make his captor somewhat ashamed of his mercilessness in thus putting to open shame one of "de Lard's elect."

My acquaintance with Mr. Croach dated from the time of my employment of him as groom; but the rapid disappearance of various stable appurtenances and the simultaneous appearance of suspiciously similar articles in certain "general stores" moved me to keep a watch on my dusky "brother's" movements, with the natural results. After a series of detected thefts, I finally informed him that, much as it would grieve me, another case of this nature would mean that we should have to part company.

Gazing on me with sorrowful eye he explained to me how in this matter "de hand ob de Lard war hebby upan-he," and how this confusion in his mind of the terms *meum* and *tuum* was "de Lard's own sendin'" to prevent his becoming too puffed up or proud in his own righteousness, and how the "hand ob de Lard" must just, as with Burns' Scottish elder, be borne until it pleased Him to lift it. This argument, though logical, was unconvincing, and not many days elapsed before the parting became an accomplished fact. Discovered in the very act of removing a bag of corn (after pick-

ing the new padlock which I had placed on the bin), he turned his reproachful gaze on me, the stolen property in his hand the while. "Nebber mind, massa; you berry hard 'pan me, but I pray de Lard to saften you heart an dem. De good Lard say He always provide for He own childun; He min find me 'noder place." Mr. Leopold Augustus has, however, not yet obtained "'noder place" as groom, his fellow-man apparently not holding the same opinions respecting his integrity as "de Lard" presumably did. His occupation now consists in visiting houses and stores, where he buys empty bottles to retail to general dealers. Having thus the entrée to so many private premises, the occasions on which "de hand ob de Lard" makes itself known by the spiriting away of miscellaneous articles are of considerable frequency.

I may also mention that Mr. Croach could not be described as an unqualified success even in the capacity of groom; but, be his negligence what it might, his excuse was always lengthy, circumstantial, plausible, as witness the following incident. Favourite mare to the buggy and call for me at the club at a certain hour. About that time he made his appearance, but as he neared the club there were strong indications in the gait of the mare that something was amiss. As he drew up two hideous gashes on the mare's knees, together with a perfect wreck of broken harness, left no doubt of the fact of his having let the animal down, and of course ruined her for ever. As I stood speechless with rage, Mr. Croach stepped smilingly down from the wreck of the buggy with "Lah me, massa, me nebber see sich a harse as he. He too 'pitiful' to heself. He just put down he head and nyamt out he two knee-pan, for true."

Mr. Croach's sphere of usefulness was not restricted, however, to the barter of bottles. He dealt extensively in fowls, and in the absence of stock or capital to begin with, his business operations were conducted on a plan which combined simplicity and cheapness. He would turn up quite by accident on the premises of A (from whom he had managed to steal a fowl), leaving another feathered biped which he had abstracted from B. A being in want of a bird would usually buy, and our philosopher would then proceed to the house of B, and go through the same commercial transaction there; the fowl being this time A's. As he always chose birds ready for killing, the chance of detection by A and B recognizing their respective fowls on each others premises was highly problematical.

Augustus Leopold's choicest gifts were reserved for "the service of the sanctuary," but having a more than usually mellifluous voice, he was in great request in the secular capacity of "shanty-man" at "house-listings." Negro huts are usually wooden structures on a foundation of stones or piles, from which they are easily detached. When the tenant wishes to move, he takes his house with him; low frameworks of wheels are brought, the house is levered on to them, and long ropes are made fast. Strings of men attach themselves to the ropes, the shanty-man mounts the roof and sits astride the chimney, and slowly the procession advances (the quondam hut assuming the appearance of a huge Juggernaut car), while the shanty-man chants, and his attendant toilers break in with a chorus at intervals.

The melodies of these shanties are mainly those which have been used from remote times in the Navy. They were without doubt origin-

\* "Spiteful." A negro never sounds the letter *s* if followed by a consonant.

+ Ate.

## Some West-Indian Days.

### A MAN AND A BROTHER.

**M**Y hammock was luxurious, the verandah was cool, and if further enchantment than that afforded by a pipe and a volume of Kipling were wanting, it was supplied by the dulcet accents of what might in happier days have been a cornet, stealing dreamily upwards from the hut of a neighbouring "man and a brother." 'Twas a weird strain, and under its magic spell I found myself conjuring up strange sights and sounds in which it might have once played a part on sunny Afric's far-off shores—mystic rites of Obi and Vaudoux, solemn dance of the great Jumbi, with vast multitudes moving in rhythmic accord to the unearthly music.

Let me translate:—



Explosive bubbles and squeaks.



Two consecutive hours of this, without a break constrained me to abandon the African theory

White man.



ally picked up from the seamen in the days of Rodney and Nelson, with as near an approach to correctness as is ever attained by a negro. Many of them, however, from the constant recurrence of the flattened 7th, would appear to be of more remote origin still. Some partake of the "endless" nature of some Irish melodies, without their definite character or beauty. In such Mr. Croach excelled, as the subject matter of the *libretto* may be evolved from the singer's inner consciousness, and there is no necessity for rhymes. Here is one specimen (negroes singing in chorus generally add another part above the air) :

## SHANTY.



When you did sail a - crass de sea

## CHORUS.



Ay - - - ah ho - he.

Remember what you prahmuss me,

Ay, ah-oh, he.

You prahmuss me a golden ring,

Ay, ah-ho, he,

and so on, ad. lib.

But on one occasion, after Mr. Croach had been convicted of a theft of pumpkins, with which it was whispered that his "class-leader" at Ebenezer was not wholly unconnected, some of the godless youths of the neighbourhood managed to secure the charge of the next "house-lifting" to the exclusion of Augustus Leopold. A new shanty-man was set astride the roof, and good Mr. Croach's pain may be imagined, when he suddenly came on this procession chanting a vision of his last fall from grace, thus :

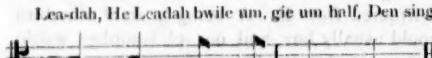
Rhythm very marked.



Backslid-der tief wan pon-kin, He\* kyah-un gie 'e



Lea-dah, He Leadah bwile um, gie um half, Den sing



Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah.

This was on Christmas Eve. Overcome with grief, he made for the house of our latest bachelor addition to the colony, with whom that morning a few of us were breakfasting. In a voice choked with emotion, he besought a cocktail, and out of admiration for the audacity of the old scamp, our host was proceeding to mix a fairly stiff one, when little Billy Wise, of the *Inflexible* (which was in harbour at the time), and who remembered Augustus from a previous commission, suggested a "special brew," which should equal in strength the emotions of Mr. Croach. Speedily a mixture was "swizzled" in a giant tumbler, under his deft fingers, composed of the following ingredients :—Rum, 1 wine-glass; whisky, 1 wine-glass; sherry, ditto; claret, ditto; pale ale, ditto; port, ditto. This, with a plentiful supply of sugar, bitters, and five medicinal globules, was calculated to ruin any digestion not made of cast-iron, or belonging to a negro. Mr. Croach took it down at once gulp, then paused, and casting a puzzled look on the company (now assembled on the verandah) said slowly and ruefully, "Lah, Cap'n, I guess you fix me dat time." As he turned away amid our shrieks

\* Carry it.

of laughter, Billy explained to us the nature of the compound which had "fixed" him, whereupon we became considerably alarmed, though endeavouring to reassure ourselves with the impossibility of slaying a negro by ordinary methods.

As Croach generally appeared daily on some pretext or other, we felt anything but easy when three days went by without a sign of him. Our relief may be imagined when on the fourth day Billy Wise rushed in with the information that he had discovered Croach sunning himself on a tombstone. He had asked him of his condition, and had been told that—"for his whole day lie on me bed after dem cocktail." Augustus attributed the preservation of his life to his timely discovery of the five globules; as he gravely put it, "Lah, Massa Wise, but eef me naht hab seen dem pill at de bottum of de glass, me been wan dead man dis day, for true."

in the front row, he became a cheerful object to the soloist of the occasion!

The painful spectacle of a soloist completely overcome by a lapse of memory while playing with an orchestra is fortunately rare. The Chicago Tribune tells of an instance of the kind. It was a Russian pianist, and it was at Stuttgart; moreover, the pianist was a lady. In the rehearsal at a certain point in the concerto her memory failed her. She had been accustomed to playing without notes. The conductor advised her to have recourse to them in the public performance. Having practised the number without them for years, and the concert being fixed for the following day, she pronounced recourse to notes impossible. In the concert and at the identical point memory was again elusive. She plunged hopelessly and painfully; then came silence. The almost unprecedented circumstance of beginning over again followed. This time she scurried through, but omitted the cadenza. With rare command the conductor brought his band through in safety. When, with almost superhuman forgiveness, he endeavoured to comfort her by saying others before her had been placed in like position, she replied as coherently as emotion would allow: "I do not care whom else it happened to. My trouble is that it happened to me."

Some players contrive to get out of their difficulty with less humbling results. The great French pianist Planté, for example, once had the misfortune to forget part of a Beethoven sonata at a concert in Berlin. But he was in no way *disconcerted*. He got up from the piano, made a neat little speech, and then performed the whole work admirably. Again, the story has often been told how a well-known pianist struck the last chord of a Liszt fantasia entirely wrong, and getting up in confusion, immediately sat down again and played the right chord.

But other classes of musicians besides the pianists have assuredly suffered keenly through nervousness. Gounod, for example, was the most nervous of men, and dreaded the ordeal of directing the performance of one of his own works. Even Wagner, on the occasion of the Albert Hall concert, was unnerved so utterly when conducting the rehearsals as to be unable to convey his ideas to the orchestra, and if Richter had not been available, there would probably have been no concert at all. Spohr we have already spoken of. Ferdinand David, again, was frequently known to be so ill as to take to his bed several days previous to a public appearance; while the great Wieniawski would have days on which he could not eat a morsel of food.

And the vocalists? Well, they have their share of this "lamb fever," and they have their own remedies. Somebody advises "cold water plunges" in summer and winter. But the vocalists are not heroic. Madame Patti takes black coffee because it "excites her mind to a degree of activity that causes her to be at her brightest and best." Walter, the once famous lyric tenor of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, was obliged to have a raw steak minced to allay his nervousness; Müller, of the same house, passed the day of the performance in driving to and fro between his own and his teacher's residence. And so on. After all, there are compensations even in nervousness. There are mechanical performers who, by dint of great technical labour, present to the public versions of compositions with machine-like accuracy, unilluminated by even a glimpse of intellectual appreciation of a composer's thoughts. But such people are not nervous; and herein is the lesson of compensation.

Magazine of Music Supplement, December, 1894.

# S'INVITATION POUR LA VALSE

FOR PIANO

COMPOSED BY

# C.M.von WEBER.

Price Two Shillings.

London:  
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE,  
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

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# L'INVITATION POUR LA VALSE.

Composed by  
C. M. von WEBER.

Moderato.

PIANO.

*p grazioso*

*mf*

*dolce con espress.*

*R.H.* *tr*

*L.H.*

*mf con molto espress.*

*p*

*dim.*

*ritard.*

## Allegro vivace.



Musical score page 2, measures 3-4. The top staff begins with a dynamic ff. The bottom staff has a bassoon part. Measure 4 starts with a dynamic p. The bass staff has a bassoon part indicated by a bassoon symbol.

Musical score page 2, measures 5-6. The top staff begins with a dynamic ff. The bottom staff has a bassoon part indicated by a bassoon symbol. Measure 6 ends with a dynamic ff. The bass staff has a bassoon part indicated by a bassoon symbol.

Musical score page 2, measures 7-8. The top staff begins with a dynamic ff. The bottom staff has a bassoon part indicated by a bassoon symbol. Measure 8 ends with a dynamic ff. The bass staff has a bassoon part indicated by a bassoon symbol.

Musical score page 2, measures 9-10. The top staff begins with a dynamic ff. The bottom staff has a bassoon part indicated by a bassoon symbol. Measure 10 ends with a dynamic ff. The bass staff has a bassoon part indicated by a bassoon symbol.

Musical score page 2, measures 11-12. The top staff begins with a dynamic ff. The bottom staff has a bassoon part indicated by a bassoon symbol. Measure 12 ends with a dynamic ff. The bass staff has a bassoon part indicated by a bassoon symbol.

Musical score for "L'invitation pour la Valse" featuring six staves of music. The score includes dynamic markings such as **ff**, **cresc.**, **p lusingando**, **dim.**, and **cresc.**. Performance instructions like **plusingando** and **cresc.** are also present. Measure numbers 8, 3, 4, and 5 are indicated above the staves.

4

*espress.*

*pp*

*il basso espress.*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

*lusingando*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

cresc.

*ff* *passionato*

Vivace.

*ff*

*ff*

*p*

Sheet music for piano, page 6, featuring six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and consists of two systems.

**Staff 1:** Dynamics include *fp*, *cresc.*, and *dim.*. Fingerings are marked above the notes, such as  $\begin{smallmatrix} 2 & 1 \\ 4 & 1 & 2 \end{smallmatrix}$ ,  $\begin{smallmatrix} 1 & 4 & 2 & 1 \\ 2 \end{smallmatrix}$ , and  $\begin{smallmatrix} 1 & 4 & 2 & 1 \\ 2 & 4 \end{smallmatrix}$ .

**Staff 2:** Dynamics include *f*, *decresc.*, *Ritard. un pochettino*, and *pp lusingando*.

**Staff 3:** Dynamics include *2d.* and *\* 2d.*

**Staff 4:** Dynamics include *2d.* and *\**.

decresc.

*ff assai animato*

Pd.

ff

2d. \* 2d. \* 2d.

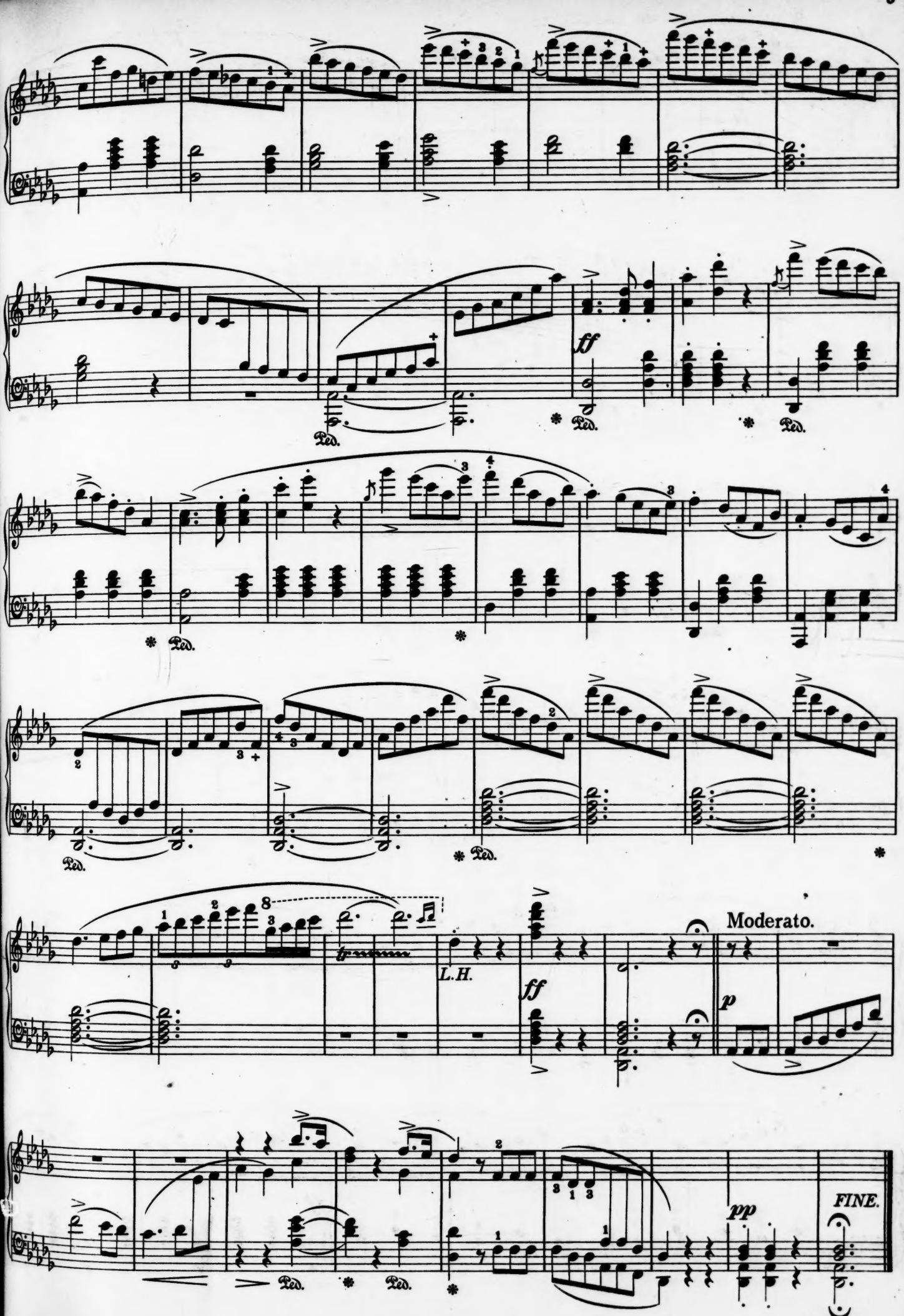
*p dolce*

Brillante

8

cresc.

ff





Magazine of Music Supplement, December 1894.

# The Babe of Bethlehem.

Carol by Geo. F. Grover.

## O THOU WHOSE NOTES.

Glee for 3 Voices

by  
Dr. Harrington.

## SELECTION

from

## The Nativity Concerto

by CORELLI.

Arr'd for Organ by Geo. F. Grover.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

# THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

## CAROL.

Words traditional.

Music by GEO. F. GROVER.

**Andante.**  
*dolce*

VOICES  
in unison.



FULL. 1. The Babe in Bethlehem's man-ger laid In hum-ble form so low \_\_\_\_ By  
 BOYS. 2. A Sav-iour! sin-ners all a-round Sing, shout the wond-rous word, \_\_\_\_ Let  
 MEN. 3. For not to sit on Da-vid's throne With world-ly pomp and joy \_\_\_\_ He  
 BOYS. 4. To preach the word of Life Di-vine. And feed with liv-ing bread, \_\_\_\_ To  
 MEN. 5. He preached, He suf-fered, bled and died. Up-lift 'twixt earth and skies \_\_\_\_ In  
 FULL. 6. Well may we sing a Saviour's birth Who need the grace so given, \_\_\_\_ And

ORGAN  
or  
PIANO.



R. ad.

\*

1. wonder-ing An-gels is sur-veyed Through all His scenes of woe.  
 2. ever - y bo-som hail the sound, A Sav-iour! Christ the Lord.  
 3. came for sin-ners to a - lone And Sa-tan to de-stroy.  
 4. heal the sick with hand be-nign And raise to life the dead.  
 5. Sin-ners, stead was eru-ci-fied For 'sin a sa-cri-fice.  
 6. hail his com-ing down to earth Who rais-es us to heav'n.

senza Ped.

R. ad. \* R. ad. \* R. ad. \*

Quicker. Voices in Harmony.

No-el,

1-6. No-el, No-el, No-el, Now sing a Sav-iours birth, All

*ff*

hail His com-ing down to earth, Who rais-es us to heav'n.



Engraved & Printed at Leipzig by Oscar Friedländer.

\*For pr

# "O THOU WHOSE NOTES."

GLEE for 3 VOICES.

Edited by GEO. F. GROVER.

Moderato.  $\text{♩} = 76$   
*dolce*

SOPRANO.  
ALTO.  
BASS.  
PIANO.\*

O thou whose notes cou'd oft re-move the pangs of woe or  
hap-less love rest here dis-trest by cares no more and  
hap-less love rest here dis-trest by cares no more and  
hap-less love rest here dis-trest by cares no more and  
taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore, and taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore. ,  
taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore, and taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore. ,  
taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore, and taste such calm thou gav'st be-fore.

DR. HARRINGTON.  
(1727-1816.)

Largo.  $\text{d} = 66.$

Sleep, sleep un - dis - turb'd, sleep, sleep un - dis - turb'd,  
Sleep, sleep un - dis - turb'd, sleep, sleep un - dis - turb'd,  
Sleep, un - dis - turb'd, sleep un - dis - turb'd,

Largo.  $\text{d} = 66.$

sleep, sleep un - dis - turb'd with-in thy peace - ful shrine.  
sleep, sleep un - dis - turb'd with-in thy peace - ful shrine.  
sleep un - dis - turb'd with-in thy peace - ful shrine.

Allegro ma non troppo.  $\text{d} = 120.$

Till An-gels wake thee with such notes as thine,  
*s' marcato*  
Till An-gels, till An-gels wake thee with such notes, such notes as thine, such  
Till An-gels, till An-gels wake thee with such notes as thine,

Allegro ma non troppo.  $\text{d} = 120.$

till An - gels wake thee with such notes, till  
 notes as thine, till  
 till An - gels wake thee with such notes, such notes as  
 An - gels wake thee with such notes, such notes as thine,  
 An - gels  
 thine, till An - gels  
 such notes as thine, such notes as thine.  
 wake thee with such notes, such notes as thine, such notes as thine.  
 wake thee with such notes, such notes as thine, such notes as thine.  
 Adagio.

## Selection

from CORELLI'S VIII<sup>th</sup> CONCERTO, commonly called  
"THE NATIVITY CONCERTO."

Arranged for Organ by  
GEO. F. GROVER

## Vivace.

### Great Organ to 45<sup>th</sup>

## **MANUAL**

### PEDAL.

## **Grave.**

✓ ~~✓~~ ~~b~~

A blank musical staff consisting of five horizontal lines and four spaces, starting with a clef.

## Allegro.

### Full Organ.

### **Choir.**

Full Organ.

Choir. Full Organ. Full Swell closed. Full Organ. Full Sw. Full Org. Full Sw.

Full Org. Full Sw. Full Org. Full Sw. Full Org. Full Sw. Full Org. Full Sw. Full Org.

Choir Organ. Swell. Choir. Swell.

Great. tr. Swell. Great. Full Swell.

Swell closed.

Swell open.

Choir.

Full Organ.

Great.

dim.

Full Swell.

Choir.



